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REV. J. E. RAMSEYER

JOSEPH E. RAMSEYER - -
"YET SPEAKING"

"He being dead yet speaketh."

HEBREWS 11:4

Joseph E. Ramseyer--"Yet Speaking"

By MACY GARTH RAMSEYER
(MRS. J. E. RAMSEYER)
Author
of
"Story of the Sunshine Makers."

◆ ◆ ◆

With Portrait, Illustrations and Map

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THE FORT WAYNE BIBLE INSTITUTE
3820 South Wayne Avenue,
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Copyright 1945
by
Mrs. Joseph E. Ramseyer

[Printed in U. S. A.]

DEDICATED TO HIS MOTHER

How many days have you cried for me?
How many tears have you dried for me?
How many days have you filled with songs?
Nobody knows but you, Mother.

How many times have I hurt your heart?
How many times have we had to part?
How many prayers have you prayed for me?
How many miles have you walked for me?
Nobody knows but you, Mother.

How many times will your heart be glad?
How many times will you say of your lads
"I knew they'd repay me for all of my pain;
I knew my work would not be in vain,"
Nobody knows but you, Mother.

Selected.

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Foreword

The person of whom this volume treats was truly a man of God. Joseph Eicher Ramseyer may have been considered by some an ordinary man and it is true, he had very ordinary advantages—he never had the opportunity of obtaining a liberal education. But he possessed a true estimate of spiritual values. He realized what things were really essential. It is therefore learned that when but a young man he sought Christ as his personal Saviour and was gloriously saved. Later, out of gratitude to Him for the salvation wrought for him, he yielded his life to Christ to be wholly His from that day forward. As a result, he experienced a special anointing of the Holy Spirit. Through his simple faith in Christ and his whole-hearted obedience, he soon became an extraordinary man.

"Brother" Ramseyer, as we love to think of him, was a great lover of the Bible. The perusal of its pages was his constant delight. His was not a mere intellectual interest to know the "letter" of the Word, but an intense longing to know its spiritual message that it might be experienced in his own soul. God responded to these earnest outreachings and enriched his life as day by day he sought to go deeper with Him.

Along with his own personal enrichment came the strong desire to share his spiritual discoveries with others. This found practical expression in many evangelistic itineraries through the States and Canada. God greatly blessed these ministries to the salvation of many souls and the edification of believers. Eventually this led to the formation of a society of churches known as The Missionary Church Association, which has for its chief objective the propagation of the gospel at home and abroad. No individual has helped to shape and mold this society

as has Mr. Ramseyer who was elected to serve as its President for 44 consecutive years.

Another evidence of his desire to disseminate the truths of the gospel was his keen interest in helping, with others, to establish a school to train men and women for Christian service. The fruit of this effort is The Fort Wayne Bible Institute established in 1904. From its halls each year there has gone company after company of ministers, missionaries, teachers, and other workers, every one of whom has been influenced by his godly life: for from its beginning he served as its highest official and always kept in vital touch with its work.

Brother Ramseyer had a private ministry which was no less fruitful than that which was public. He possessed a peculiar love and sympathy for others. He was always ready to enter into the problems and spiritual difficulties of those who came to his study. Usually, after having been prayed for and advised, these burdened souls left his room with lightened hearts and with signs of triumph written over their countenances. It was ministries of this sort that won for him among the students the title of "Daddy" Ramseyer.

While the Missionary Church Association and the Fort Wayne Bible Institute are outstanding monuments of the faith and vision of this man of God, his greatest monuments are the lives he has influenced and inspired and who are perpetuating the Christian ideals for which he stood.

Since God so signally owned and blessed Brother Ramseyer in his ministry, it is only proper that a biography be written of him. And since Mrs. Ramseyer shared in most of these ministries, no one is better qualified to provide a history of the facts than she. We believe that an account of the manner in which God wrought in and through this life can be a means by which he, though being dead, may yet speak.

B. F. LEIGHTNER

Introduction

TO OUR FRIENDS

I say "our friends," because we never said, "yours or mine" but always "ours." We lived as one, and that is why the days are tearing my heart out, for he is living his life up there, and I am still carrying on down here.

Most of the mornings it seems as though I cannot rise from my bed. I have the thought before me "one more day without Joseph." Two mornings ago, I felt I could not go forth into another day without him. Gathering my strength together I said, "I will arise in Jesus' name." After dressing I went to the Lord God for something for the day. I had a gentle rebuke as I read, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." 1 Corinthians 16:13. Yesterday I had the same battle and again I went to God's Word for help. I found where Jesus in talking to the Pharisees met them on their own ground by saying, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Matthew 22:40. He told them "That to love the Lord God with all the heart was the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it, love thy neighbor as thyself." I saw myself hanging on these two commandments and that meant for me to keep on loving Jesus with all of my heart, and be all the help I can to these boys and girls in the Bible Institute —carrying on where Joseph left off. And so it goes, one day after another, and one of them will be the last, so I must fill up the days with love service.

To our friends who have asked for Joseph's Life Story, I want to say I thank you for your encouragement. But for it I could not have attempted the task. In 1936,

my brother Dr. T. R. Garth wanted me to write the story of our evangelistic work. To him the growth of the Missionary Church was phenomenal and he spoke of it as the growth of a grain of mustard seed. I asked the aid of the Holy Spirit and what I have written is under His guidance.

We spent forty-two blissful years together before my beloved was called up higher on January 25th, 1944. May 15th, would have made it forty-two years.

We were united in holy wedlock May 15th, 1902, by my brother Rev. J. G. Garth. Our evangelistic tours are a sweet memory. We shall always be glad for the privilege of entering open doors. In the chapter "Incidents By the Way," we will relate some of the blessings of those days.

MACY GARTH RAMSEYER.

PART ONE

"*A Corn of Wheat*"

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." John 12:24.



FAMILY GROUP PICTURE

Standing: Uncle Henry Eicher; Auntie (Mrs. Henry) Eicher; Aunt Marian Ramseyer; Uncle John Ramseyer.
Sitting: Grandmother Ramseyer; Mary Ramseyer, Joseph's mother.

(Picture was taken at Elkton, Michigan, on the "Forty Acres.")



Birthplace of J. E. Ramseyer near Zurich, Toronto, Canada.

CHAPTER ONE

Boyhood and Youth

A young mother followed the silent form of her beloved to his last earthly resting place. Four small children came behind. They knew not what they had lost for the oldest was only six. The small boy of four remembered seeing the body of his father as the pall bearers bore it out through the door of the house to the cemetery. We visited the old stone house many years later and Joseph showed me the door the casket had passed through, so vivid was his memory.

After the father was gone, the little family continued to live on with grandfather on the farm. Joseph's father died the ninth of April and on May third, a fifth child, a boy, came to the home. This little brother was named Henry E. Ramseyer.

A bit of family history will be of interest to some, so we give it in brief.

Grandfather Ramseyer lived near New Hamburg, Waterloo County, Ontario, Canada. Before coming to Canada, he had lived in Star county, Ohio. He was a widower with a large family of boys and girls. He was married to a widow Eicher with two children, a boy and a girl. It was after this marriage that the family moved to Canada.

The Ramseyer and Eicher children grew up together and one of the boys, Michael Ramseyer, married Mary Eicher. All of the Ramseyer children and Henry Eicher married and left to make homes of their own. Michael and Mary remained with their parents and the five Ramseyer children knew no home but Grandfather's. These

two, Michael and Mary, were the father and mother of Joseph Eicher Ramseyer.

Now we go back to the small boy of four who was Joseph E. Ramseyer. He loved his grandfather and was never happier than when with him. When he was six years old, he started to school with his cousins and his oldest sister, Mary. The school house was the little district school about a mile and a half from home. These cousins were the Henry Eicher children.

Joseph Ramseyer and his cousin, Joseph Eicher, would loiter on the way home after school hours. Being much together, they were called "the two Joes." They liked to sit on the end of the bridge and fish for minnows with a bent pin as a hook.

After Joseph learned to read, nothing interested him more than the old family Bible. It was full of pictures, and, while reading was not yet easy, he would turn to picture after picture and slowly spell out the verse under the picture which told all about it.

One day while busily spelling out the verses, he noticed grandfather puffing at his pipe. The smoke curled upward and grandfather, with half closed eyes, seemed to be enjoying himself very much. The little fellow closed his book and walked over to where grandfather sat in his easy chair and, leaning on the arm of the chair, looked up into grandfather's face and said, "Grandfather, let me smoke your pipe." Grandfather, thinking to please him, knocked the ashes out and refilled the old pipe. Joseph sat on the wide window sill and puffed away until it was empty. He asked to have it filled away and while grandfather was filling it, Joseph went for a drink of water. Well, that was fortunate and unfortunate, for with one pipe-ful, then the drink of water, and a few puffs from the second pipe-ful, he turned so deathly sick that he felt he was going to die. That was the last time he ever smoked. He never wanted to even smell it again.

When grandfather worked in the field, Joseph was always with him when he could possibly be—before school hours and after school, in the evenings and on Saturdays. Grandfather often sent him to the house to get something he wanted and the little fellow would look up into his face and say, "Grandfather, shall I run?" If he said yes, he would run as fast as his little legs would carry him. If he said no, Joseph would walk.

When they were free from their chores, they often played church, and Joseph was the preacher, using a stump for his pulpit.

Here we must skip a few years, for we have no further information as to how the boyhood days were spent from six to twelve.

The next event we have was when he was twelve. He would spend hours reading the old Bible with the pictures in it, but it was not the pictures now that interested him. He would read book after book and did not want to stop to eat.

At this early age, he read the Bible through with all the Apocryphal books. One day his cousin came over to play with him and he wanted to read. He told his cousin to sit while he read to him from something that was of great interest to him. The cousin was willing to listen. He was reading in Revelation, so without looking up, he read to the end of the chapter. He then looked to see how his cousin had liked it, when lo, and behold, he was fast asleep. Joseph could not understand how he could sleep when such a nice story was being read.

This Bible was not an Oxford Bible such as we have today with its flexible leather back, thin India paper, and blackface print for easy reading. The Bible that Joseph read was a very heavy German Bible with heavy board covers, heavy paper, and large German type, with heavy brass clasps, much too clumsy for a small boy to handle. He must have rested it on the table for support. We never heard

anything about the Bible being too heavy, but he always spoke of the joy there was in the reading and the pleasure it gave him. We have one of those old Bibles. That is why we make the comparison between it and our Bibles of today.

He could not spend all of his time reading for he and his brother next to him, but three years younger, had to work at an early age. Michael plowed with a yoke of oxen when he was nine years old.

Nothing is said about the grandfather moving from Waterloo county to Hey county, but it was when the children were still young. They moved near Zurich. Henry Eicher moved to Hey county too. In this way, the cousins were permitted to grow up together. This Henry Eicher or "Uncle Eicher" as he was called, was the father of Chris Eicher and P. L. Eicher. There were twelve children, nine boys and three girls. Mrs. Barbara Eicher Cox is one of the girls.

It was while living on this farm, that Joseph was saved. At my request, he wrote it out for me, otherwise we would not have this interesting record of the years between thirteen and seventeen. Here we let him tell the story: "Behind the plow on my grandfather's farm, near Zurich, Huron County, Ontario, Canada, the Lord spoke peace to my soul. From that day on, I had a real love for the word of God and have been a student of the Bible ever since. I have read other books, but I gave myself especially to the perusal of the Book of books. In the later part of my teens, I had a serious trouble in my head from which I suffered continually. I used various kinds of remedies, but did not receive any help from any of them.

"At that time I was reading the autobiography of George Muller, of Bristol, England. In this volume he recorded how the Lord answered his prayers and gave him the money, without appealing to any man for fi-

nancial help, to rear many thousands of orphans through the years of his faithful ministry. This record encouraged my heart to begin to take everything to God in prayer. It was at this time that I was enabled by grace to put my body into the care of the great Physician. Then I was instantly healed. At once I saw bodily healing in the great atonement, and that believing prayer is the channel through which this great benefit comes to us. This was exceedingly precious to me. So much so that I thought the Christians would gladly receive my testimony. However, I soon discovered to my sorrow, that there were very few, whom I knew at that time, who trusted in the Lord Jesus in time of physical trouble, but He enabled me to be faithful to the new light He had given to me. To Him I give all the praise.

"During those early years, the hunger of my soul for God grew more and more. There were outreachings, and yearnings in my being that I did not understand. One day I spoke to a minister, who took a special interest in me, about my deep heart longings, but all that he said did not help me. After that, I never disclosed my bosom to any one but the Lord Jesus. It was not until in July of 1891 that the Lord gave me the gift of the Holy Ghost —the Comforter who quenched the great thirst of my being."

CHAPTER TWO

Leaving Home—Making a New Home

I have been fortunate again in getting a record of the home leaving. Though Joseph did not know it would be the last time he would live in Canada for any length of time, such was the case, for God had other plans for his future life. Now we will let him tell of leaving home.

"My sister, Mary, and I went to Archbold, Ohio, when I was a boy of seventeen. This was in 1886. Rev. Daniel Rupp met us and took us to his home. Sister worked for them for some time. I helped prune trees in Brother Jacob Rupp's orchard for a few weeks, after that I worked for Brother Chris Lantz southeast of Archbold, for four years. During that time, we went home to Canada once to visit our dear home people.

"Late in the fall of the following year, I took a trip to Illinois and returned to Ohio after several weeks. During the few weeks' visit at Gridley and Groveland, I was plunged into an awful state of doubt in which I remained from the third of November until the sixth of March. Many nights I heard the clock strike every hour. But I never opened my heart to any one. However, my dear mother felt that her son was in deep distress and on the sixth day of March she called my two uncles, Henry Eicher and John Ramseyer to join her in special prayer in my behalf. Though being three hundred miles away from home and not knowing anything about this special prayer meeting, yet that very day, the light came again to my tempest-tossed soul.

"Shortly after this prolonged distressing experience, the enemy assailed me terribly three times in a few days'

time. The last time the battle was so awful that I surely thought I would be swept off my feet. On this memorable day, I was plowing. In the anguish of my spirit I broke down and wept bitterly for some time—following the plow. But I was looking to God all the time. I was led to think of how the Lord delivered me out of great danger to which I was exposed in my childhood and boyhood days, and how He had blessed my young heart and helped me in my body, and helped us as a family through the hard years we had passed, my heart was overcome with gratefulness to God and joy literally flooded my being. After that I wept for joy a long time—still following the plow. I went to the little stream that flowed through the field and bathed my face so that when I went home from the field the folks would not see that I had wept so much. Through these experiences, the Lord made me more tender and sympathetic for others who pass through similar struggles.

"In February, 1890, my grandfather, Joseph Ramseyer, after whom I was named and in whose home we five children were reared by our precious Mother after our father had passed, took seriously ill and sister Mary and I were called home to Canada. Grandfather had such a longing to see us once more, and he asked over and over again, 'When are they coming?' As soon as we arrived he was perfectly restful. I walked to his bedside and kissed him and said, 'Grandfather, is everything all right?' He nodded his head and whispered, 'Yes.' He lived one more day and fell asleep in Jesus.

"I had planned to return to Ohio with my sister. However, after our precious grandfather was laid away, Uncle John Ramseyer spoke to me about going to the Huron Peninsula, Michigan. It was a new country, just opening for settlers and some of our Canadian neighbors had already moved over. Uncle John had made a trip to the Peninsula and was very much impressed with the

new country. He now asked me to consider going with him and locate there. I laughingly replied, 'There is no such thought in my mind.' 'But,' he continued, 'I know you are called to the ministry and over there would be a great field for you.' While thinking prayerfully for a few days, as to what I should do in this case, it came to me that I should stay with mother and let my brother Michael go to Ohio with sister Mary. I helped my youngest Brother, Henry, to build fences in the early spring, and then in the sowing and planting. During all this time, I held the matter of going to the Huron Peninsula before God in prayer and felt more and more impressed that I should go. As the time drew near to go, Uncle Henry Eicher and his oldest son, cousin Joe, about my age, decided to go along."

In the spring of the year, May the 25th, 1890, they started on the big trip in a covered wagon, the two uncles and the "two Joes." They crossed the Canadian line at Sarnia, and, going by way of Port Huron, they drove through the wilds of the country until they came to a small town by the name of Elkton. Joseph E. Ramseyer said, "Let's stop, I begin to feel at home." They heard, in the little town, that there was land for sale two miles north, so they moved on to look the land over. What a wilderness! It took stout hearts to see a bright future. The fire had been over the country-side and left the timber blackened and charred, and this tangled forest of dead trees and stumps stood partly in water. One uncle bought an eighty acre place on the northwest corner of the intersection, the other uncle bought an eighty on the northeast corner for his son, (one of the two Joes) just across the "mud road." That was what it was, for the snow and ice had left it with deep ruts and oozy places. There was a 40 acre place on the southeast corner, which Joseph took over as his. The uncle (Uncle Eicher) who had bought the 80 for his son, returned to his home in Canada and the other

uncle, John Ramseyer, with the two Joes put up a shell of a house to live in and then he too went home. The boys finished the house so they could live in it and began clearing land. Uncle John went home on the train so he could leave the team for the clearing.

The mosquitoes were so bad and the frogs so plentiful and the burnt tree trunks poking their blackened fingers heavenward were so sorrowful looking, that the outlook was anything but encouraging.

The boys built a log stable near the house. Joseph Eicher took care of the horses and the few chickens, and Joseph E. Ramseyer attended to the cooking and did a long day's work besides. They got up at 4:00 a. m. and worked until 10:00 at night every day but Sunday. They cleared about fourteen acres of land during the summer months, and sowed it in wheat. At first they could not see any neighbors from where they lived and most of them were ungodly people. A few times during those first months, Joseph longed for spiritual fellowship. His cousin was not yet a believer and Joseph felt so alone. Then he would go out into the woods and pour out his heart to God with many tears. He would always find comfort. His heart was assured anew that he was where God wanted him to be.

After working hard all day Saturday, the boys took the team and drove to town at night, bumping along over the log road on a springless seat to the little town two miles south to buy supplies for the coming week. In their daily routine, Joseph Eicher took care of the team when coming in from work, while Joseph Ramseyer prepared the meal. He put on an oil cloth apron, rolled up his sleeves and went to work. They had a molasses jug which the ants found almost as soon as it made its appearance. The young chef brushed them off and took the jug upstairs and put it on the floor at the head of the stairway. He said it took the ants two days to find it.

As soon as they were upstairs, he took the jug back again to its place downstairs. He patiently kept this up all summer, so outwitting the ants that they had their trip up and down stairs for nothing.

The boys had a gun between them, so as a means of diversion, cousin Joe Eicher would fire at a mark while waiting for the meal to be put on the table. Then Joseph Ramseyer would take the gun and fire at the mark to see who was the better marksman. Oh, those days of plodding! When I look at those beautiful farms around the two-mile corner these forty-six years later, I find it impossible to imagine the surroundings of those two boys. There was not another house in sight of their shack, nothing passed along the road except an occasional horse-team with the blasphemous driver, cursing because of the prospect of sticking in a mudhole instead of pulling through it safely. Sometimes the original settlers would come over to see what these two young Canadians were doing. Somehow they did not feel at home with them. There was something about these two newcomers that made them feel ill at ease, though the boys did their best to be friendly.

The old settlers had their land cleared and were making crops and doing well. Hoping for what could be done with the land was the incentive to keep at the hard task and endure the loneliness of those days.

However, in the fall cousin Joe Eicher became so homesick that he returned to Canada. Uncle John Ramseyer and family came from Canada at this time and Joseph made his home with them for about a year and a half.

Sunday was a good time to visit the "rough necks," as the people were sometimes called to distinguish between the newcomers. One day they happened on a farmer who was hauling grain. The wicked old fellow was so mortified that he never got over it, but always re-

ferred to it every time he saw the folks from the "two mile corner." There was not a word said to him about it being wrong to harvest on Sunday for he had something to make right with his Maker before he was ready for a message on Sabbath desecration.

"Many times afterwards when meeting with the Canadian he would say, 'It was too bad you caught me working on Sunday, but it looked so like rain and the old woman kept nagging at me to get the crop in before it got wet.' On the day in question, there was not a cloud in sight and the nagging was his conscience instead of the 'old woman,' and it was the influence of a Christian life that set his conscience to 'nagging' him. He had great respect for his 'new neighbors' and was more careful afterward about working on Sunday.

"The early winters, making the season for work on the land short, left much time for doing things around the home place. Other buildings were put up, a barn to shelter the horses and cows, a hen-house for the chickens, pens for the pigs, and of course there was a dog-house, for there must be a dog to give warning of the night prowlers, as there were still wild creatures lurking in the fallen timber back near the river.

"Early in the following year, Andrew Herford and Andrew Gascho came from Canada with their families. For a few months they had cottage meetings in their small houses in the German language. The first meeting was in Andrew Herford's home.

"This young Canadian ministered to them by their request, and the Lord blessed the little gatherings. With the coming of these Christian families, the life in the new country was not so lonely.

"One family lived in a one-room house and one can imagine it would not be large enough for a gathering of the people for a service, yet the hearts of the people were so knit together that this one-room home was one of the

meeting places. There were two beds in the room, a cook stove, a table and one or two chairs. The table was moved out on Sunday and the people sat on the beds or stood when there was no more room to sit.

"Nearly all of the newcomers were very poor, worked hard and most had to walk to the services, sometimes two, three or more miles. They never stayed at home when there was a meeting, though very tired when they started, they went home refreshed in soul and body.

"The memory of those days is sweet and, though all of those people made good in the new country and later had no longer to walk, they look back and thank God for setting His seal upon their step of faith in leaving their homes in Canada and bringing salvation to many of the people who in those days sat in darkness."

The lives of the newcomers spoke to the old settlers. They took notice of the prayer-meetings and people who were willing to walk through mud and water and snow banks after a hard day's work. They began to have a longing to attend too, but the meetings were in German and they were English-speaking people. Joseph Ramseyer's heart went out to them with a longing to give them the gospel. But how were they to be reached? None of them spoke English in the service. Joseph felt he was willing to do anything to help these people. This longing became a burden. He worked all alone on the forty acres and had much time for meditation and prayer. One day he was working on the back part of the forty, surrounded by charred stumps, fallen trees and second-growth, bushy, willow trees. (This clump of willows stood not more than seventy-five rods back of where the church now stands.) In the anguish of his heart that he might know the Lord in such a way as to be able to reach these unsaved people who could not get anything from the German prayer meetings, he dropped his ax and stepped inside the clump of willows.

The Willow Bush Experience

"For three days I had given myself to prayer, and while kneeling in the willow bush, the Holy Spirit came in to abide. After singing a song, the words and music of which I had never before nor since heard, while standing in a heavenly atmosphere, I said, 'What is this that has come to me?' Immediately He said within, 'This is the gift of the Holy Spirit.' From that moment on, I began to realize the blessing of the promise of John 16: 13-15. All glory to His ever blessed name!"

A strong conviction came to him that he should launch out and preach the Word in the English language so as to reach all the people in the community. It was blessed how the Lord opened the Scriptures to him and gave him light on the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and the "Blessed Hope" of the Second Coming of our Lord. The truth of the Lord for the Body had come to him a little earlier and has already been referred to in the first chapter.

Life More Abundant

"The 'life more abundant' was illustrated to Joseph in a very practical way one day while standing among the stumps. He looked up and saw a deer walking toward him. There was a herd of cattle grazing in the field next to him and the deer was among the cattle. It continued walking toward him, eyeing him severely, not quite sure if he were a stump or a living object. His face, arms and hands, and clothing were very much the color of the stumps so he stood perfectly still, to see how close the deer would come before it realized that he was not a stump. Closer and closer came the deer. Dead still stood Joseph. All at once the deer stopped short, scented he was a man and wheeled around quicker than it can be told, and skipped across that twenty-five acre field.

"There was a staked rail fence, seven feet high, between the deer and the woods down by the river. It

jumped over that rail fence and was gone like a shot from a gun. It not only got over the fence but cleared it by two feet above the top rail. It so spoke to Joseph of the new life that had come to him in the Willow Bush, that he prayed to God to enable him to be true to Him at any cost."

Now it became necessary to make practical the promise made in the willow bush and become a witness to the rough people living in the "neck of the woods" as it was called. Joseph felt there should be services on Sunday and the Canadians wanted somewhere to go to worship. It was decided to have a regular Sunday service and a mid-week one also in English. When it was noised abroad that there was to be an English service, the people came and filled the little two-roomed house where it was to be held. There was a stairway leading to the attic and the people sat on the steps as far up as they reached. Methinks I can see them, sitting and waiting to hear the boy preacher give his first English message. The presence of the Lord was very manifest as some of those people listened to the Gospel probably for the first time. The meetings were all in English from this time on, and the interest grew as the weeks passed. Sabbath desecraters got so they were ashamed to be seen working on Sunday. Some welcomed the English meetings while others rebelled at first, but they either gave in to the softening influence of the Gospel or moved out. Two hard-boiled lumberjacks had lived at dagger's point for years. One had thrown a monkey wrench at the other and broken his nose. The tender wooing of the Holy Spirit got hold of the one who had thrown the monkey wrench and the first place he went, after he was saved, was to ask forgiveness of the one he had wronged.

These cottage meetings continued regularly under the blessing of God. Then in January a revival broke out, and nearly every home in the community was open for

meetings without any solicitation. Many people came to the Lord at this time. Some of the roughest characters were transformed into beautiful Christians; some were baptized with the Holy Spirit and His power was present to heal. This revival changed the entire section of the country.

While they were having this refreshing on the Huron Peninsula, they were having a precious out-pouring in Canada. Joseph's sister, Barbara Ramseyer, and his cousin, Mary Eicher, felt they must carry the blessing of salvation to others. They made a tour of house visitation and the young people and older ones came to the house-to-house meetings. They sang, prayed, and testified. One young man went to the meetings through curiosity and said he wanted to hear these girls pray. In one meeting at his sister's house, he said to his sister that he had heard that the girls could pray without a book. We quote from Barbara. "My cousin could talk and pray much easier than I, but she said 'You are the oldest; you should go ahead.' I was afraid, and yet it came to me not to refuse so I said, 'Let's go out and ask God to help us.' After we came back to the room, they seemed to look for something. Dan said, (This was none other than Rev. Daniel Schultz who later became a preacher in the Mennonite Church.) 'It is time to go home.' I said, 'Let's pray.' We knelt and I began to pray. I felt God's Spirit upon me. It was not a long prayer, but some began to weep out loud. A revival started that evening that lasted for years. Yes, is still going on. People felt they were lost and began to pray and kept on until they found peace. God's Spirit was with us. The next morning, we did not get up with the others but stayed in bed so they would not ask us to pray again. That led to my full consecration. We went home and for three months I struggled. Then God showed me what it meant. Finally I said, 'Yes, Lord,' and the rest was restored to me and then such a

fullness of joy and power! Yes, the Holy Spirit came in as never before, and my life and service was 'Not I, but Christ in me—the Hope of glory.'

"This was in Canada. My brother J. E. Ramseyer was in Michigan and at the same time God was working in his life. I came over to Michigan in the fall to keep house for him. We talked of the great struggle we had and what great joy now. That was the beginning of the great harvest of souls as we went forth in Jesus' name. Oh, what burdens of prayer came on us! O Lord, let it come again!"

Signed,

BARBARA.

Families from Canada continued to move in to Michigan. The fire had gone over parts of the land, but part of it had escaped and the tall pine trees and other growth were still standing. This fire of 1880 was not a forest fire, but the muck started burning and burned the top ground. Then later, there was more fire and that made it easier to clear the land. The trees fell in tangled confusion until they were in piles ten and twelve feet high. If the fire had started in these trees, it would have been impossible for the newcomers to have begun the work of clearing the land at the time they did. The roots of the trees spread out more and did not root deep as some in the high lands, so when the fire burned off the top ground, there was nothing to hold the trees and over they went, falling in tangles of trunk and top, as we said, to the depth of twelve feet. So while some people were engaged in clearing these "slashings," as the burned over area was called, others engaged in lumbering. The pines, elm, ash, and soft maple were cut down and made into lumber with which to build the homes that were needed for the fast growing community. With these new families from Canada came a young man by the name of John L. Ramseyer. He made his home with the Herford



THE THREE RAMSEYER BROTHERS
From left to right: Joseph; Henry, now of Duluth, Minn.; and Michael of Fort Wayne, Indiana.



The home Joseph built for his mother on the "Forty Acres" near Elkton, Michigan.

family, Mrs. Herford, being his sister. In the spring of 1891 our two brothers, Michael and Henry Ramseyer, came to see the new country and worked in a brick yard owned by a man named Heist. Michael came from Ohio, where he had been with his oldest sister, Mary; and Henry had come from Canada. The work in the brick yard runs from May to October when the work is over for another year. Then the two brothers, Michael and Henry, left Michigan and went to Illinois. While working in the brick yard, they would walk out to the two mile corner to see their brother Joseph after working hours. Some move like that will change a man's whole life. Michael found his wife in Illinois and became an Illinois farmer for many years. Henry never forgot some one he met while working at the brick yard, so he found himself making another trip to Michigan to get the little woman who became his wife.

The Canadians had been in Michigan just about one year. Still it took a stout heart to hope for green grass, hay fields, waving corn and golden wheat, but it was just as Joseph replied to one when asked if "he felt at home in this wilderness, "Not as it is now, but for what it shall be."

"In January, 1892, Uncle Eicher and Uncle Peter Ramseyer came over and did some lumbering in the new community with which to build the houses needed for the new families and also to ship to the city. The houses were small and very ordinary but they were 'home' to those who built them.

"A little house was built in January of the same year on the forty acres owned by Joseph. His sister Barbara came over to keep house for him. A year went by filled with many days of hard labor, but the scenes around that two mile corner were changing and taking on a more pleasing appearance. The old dead stumps had disappeared; the tall, standing, charred trees were no longer

to be seen. The land had been drained to some extent and with less standing water the frogs had moved back into the marshes. The roads had not been built as they are today, but some work had been done that had much improved the travel. Going to Elkton for the family supplies was not such a chore as at first.

"Early in the spring of 1893, our dear mother and precious grandmother came over from Canada to live in the little house on the forty acres. The son and daughter were so glad to have them in this home provided for them for the rest of their days. Grandmother lived with them a number of years and then passed on when she had nearly reached her eighty-sixth year. She is buried at Elkton."

They were busy during this spring and summer on the little home place, logging, plowing, sowing, harvesting, helping neighbors, preaching twice on Sunday, two prayer meetings every week and doing considerable visiting and above all living in an atmosphere of prayer. They rose early and went to bed late. They were laying a good foundation without being aware of it.

In the fall of 1893, after the crops had been put away, Joseph made a trip to Canada. He visited and ministered first in Waterloo county (his birthplace), and from there went to Zurich, Huron county, where the family had lived a number of years before going to the states, and where uncle Eicher was still living. After a few delightful days and a profitable ministry, Joseph and uncle Eicher left for the states on a preaching tour through Fulton, Putnam, Stark, Wayne, and Lucas counties in Ohio. The Lord's blessing and presence were in evidence all along the way, though not without trials. There was not always smooth sailing. They met some hungry hearts at every place they went, but there were many also who were not ready to pay the price and still others opposed them strongly. Subsequent years have showed that these

relatives and others visited at this time had never risen above the old church standards and have set their hearts on money making. Many of them are rich today.

The only reunion that we have been permitted to attend showed the same condition of heart that these two found on this trip in the long ago. Some hearts were hungry, some not willing to pay the price and some absorbed with worldly gain. One cousin is called "The Spud King." The Eichers and Ramseyers who left these counties in Ohio and went to Canada are the ones who found the blessing that, "Maketh rich and addeth no sorrow."

CHAPTER THREE

Revival Fires

In the month of March in 1892, Joseph was ordained by Bishop Joseph Rediger of Gridley, Illinois, assisted by Rev. Joseph Egly of Linn Grove, Indiana. This service was in the humble home on the little farm where the Lord had so graciously met him in the willow bush.

In January, 1893, he and his sister, Barbara, whom the Lord had led out into His fullness over in Canada about the same time that the fire fell on Joseph in Michigan, went on an evangelistic tour. The first meeting was held in the Defenseless Mennonite Church near Archbold, Ohio. Joseph was a member of this group, having been baptized by pouring some years before by sainted Bishop Henry Egly, the founder of the denomination. There was strong opposition on the part of some of the foremost members of the church, yet the Lord gave a real revival during the four weeks that they labored there.

"After our first revival meeting at Archbold, Ohio, we went to Putnam County, Ohio, and held a few weeks' meeting in the Defenseless Mennonite Church, between Pandora and Bluffton. Five sleigh loads of people, whose hearts the Lord had touched at Archbold went with us. The Holy Spirit moved mightily among us from the outset, and many came out definitely for the Lord in these meetings.

"Our borders enlarged continually, without our seeking it. Late in the fall of 1893, urgent calls came from Allen and Adams counties, Indiana, from our people to give them special meetings. By this time my superiors were, as they thought, convinced that we were extrem-

ists, and that it was time that we should be guarded. Consequently two of the brethren were sent to Elkton, Michigan, the early part of 1894 to make an investigation. They found the situation as they had expected, however, they soon saw that the people in the above named places in Indiana were bent on having us, so they decided that one of the older ministers should accompany us.

"We left all in the Lord's hands and did not resent it, but said we shall be glad to have one of them with us. One of these brethren was called home and the other one had to go on to another place before joining us in the meetings at Leo, now Grabill, Allen County, Indiana. In the meantime we began our ministry at Leo and a great revival had broken out when one of these brethren came. He soon saw and said that his presence was not needed. He admonished us to go cautiously and left for his home. The revival fire kept on spreading here—and then at Linn Grove, now called West Berne, Indiana.

"We had two services nearly every day. About every day we were invited to dinner and to spend the afternoon in different homes. From twenty-five to one hundred people followed us daily to these places. The people were so big hearted that they wanted all to come. After dinner the afternoons were spent in singing, testifying, and praying and the Lord worked wonderfully among us. To Him be all the honor and the praise.

"It was in this meeting that Henry Zehr was saved. His life was completely changed from that of living quietly on his father's farm to the active life of an evangelist. We do not want to disparage good farmers, the Lord knows that we need them, for what would the city do without the farmer!

"Mr. Zehr was taken from behind the plow, as was Elisha, and God used him six years in this country, then took him to China where he laid down his life, passing through that awful scourge, smallpox. His sweet, con-

secrated life told wherever he went. Through him many of his associates were brought to see the need of a Saviour, and we can say that his entire life after conversion was one of fruitfulness. While in China, this same loving Christlikeness endeared him to the Chinese. We have been told that the Chinese think when one is a very good person that they must be well up in years. It was thus that they judged Henry Zehr. A Chinese said to one of the missionaries that 'according to his goodness, Mr. Zehr must be one hundred and seventy-five years.' His life was a 'poured out life,' in deed and in truth.

" 'I want in this short life of mine as much as can be pressed,
Of service true to God and man, help me to be my best.'

"He often quoted this verse and his life, though cut off in its prime, was filled with glad service for his Master, for whose sake he left father, mother, brother and sister and a small nephew of whom he was very fond.

"At this time a pressing call came from Sterling, Kansas, to give them a meeting. We promised them to come, but we had to return to Elkton to look after some work that needed our attention. Then on Sunday, April 22, 1894, we began our meetings in Kansas. Two young men from Sterling, ringleaders among the Kansas roughs as they called them, were wonderfully saved in our Indiana revivals and had preceded us to Kansas and were testifying among their former associates, and a revival had begun without any preaching, before we reached Sterling."

Joseph and his sister Barbara, arrived at Nickerson, Kansas, on the Santa Fe Railroad at six in the evening. Mr. Jacob Witmer met them in a wagon. They lived eight miles from town and about six miles from the Defenseless Mennonite Church where they were to hold the meetings.

The work begun by these two boys was now at a point where they needed help. They were not preachers then, but just testified in the meetings and did a lot of personal work. This meeting too was a great revival. People attended in crowds coming by the wagon-load. Joseph and his sister visited between the morning service and the night meeting as they had done in Indiana, and often three and four wagon loads followed them. Arrangements were made before hand as to where they would be for dinner. There was always an afternoon meeting in the home where they ate dinner. Unsaved young people would go along with the crowd to these homes. One afternoon, one of the wild fellows said to his associates that he was going to take the young evangelist to church that night in his buggy and he would break his neck on the way. He asked Joseph to go with him and he did. He never knew until afterwards what the wild rough had said. On the way to church Joseph talked salvation to him and he got under deep conviction and was saved after a great struggle.

Many souls were swept into the kingdom at this time and some were baptized with the Holy Spirit.

A letter from J. H. Klopfenstein, one of the young men reclaimed in the Leo, (Grabill) Indiana, meeting and who went home to Kansas to make restitution tells of what happened after he got home and began making things right. His friend, Sol Miller, who was saved in the Linn Grove meeting, went home at the same time. This made quite a stir and you will see from this letter how the Lord worked.

Letter From J. H. Klopfenstein

(This letter was written for an article in The Missionary Worker on August 27, 1934.)

"In the last issue of the Missionary Worker, we referred to some information we had received on the very first meeting of our evangelistic party. We said that in

this meeting which was at what was then called Leo and now we call it Grabill, two young men from Kansas were in the meeting and one was saved and the other was reclaimed. The one who was reclaimed was Rev. J. H. Klopfenstein. Meeting him at the annual Convention, we asked him if the report we had given was correct and he said it was, and began telling things that happened in Kansas after their return. We asked Mr. Klopfenstein to write out some of the items of interest and he has done so and we will now quote from him."

"I will make an attempt to write some of the events as I can recall them, however, events that took place over forty years ago may not be recorded in the order as they happened but we will do our best to relate them as they took place. I was unable to fully understand the working of the Holy Spirit in my life at the time of my restoration, although during the years of my wandering in that backslidden state, I doubt whether there was a day but that I wished and longed to be in that blessed fellowship with the Lord which I had once enjoyed. Being restored instead of being born again at the Leo revival my experience was different from that of the others.

"When I was first converted, my old pastor advised me to do the best I could until I would reach my twenty-first year then it would be much easier to live a Christian life. My, my what consolation that was for a boy of sixteen. At this time, I left home for Kansas. I really wanted to go somewhere, where I could get back the lost joy, for I had lost out, not having the proper teaching. When I arrived in Kansas, I met with some of my old companions who were down deep in sin. Out of respect to my old friends, I associated with them and soon found myself unable to stem the tide and forgot my resolutions and drifted along with the current.

"I returned to Indiana in my backslidden state and attended the revival meeting at the Mennonite Church

near Leo. One event that happened during that time was the means of bringing me back to God.

"That special event was the accidental death of a Mr. Roth at Nickerson, Kansas. As the tragic news was conveyed to me, it seemed there was a voice saying, "What if that had been you!" Perhaps that tragedy had a greater influence over me than any of the preaching I had heard; anyway it woke me up and I came back to God.

"I felt that I should return to Kansas and make restitution among the people that I had been associated with while there. I wrote a letter to one of the Witmer boys and told him of my experience and added that 'The Lord willing, I will return and make restitution.' This letter was taken by Father Witmer to the Mennonite Church out in the country near Sterling and read to the congregation the following Sunday.

"The following week I received a number of letters from my associates asking me to come as soon as possible and help them to get saved. I arranged with Sol Miller, who was converted in the Linn Grove meeting, to meet me and together we would return to Kansas.

"Arrangements were made for me to take Lavina Schmucker, the blind girl with us. Her father met us at Sterling and took us to his home. I remember it was prayer-meeting night. The church people bestired themselves and started prayer meetings. Entering the church that night, we found it was well filled with hungry people. Sol and I sat in the 'amen corner' with the old men. What a spectacle it must have been to the comrades. They had some fun at our expense, but we gave our testimony and sang one of our revival hymns, 'When the Stars Begin To Fall.' That put a different face on them and the testimonies and prayers undoubtedly had their effect on them also.

"We planned a special prayer meeting for the coming week in the eastern neighborhood, and I was asked to

give a Bible reading on Sunday afternoon. Just imagine! I scarcely knew a dozen Scripture passages but I consented to undertake it.

"A large company of young and old people followed us to Uncle Isaac Zimmerman's home for dinner and for the afternoon Bible reading.

"Right here is where things began to happen. The tragic death of Mr. Roth caused a heavy cloud to rest over the entire community. It seemed this pall rested on each heart and everybody was aware that something was about to happen; however, there were but few that knew what to look for.

"At this Sunday afternoon Bible reading, all of our plans were completely upset. We never did have a Bible reading.

"I remained in the sitting room with about a dozen of my young friends, and told them of my new-found Saviour and just about all of them fell on the floor under deep conviction. I can never tell the joy in my heart as I endeavored to tell them how to get saved. You must remember the only thing that I knew to tell them was to repeat over and over how I came to the Lord.

"Brother Sol Miller was not in the house at this time, but was out at the old well-house with about a dozen more young men, some were scoffing, others were sincere. He came to his wit's end and asked an older brother to find the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew. This being done, he tried to read it to them, but being a poor reader, the boys made all the more fun of him. He closed the Book and threw up both hands toward Heaven and at the top of his voice called upon God. There and then a mighty power fell upon the whole crowd. Some fell upon their faces, others left the place immediately. Several prayed through there at the well. Upon seeing what was going on outside, I dismissed my meeting and joined

Miller in his meeting. There were about fifteen converted in that afternoon, would-be Bible reading.

"One family was tremendously hostile to such doings and resented vehemently. Father Witmer dealt with the father and mother while we were having the time of our life. With the revival fire in the hearts and the sweet presence of the Holy Spirit, we marched to the church a half mile away. We marched and sang a Salvation Army song. It must have given the angels great joy to behold these wonders.

"Brother Noah Witmer and his father stood by us nobly and did everything possible to encourage the work. There was some tremendous opposition from some who never saw anything in this fashion. Father Witmer was given the reins for the evening service, but he was handicapped. However, he managed things splendidly. He asked all those who wished to be saved to raise their hands. There must have been fifty requests. All the new converts were asked to testify, which they did with great liberty, joy and power. He then asked all the people to vacate the middle rows of benches and asked all the seeking ones to come and fill these seats. I think he must have been surprised to see about fifty or more march over and fill the two whole rows of seats. Later he asked all the seekers to speak out their desires and requests. A large number responded and such a hush, such a scene I never thought possible. One after another asked the people to pray for them. One married man who was a ring-leader arose and said, 'Men and friends, you all know me. You know I am ring-leader and dancing master, but I will right here and now renounce everything,' and speaking thus he threw his hat on the floor with all his might saying, 'Here goes John Sutter and all.'

"I believe at that moment more than twenty-five fell to the floor as if struck by lightning from a clear sky. Such praying and confessing, parents went to their chil-

dren confessing their sins, and Oh! what rejoicing among the converts. The old people were dumb-founded, perplexed and completely at their wit's end. I do not recall the exact number that were saved in that evening service. The interest was so great that it was impossible to dismiss the crowd. Father Witmer came down from the pulpit and asked me if I would consent to recall the cottage prayer meeting and have a meeting each evening in the church. I agreed that it was the proper thing to do. It was after midnight when we left the church to spend the remainder of the night at the home of Sol Zimmerman, one-half mile south.

"Some of the young people who couldn't find peace went to their homes and called their parents out of bed to make restitution and confessions.

"The following days were spent visiting the families all around the neighborhood. We, a company, started out singing, 'The children of God are marching along, come on poor sinner, come.' At different homes where we entered, without saying a word but 'Good morning!' the young men and girls immediately began to cry and request prayer. They would join in our ranks and by eveing we were a large company. We usually came to Uncle Zimmerman's for the evening meal and together we would march to the church singing our revival hymns.

"The crowd increased each evening, until it seemed everybody in the whole country came out.

"While these things were happening the brethren decided that it would be very wise to call one of the Bishops to supervise this work.

"I often felt sorry for the good old brother, as I remember him in the meeting. He was completely taken off his feet, and seemed dumbfounded at what he saw. Of course, there were some unpleasant things, some things that were of the flesh, but where was there ever a work done without the flesh manifesting itself. One very bad

thing happened. A young man who was attending the meetings quite regularly, but scoffed and rejected all pleas of God and man and professed to be an infidel, was taken sick shortly after the meetings closed and died of typhoid fever. He called for the preachers, but in his delirious condition they could do very little for him. His death was a fearful sight. He trembled and shook so that the people standing outside could feel the vibrations as they touched the house. With the awful lamentation 'I'm lost!' he passed away.

"I should mention that this revival took place in March just at the time everyone was sowing oats. But oats or no oats, the crowds would fill the church long before dark.

"I doubt if there was ever a revival in modern times that produced so many ministers and missionaries. As I recall the names I find there were at least ten in number, and the most of them are still living and some are still active.

"In looking over my past experiences and recalling some of the hardships we went through and the privations we endured, I have no regrets at all. If I could live my life over I would accept the challenge again."

Again we say the young people do not need socials to bring them together, but a good old-fashioned prayer meeting filled with conviction for sin would bring the same results that it brought when these two young men got right with God.

Rev. J. H. Klopfenstein became a member of the Missionary Church Association and was a faithful pastor in some of the churches in Kansas. He was the father of Rev. W. O. Klopfenstein. Rev. Solomon Miller became a missionary and spent a number of years in China.

The revival meeting of Joseph Ramseyer closed with a healing service in Brother Witmer's home. While there was no message on Divine Healing, yet Joseph had some

times in his messages emphasized that, "Jesus Christ is the same today as He was when He was here in His own human body, and He still heals when people trust Him."

Mother Witmer was totally blind. She had had eye trouble for years and had been under the care of the best eye specialists of Kansas, and was told by them that they could do nothing for her, but she must be content to be blind the rest of her days. She was a woman in middle age and it was sad indeed to have the thought before her of never seeing her husband and children again. The baby she had never seen as it was born after her eyesight left her.

On the last day, Joseph and his sister were in her home, she said to him, "I heard you say that Jesus still heals those who put their trust in Him, and I believe if you will lay your hands on me and pray, that He will restore my sight." Joseph confessed that it made him tremble, but he said, "It is all included in His provision for us."

They then laid hands on her and prayed unitedly. There was no change in evidence right then. The two young people, Joseph and his sister, left for the east right after this little service. About four weeks afterwards they had a letter from Mother Witmer written by her in which she said that her sight began to come back slowly from the day they prayed for her.

We were often in their home in the years that followed. Changes began taking place, some of the children married and left home and in 1904 the family moved to California. The first visit to them in their new home was in 1906. The friendship has been true and lasting. One day in their California home, we saw Mother Witmer, now at the age of some eighty years, thread a needle without glasses.

Her love for God's evangelists continued to show itself in her desire to entertain them and long after she

was unable to minister to them, she wanted them in her home and it was a real grief to her when she had to let others serve them.

When the Witmers celebrated their golden wedding Mother Witmer was so happy and appreciated everything the children did to make the occasion what it should be, and she looked like an ancient little bride in her steel gray silk with a touch of white lace at her throat and her silver gray hair coiled softly at the back of her neck, while Father stood so tall and soldier-like by her side and looked down on the little woman who had walked with him fifty years.

I can see them now as they used to walk to church, Mother reaching up to put her arm through Father's. They never missed when at all possible to be present. When Mother went to her reward, the home was entirely broken up and Father went to live with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Will Herr. He too has gone on now. They were not separated long and that was a blessing, for it was lonely without her.

"Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs
Answer, 'Yes.' "

"In January, 1894, my sister and I accompanied by Sisters Lizzie and Barbara Herford visited Indiana. This was my sister's and my second evangelistic ministry in Allen and Adams counties, Indiana. Again the blessing of Jehovah was on our ministry. He gave us gracious revivals and many turned to the Lord Jesus during these days. Believers were led into the deeper Christian life and many others were strengthened in the faith. We lifted up Jesus as a whole Saviour for the whole man and the whole world—not only in the pulpit but we talked about Him wherever we went." "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." Some one said, "You

cannot speak long with them before they talk religion to you."

By Allen county, we mean Leo, or Grabill as it is now. These four young people were met in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and made the trip in a spring wagon out in the country where Grabill now stands. There was no Wabash Railroad from Fort Wayne to Detroit in those days. At the church where these young people held the evangelistic meetings, Rev. David Roth was pastor and Rev. Henry Roth was assistant pastor. The meetings were blessed of God and a revival was the result. Many were saved and the Roth brothers stood by the four young people with their support and encouragement for they saw God was working in their midst. They told the young workers to go on in Jesus' name, preaching, praying and singing. Among the young people that were saved were Rev. Sol Klopfenstein and two of his sisters.

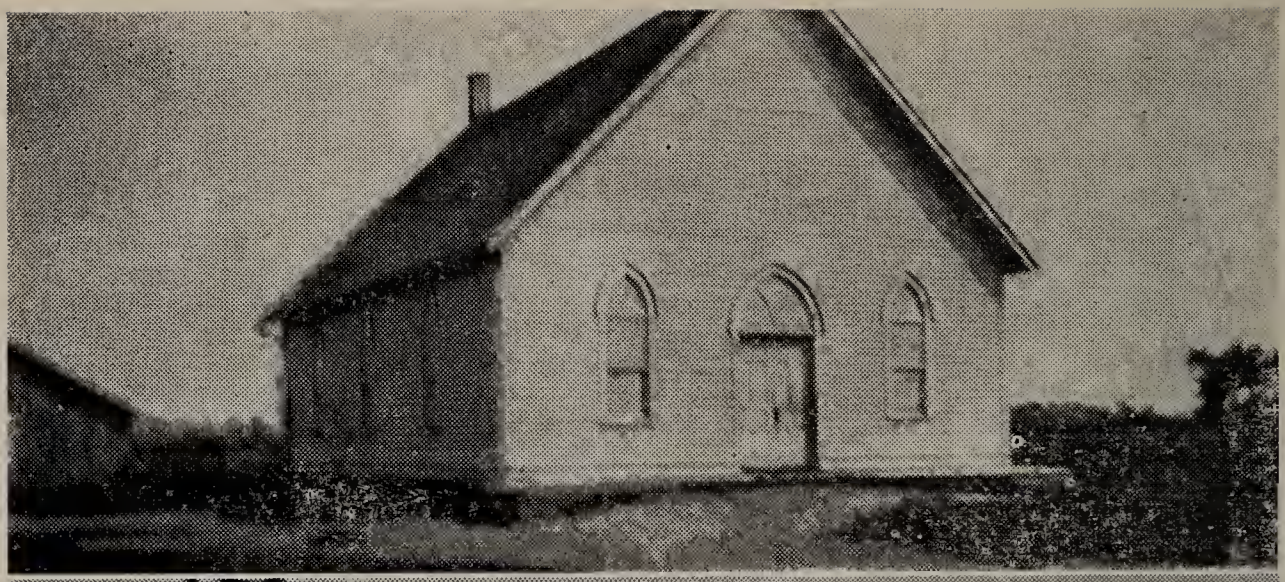
We mention them, because Mr. Klopfenstein afterwards became one of the Missionary Church preachers and his sister, Rilla Klopfenstein, became a missionary to Sierra Leone, West Africa.

Rev. S. J. Grabill was a boy of thirteen and does not remember much about those meetings the young people held in his home church. It was after they had closed that he got under conviction and did not know what was the matter. His godly mother asked him to read his Bible and this brought real repentance and he knelt in the kitchen at a chair and asked for forgiveness and was saved. God had a future for this boy and all who know him, feel that he is serving his Master with all his God-given powers.

During this second trip to Indiana, they often spoke of the work the Lord was doing in Michigan in the new community, so it came about that the people became interested and knowing that they had no public meeting place, they decided to help make a church building pos-



Joseph, the evangelist, and Henry Zehr, the singer.







Top: The church Joseph built on the "Forty Acres" as it was first built. The willow bush stood 75 rods back of the church.
Center: The remodeled church.
Below: The remodeled church and the parsonage.

sible, and, unsolicited on the part of our young people, two hundred dollars were given to help build a church in the neighborhood where they were holding their cottage meetings.

They understood the voice of the Lord speaking to them in this lovely manner and it was an encouragement to trust for the rest of the money needed for the building.

They began at once to plan for a place of public worship. More and more money was given and as they went forward in their step of faith, they were met by willing hearts ready to lend a helping hand. At the close of the Indiana meetings, the four young people spent about eight days at Archbold, Ohio, in an evangelistic ministry.

On February 28, they returned to Michigan. In our diary we find the following under date of April 4, 1894, "Brethren Eli Lantz, J. L. Ramseyer and our young man went to Moody (a carpenter) this forenoon to submit our plan for a church building to him." The church was built that summer and is known today by the people far and near as "The White Church." It stands on the northeast corner of the forty acre farm just west of the willow bush, or rather where it once stood in the long ago. The people in the community helped with the building. Mr. John Gascho was an all-round man. He was a stone mason, brick mason and carpenter, and he with cousins Andrew Herford and John L. Ramseyer and Joseph were some who helped with the work of building. While they were busy with the work on the church, another call came from the midwest for evangelistic meetings.

There was much to be done before accepting this call. Joseph worked early and late on the home place as well as helping with the church building. He plowed, sowed, dug a cellar under the little home, visited and preached. Finally he and his sister left for Kansas on

April 19, 1894. They were again entertained in the Witmer home.

This time with her eyesight restored, Mother Witmer was glad to see them. She said, "I heard you when you were here the first time, now I see you." Their ministry of three weeks was chiefly to strengthen the people of God, and the Lord set His seal on the work. This time they did not have the rough element to contend with that they had met two years before.

At the close of the meeting at Sterling, that is, eight miles southeast in the country at the Mennonite Church, the brother and sister went to Pretty Prairie, about forty miles south of Sterling and had a two-days' meeting in a Russian Mennonite Church. This was a great meeting. People flocked to the altar both day and night and strong conviction gripped many and a large company were brought to the Lord.

Joseph left his sister in Kansas with an uncle while he went to Oklahoma, going over the Rock Island Railroad through the Cherokee strip, a stretch of wild prairie land about sixty miles wide along the southern border of Kansas, which had been opened to homesteaders a short time before. When the train passed through what is now Enid, Oklahoma, they saw a city of tents with about eight thousand people living in them. What an impressive sight. At the close of the meeting in Oklahoma, Joseph met his sister in Kansas. She left for Chicago to spend a while in the Light and Hope Deaconess Hospital.

Joseph turned his face toward Nebraska for the first time, accompanied by Rev. Jacob Schmucher. On their way westward they saw a great many old fashion covered wagons coming east. Many of these wagons were drawn by undersized horses. Some of the parties led cows behind their wagons. Ever so often they stopped to let the animals feed on the buffalo grass along the road.

Many of these families had very little to live on until

they were out of the drought-stricken area. Some had nothing for days but the little milk the poor cow gave that followed the covered wagon.

How lifeless every thing was. It had not rained in these parts of Nebraska for eighteen months. The only trees and green patches we saw as we were nearing Wauneta, were along the Frenchman river. The wheat that had been sown seven months before had not even sprouted, it was just as good as that in the granary. Many people left their land and went east. Some sold out for a trifle, others traded their quarter section for a cow or young heifer.

At that time the people in that vast rainless area had time to attend religious meetings, not only in the evening but in day time as well. They came in wagons and buggies from every direction, ten, fifteen, and some twenty-five miles. It was delightfully easy to preach, for everybody paid close attention—and of course we had a wonderful revival.

"One day we, a group of five brethren, were driving by a farm home, when we heard someone calling pleadingly. When we looked around we saw a lady, and she said 'Won't you please come? My brother is down in a canyon praying and he says he is going to stay there.' When we got to the edge, we saw the young man down at the bottom of the canyon on his knees. He did not get up when he saw us coming. We all knelt beside him and had a season of prayer. While in prayer under the open heavens down in that canyon, one of our party, old father Christner exclaimed, 'Praise God, He has heard my heart cry and given me the Holy Spirit.' I said to the young man with whom we were praying. 'Let us rise and go to the house,' but he refused saying, 'I'm going to stay here.' I said to him 'Come on and go with us.' But he would not do it. 'But,' I said, 'you will go. We are stronger than you are.' Two of us took hold on either

side of him, and when he saw that we meant it, he did not resist any longer. The reason I did this was, he had heard me relate my Willow Bush experience and in his sincerity he had made up his mind that he was going to have an experience just like mine. Two days later the Lord graciously met him while he was sitting alone in his room. The Lord knows how to deal with each one of us, because no two of us are exactly alike. Our part is to obey Him as far as we have light.

"The meeting in the country schoolhouse gained momentum from day to day. On the last night brother Egle said, 'This meeting ought to go on.' I said to him, 'You can continue it.' He answered, 'All my education is in German. I have not even given a testimony in English.' I continued, 'If you believe and you are humble enough, you can do it.' Immediately he replied, 'In dependence on the Lord, I will undertake it.' He announced that the meetings would continue not stating who would have charge. On the way home from the little schoolhouse that night, Mrs. Egle said, 'Who is to do the preaching?' He answered, 'The Lord will provide.' Mrs. Egle said, "You do not have an English Bible.' Little Emma, his daughter, about nine years old sitting behind the parents was listening, and she understood the conversation, interrupted, saying, 'Papa, I have an English Testament I will let you use.' "

Bro. Egle spent nearly all of his time until the next evening in prayer and meditation.

The little schoolhouse was filled again that first night after we were gone and brother Egle spoke under the anointing of the Spirit as if he had been preaching in English for years.

During our meeting, our brother received a mighty outpouring from on high and God now gave him a fair knowledge of English. This was evident from that time

on. The effect of the above described meeting soon was felt in far away heathen lands.

The Rev. Egle has been preaching in English from that time to the present—fifty years this coming June, 1944.

The Dedication

of the new church at Elkton was on September 30, 1894. What a happy day that was! They would not have to crowd the meetings in their small homes. It was good of the Lord to give them a central location and on a road that would some day be a highway. Joseph and his sister went home for this service and with others from a distance they had meetings for a few nights ending with a special service on Sunday.

On Monday, October 22, Joseph left Elkton to attend a Bible Conference at Berne, Indiana. This conference was held in the Defenseless Mennonite Church.

From the close of the convention, Joseph continued his evangelistic work until the end of the year and January, 1895, found him in Illinois. He left Groveland on the ninth and was not present on January twentieth when his brother Michael was married to Katie Birkey by Reverend Peter Hochsettler. We pass over the spring and summer months to the fall and in November Joseph went to Bluffton, Ohio. The Bethany Bible Institute was opening for a fall and spring term, and Joseph was on the teaching staff.

In January at the opening of the spring term a series of meetings started which lasted ten weeks. Joseph did about all the preaching besides his teaching in the school.

The year of 1896 proved to be an eventful year in his life. I will list the events: An outstanding meeting at Groveland, Illinois, in June. His baptism by immersion in Lake Erie, August the eleventh. In the jaws of death with typhoid fever, August twenty-fourth. His marriage to Kathrine Zeller, October twenty-seventh. His expulsion from his church, December eighth.

Joseph writes:—"In connection with our Bible School work we carried on a ten weeks' revival meeting in the town hall. Over two hundred souls were saved at that time. It proved too much for me and when school closed the first of April, I was very weak. My faith was exhausted and I began living by the inexhaustible faith of the Son of God. Hallelujah!"

Through April and May there were meetings in Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois. On June the first a party consisting of B. P. Lugibihl and wife, Henry Schindler, C. O. Davis, Missionary Bieber and Joseph went to Groveland, Illinois. They had a prayer meeting in the Defenseless Mennonite Church, thinking to have a short service as they wanted to get up early the next morning and pitch the tent where the meetings were to be held. The last song had been sung and the last prayer offered when some one broke down and cried bitterly. That was the start of the revival and sobbing and crying could be heard all over the church. There was not room at the altar for the seekers. The whole church was turned into an altar. In the kitchen at the rear of the church there was confession and weeping. Everybody was on their knees except three young men who ran away. It was midnight when the meeting broke up.

The tent was pitched the next day in Gerber's grove and the revival continued. It is a meeting that is spoken of today over forty years later.

The tent meetings continued until the last of July. Attendance was good, glorious manifestations of God's power in salvation and sanctification of many.

The next outstanding event was at Beulah Park. Joseph was baptized by immersion in Lake Erie on the eleventh of August by D. W. Kerr.

August the twenty-fourth he became very ill and was taken to Bluffton, where he lay at death's door with typhoid fever for several weeks. Mother went from Elk-

ton to be with him. Unknown to him, she entered the room. He was lying with his face to the wall. When she walked to the bed and laid her hand on his brow, he said, "Mother." Though in the jaws of death, through Mother's believing prayers, he was raised up.

His recovery was rapid and by September 29th he was able to make the trip home to Elkton to be with Mother. He returned to Bluffton on October twenty-first. On October 27th he was married to Kathrine Zeller.

Another important event was a trip to Berne, Indiana, on November 20th. Joseph and Kathrine went there to attend the General Conference of the Defenseless Mennonites. The conference was well attended, people coming from all points.

On December the 7th, the ministers met together all day until nearly midnight. When the Conference closed on December the 8th, Joseph E. Ramseyer was no longer a member of the church he had served with all of his God-given powers.

From Conference, they went back to Bluffton and after a few days in the Bible School, they went to Illinois for meetings.

Though the year 1897 was not so eventful, it was filled with loving ministries from January to December.

Reading the diary for that year and knowing so well every place Joseph and Kathrine held meetings, we can see that, where the seed was sown, there is now a harvest of souls. His sister, Mary, who left Canada with him when in his teens, went to be with the Lord on September twenty-six, 1897, leaving her husband, Seth Rupp, and three boys, Abner, Ora, and Clarence. Abner and Ora with their families live in Ohio. Clarence passed away a few years ago.

Joseph Egly was baptized on August twenty-first, 1897, a little more than a year after Joseph was baptized.

The year 1898 dawned with Joseph and Kathrine out

in the field sowing the gospel seed. The entry for January first says, "Jesus, help us to be our best for Thee this coming year." At the close of many entries there is this cry, "Give us souls."

A call came from a lady in the south for a full gospel worker and Joseph answered that call. April the thirteenth found him on his way to Tennessee. He stopped at Harriman, and was told of a godly man in Chattanooga by the name of Lunis. He stopped in Chattanooga to look this man up and see if there was an opening for the full gospel. Leaving the train, he walked through the depot, and was met by a black man. "Want a cab, Boss?" Joseph said, "If you can tell me where a Mr. Lunis lives, I will go with you." "Lunis the Christian?" asked the black man. "That's the man," said Joseph. "He lives two miles from here," said the cabman. Joseph paid the fare and was driven to the home of "Lunis, the Christian." They had sweet fellowship, but the way did not open for him to stop any length of time.

From here he went to West Tennessee, where he was headed when leaving Bluffton. It took a day to reach his destination. Mrs. Margaret Miles of Jordan, Kentucky, just across the Tennessee line, received him gladly.

Arrangements were made for a tent meeting three months later. After a few days of fellowship with these Christian people, Joseph left for Illinois. Joseph and Kathrine began tent meetings at Pekin, Illinois. It was here that Henry Zehr joined them. Their fellowship was blessed and Henry remained with them many months.

This was the opening tent meeting for the summer. It rained much of the time but God blessed and gave much liberty to preach the Word and sent in the people in spite of the rain. A diary entry "We are sent to preach the Word and leave the results with God." "O Lord, drive the truth home to hearts." This was a time of seed sowing, judging from the diary. After waiting on God for guid-

ance they felt led to move the tent to Decatur, Illinois.

Here they were tested severely for lack of fellowship and financially. They continued and kept on in Jesus' name until the tide turned and they could see the hand of the Lord working in the hearts of the people. They were here a number of weeks. The tide would turn against the meetings and then victory again. Let the diary tell you something. "Pocket book empty, and groceries gone. He gives us our daily bread. Hallelujah! We are asking God about His plan for us next week. He knows." "The power of God was manifested in anointing service. Four prayed for. God healed them for His glory."

"We closed our meetings in the tent tonight. Leave results with God." They were met financially, had no lack but severely tested before the answer came. Joseph left for Pekin, Illinois, to marry Carrie Gerber and Jacob Goldsmith, July twenty-first, 1898. A very pleasant wedding, God present. Had a very blessed service in the church at Groveland."

Joseph went back to Decatur. Diary says, "He, the Lord, is crowning our labor here. Two souls came out, one was preciously filled with the Holy Spirit. To God be all the glory."

"Took down the tent and shipped it to Jordan, Kentucky." They remained in Decatur holding a few meetings in a church where the pastor, a Rev. Spayd, yielded himself most preciously to God. He preached the plain gospel in the power of the Holy Ghost.

"Got our permits and left for East Saint Louis and Cairo. Arrived at Jordan at 4:45 P. M. Guy Miles met us."

The tent had arrived when they reached Jordan and the next day they began the work of pitching it, and while Joseph and Henry Zehr supervised the work, they got some black men to help with the heavy part. Know-

ing that the black man is very fond of watermelon, Joseph gave them all they could eat as their pay. This tent meeting proved to be another meeting long to be remembered. It is still spoken of after these more than forty years. Work was done during those meetings that it will take eternity to reveal. Nellie Bowen was one of those who was led out at that time and those who knew Nellie will remember that she lay down her life in China. It was while at this place and just at the close of the tent meeting that Joseph was called to Berne, Indiana. Those who sent for him urged him to come. They felt the need of a new church home for those who no longer had a church home, having obeyed their convictions regarding water baptism.

Those concerned gathered in the church four miles west of Berne where Joseph was excluded. There in that church, the Missionary Church had its origin. In the second chapter of part two you will find Joseph's summary of the origin of the Missionary Church Association, written at the request of a young man from Grabill, Ind.

Joseph left Berne for Jordan, Kentucky. The tent had been taken down and put away while he was gone and on his return they moved over across the state line about five miles to Union City, Tennessee. This was a great meeting in Union City. We will tell of it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER FOUR

"In Journeyings Often"

In starting this new chapter, we will keep our promise and tell you of the precious meeting in Union City, Tenn.

It was the last part of August, 1898. I had a music pupil from the country for a lesson. At the close of the lesson she told me of a tent meeting near her home at Jordan, Kentucky. I had never been to a tent meeting and had a desire to attend one. She invited me home with her saying, "We will go tonight." I went along with her fully intending to go that night. We had not been in her home very long when a neighbor from Jordan came into the room where I was sitting. I said, "Mr. Porter, what about those tent meetings at Jordan?" I can hear now as I write and see the look of scorn on his face as he said, "They are holiness people."

That was all I needed to know about them, for be it known unto you, Reader, "that after the most straitest sect," I was raised a Presbyterian, and the holiness people were not in my class! Those in Union City wore very plain clothes and "a never to smile again" look on their faces. My father called the leader of the Holiness Church, "a walking tombstone." I returned home the next morning without going to the tent meeting and it passed out of my mind.

About a week later a friend told me she had been to a tent meeting on the corner of Main and Division Streets, "the meeting was good and those people are dear people." I asked, "The tent that was at Jordan?" "Yes," she said, "the first meeting is tonight and there is one tomorrow afternoon." Now "tomorrow afternoon" was Sunday after-

noon. "Dear people, and good preaching," my friend had said. I wonder if after all it would not be well if I would go and see and hear for myself! I went home and told my mother about what the friend had said. (I never went anywhere without telling her where I was going.) I said I was going to the tent meeting on Sunday afternoon. She said that she and Lea (my youngest brother) would go with me.

That meeting was a revelation to me. During the song service the face of the young man who was leading the singing was alight with joy and it carried the words to my heart, "Joys are flowing like a river, since the Comforter has come." The Comforter, who could that be! It must be some one real to him. During the sermon which followed the "indwelling of the Holy Spirit" was stressed. So the Comforter was the Holy Spirit.

These surely were not Holiness people for their faces were cheerful and happy. This Comforter must be what I needed and a longing came in my heart to have what these dear people had. I kept on going to the meetings and one night I went to the altar and knelt in the straw. While kneeling there, I knew that something took place and had a proof of it, for I met the acid test just as I was rising from my knees. I heard a voice as of some one standing over me and, looking up, I saw it was the woman that my father called the "walking tombstone." She was saying, "And now you are sanctified." If I had not been, I would have gone back then and there. I looked into her face and said, "If this is sanctification, then it is all right." I was so conscious of the Sanctifier that I saw sanctification in its right light. I entered the heavenlies that night and stayed up there for six months. I had never known such rest. Those "dear people" as we called Joseph and Kathrine and Henry Zehr, left us after being in Union City three weeks or there about.

Joseph asked me to start a prayer meeting on Sun-

day afternoon. We met in a private home and the people crowded in to see what those three girls would do. (Two of my friends stepped out the same time I did and we called ourselves the triangle.) Those were precious days. We had a nice group and plenty to help carry on the weekly meetings.

At the end of six months, my Presbyterian pastor came to see me. He said that I was bringing reproach on the church. My father told me that I had been a good girl all of my life and this was the first time I had disobeyed him. Many other unpleasant things had transpired during these six months, but I had lived above them. Now I came to earth with a flop! It seemed that my heart was lying on the pavement and that people were walking over it. It was crushing. I could not go back. The joy of those months had been so satisfying. I must go forward even if it meant to walk in the dark. I do not remember just when it was, how many days I suffered from these things, but one day, while reading the seventeenth chapter of John, I was conscious that the ink with which the words were written were wet as with fresh ink. I stared in amazement. It seemed a voice said, "Jesus is praying. The chapter is fresh." Reverently I held the Bible in my hands, not reading but looking at the wet ink. Then I laid the Bible on the table, open so that I would not blot the page. This brought me up and out of my distress.

I loved my father and honored him in my heart. He meant everything to me. As a little girl, he had made me memorize Scripture and the Child's catechism and Shorter catechism. I saw the four little red chairs grouped around my father's arm chair every Sabbath (my father always said Sabbath) afternoon, working away trying to get the "a," "ands" and "the's" in proper place. Many a time I was sent to my seat with, "you left out an a" or it may have been "the" or "and." We worked as fast as we

could, my three brothers and I, for there were five sticks of candy for each of us in the bureau drawer. When my father was satisfied with the memory work, we got the candy. The candy lasted only a short time, but the verses are in my heart today, also the catechism which says, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." My father gave me a dollar for reading "Pilgrim's Progress." The dollar was gone long before the conviction for sin. I never got any relief from this conviction until I found it at the foot of the cross of Jesus. The books I read were selected by my father. A woman came to our door one day with books to sell. I bought one and laid it on the table. My father came home for dinner, saw the book, picked it up, looked it over and said, "This will be all right to start the fire with tomorrow morning." That was the last of my book.

I drove home from the country where I had been teaching music pupils, drove to the church where we held our full Gospel meetings, hitched the little pony to a post, went in for something that I wanted, then drove home, unhitched the pony, let him free in the yard and went into the house. My father quietly said, "It is a shame to disgrace a dumb beast by hitching him near that church." He had passed the church, saw the pony and knew I was in the church. He preferred walking home seven or eight blocks to crossing the street and coming in and waiting for me.

You ask, "What has this bit of history to do with the tent meetings?" Everything! From that night I knelt in the straw, something was wrought in my heart that gave me courage to stand anything from my precious father. One time when we went back home after I was married, my father told me that they had revised the church roll. I said, "Is my name on the church roll?" He said, "No. You are no longer a Presbyterian." Something said within me, "Your name is written in the Lamb's book of life."

One Presbyterian, a lady, met my father on the street and said, "Why don't you make Macy give up this new religion?" and said some very uncomplimentary things. My father told her he would not let any one speak of his daughter in such a manner and he read the law to her. My mother told me of this and I knew that my father still loved me. The day came a number of years later when he changed in his attitude, and I am sure he was glad for the work of grace which had been wrought in my heart.

These two friends, with myself whom we called "the triangle," met once a week for Bible study. Sunday afternoons the entire group met together in the little church which had been abandoned by the Hard Shell Baptists. We had a Sunday School in what was known as the "Old Shack." Precious work was wrought in the hearts of these people. They began to take more pride in their personal appearance and took better care of their apartments. Those were precious days, and we were a happy band of full gospel people.

Our evangelistic party was not forgotten. We prayed for them about every time we came together. One day in a Sunday afternoon service, one of our triangle, Nell Mathes, was singing, "He is speeding from on high, and will greet me and escort me to the sky." A twelve-year-old girl screamed out, "The Lord is coming and I am not ready." We knelt around her and prayed her through to victory. Critics came to criticise and went away convicted. We could not preach, but we did have a testimony and were faithful in testifying.

We had monthly missionary meetings at which time we gave an offering for missions. One Saturday before missionary day, I cried because I had only one dollar for the offering the next day. A voice seemed to say, "Be faithful and give what you have and some day you will give more."

Last year, 1944, when the Sunshine Makers' and Gleaner's offerings were over six thousand dollars, I thought of that promise. One time I became anxious about the work at the little church, fearful we were not measuring up to our best. I seemed to be in a garden where a beautiful vine was growing. It was climbing the garden wall. Several of us were looking at it. We wanted to help it cling to the wall, so we got forked sticks and pressed it to the wall. As it climbed higher we reached higher with our forked sticks. It reached the top, too high for us to help it, and it still clung to the wall. We stood back, threw down our sticks and gazed in wonder and admiration. We saw an Eye looking at us from beneath the leaves. The Eye looked grieved. We dropped our eyes to the ground when we saw that where we had touched the vine with our sticks, there was a bare brown spot without blossom or foliage. We could not bear the gaze of that sorrowful Eye.

I told this in a testimony meeting in the church the following Sunday. One of the "triangle," Lizzie Greer, cried out in distress, "Don't tell me I was one of those who tried to help the Lord." One day while on the way to the country to give music lessons, I was praying. I said, "The work of grace is so slow, help me to keep my heart open to Thee, so Thou can'st work fast." Down the road about a half mile, an apple tree seemed to spring up in the middle of the road. It was bare, as in early spring. All at once it budded, the buds developed, the blossoms came out and it was a "thing of beauty." The blossoms dropped off, the little green apples appeared. Just as this point, my pony trotted over the spot where the tree seemed to stand. A voice said, "This growth came quickly, it will take rain, wind, and sunshine to ripen the apples." We are so prone to want to go into active service before He has finished with us. No, I am not visionary. This was the checkings of the Holy Spirit to help me not



Joseph, and his first wife, Katherine.



TENTMEETING PARTY AT ELKTON, MICHIGAN

Standing: D. C. Stucky; G. R. Schroeder; J. E. Ramseyer; P. L. Eicher; John Merriman; Sol Klopfenstein:

Sitting: Ida Schlagle; Mrs. J. E. Ramseyer; Annie Eicher; Mrs. P. L. Eicher; Barbara Eicher.

to spoil my life by running ahead of Him. Dear brother William Egle preached a sermon on "Going *in* before we go *out* into service." Go in to commune with Him, then we can go out to serve, and not until then can we render acceptable service. I see it now. We are so prone to want to be doing instead of waiting for equipment. What is the equipment? Utter abandonment to the Holy Spirit and we do not learn that over night. It takes wind, sunshine and rain to fashion us after His image. The more restful we are, the quicker He can do the work. The rich young ruler wanted to know what he could do. The Master told him to sell out, take up his cross and follow Him. We can take our choice, obey the command, or do as the rich young man, "go away sorrowful," and never be heard of again, grieve the Master and lose our soul and be unfit for His use.

While we were having lessons in "holding still" our dear evangelistic party was moving on in further service. They went to Martin, Tennessee, from Union City and from there they went to Memphis. They did not take the tent as it was the beginning of October and too cool for tent meetings. They found an open door in Memphis and held meetings in a Baptist Church. At the close of this meeting they had a severe financial test, the most severe that Joseph had been called to pass through. They were out of money, rent was past due, and no fuel to heat the room. When three days had passed without food, Joseph said, "We will kneel at this chair and place our watches on it and ask God to show us what to do, pawn them for supplies, or wait yet on Him. We want to do His will." While they were kneeling with the watches lying on the chair, the Lord spoke so clearly from Psalm thirty-seven, verse five, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." Joseph said to the others, "Put your watches in your pocket, this is God speaking." They waited yet another day before help

came. In telling some friends of this experience on a later visit to Memphis, one of them, Captain Sharp, said, "Why did you not tell me and you could have had all you needed." Joseph said, "I would have spoiled it for God."

They left Memphis and stopped in Union City for a few days, then went to Illinois.

In the summer Kathrine, Joseph's wife, was taken ill and, while they continued in meetings, she was not able to take part in all of them. Her condition grew worse and the last day of July, she went to be with the Lord. These were dark days for Joseph. He longed to go too, and often prayed, "Lord Jesus, come soon so that we can be reunited."

Many entries in the diary were outbursts of grief that only those who have given up a loved companion can know anything about. He would say, "Help me to be my best, don't let me miss anything Thou hast for me." He continued going from place to place giving out the gospel and being a blessing wherever he went. Seeing souls pressing through to God, comforted him.

This closed a year filled with lights and shadows. God was true to His word, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and Joseph pressed on alone and yet not alone.

The diary for January first, 1900 says: "In Jesus' name I go into this new year. Guide, teach and keep me —let me not fall short of Thy best and come soon, my Jesus."

On this first tour, Henry Zehr accompanied him. They spent the month of January in Missouri and Nebraska, with rich results. From Nebraska they went to Kansas. The diary says on February seventeenth: "Waiting much before the Lord to know His will for me. May I fulfil my mission here. My Jesus, I long for Thee. Come soon."

From Kansas they went to Union City, Tennessee, When they arrived, they found a holiness meeting in

progress and attended the meeting. Joseph spoke the first afternoon from the text, "Sealing." Since this meeting was to last several days, they left for Memphis.

Joseph had Memphis much on his heart and had a desire to get a foothold for the full gospel. There was a ministry for them over Sunday and on Tuesday night, otherwise there was no opening at this time. Hope must be deferred for a future day.

They came back to Union City to find that the Full Gospel group were to have a two-days' convention with Reverend Mr. Todd, D. W. Lelacheur and Mrs. Reeve from China. The coming of Joseph and Henry Zehr brought joy to these workers and added much to the success of the convention. These were precious days and people from most of the churches in town attended and there was a great stir. After the convention closed Joseph and Henry Zehr stayed to carry on in Jesus' name.

The people continued to come and we had a blessed time. One of the pastors got wrought up and we had a pretty good idea as to the cause. The diary says: "The devil has been stirring up one of the city pastors. He is slandering us through the paper and otherwise. The Lord caused him to see his wicked heart."

Further down the page in the diary we read: "Looking to God whether we should stay at Union City longer." In the face of opposition we announced meetings for over Sunday, April 8th. Precious meeting tonight. O Lord, do greater things for us yet. One soul saved, one baptized with the Holy Spirit. The meetings closed Sunday night with a blessed service. Joseph felt they should return to Memphis for a tent meeting, so we read in the diary: "On Monday, ninth. Shipped tent to Memphis today. It has been stored in Union City since September, 1898."

Joseph never knew defeat. Again the enemy opposed the tent meeting. It rained much of the time for a week or more. When the weather permitted, they had a meet-

ing in the tent and when the weather did not permit, they had a prayer meeting. The diary for April twenty says: "Very rainy all day. Our eyes are fixed on Thee, O Lord. Let me not fall short in fulfilling my mission, even here in Memphis at this time. Bless Thy Word spoken in weakness. I feel so empty tonight, but I look to Jesus. I am Thine."

By April the twenty-fourth they could see the hand of the Lord working and from then to May seventh they had blessed meetings and rejoiced to see souls saved and believers filled with the Holy Spirit. The last week was a wonderful week. The diary says, "We thank Thee, Lord, for Thy work in Memphis. All praise belongs to Thee."

During the summer months, Joseph labored in Ohio, Michigan, and Canada, then back through Ohio and to Pennsylvania. Most of the month of August was spent in Ohio in tent meetings. In September Joseph was in Rossville, Indiana. Here he was assisted by Misses Eliza von Gunten, Rhoda Lugibihl (Mrs. Philip Hinky) and Louise Hochstettler. Miss von Gunten was our first missionary of the Missionary Church Association to China. Henry Zehr joined the party, and was made a blessing. The people were very attentive. They had the joy of seeing fruit from their labors. The days were filled with good things from the Word and the mission field. God blessed those meetings richly.

Joseph continued working in Indiana until November, then came the convention of the Missionary Church Association. This convention convened near Berne, Ind.

"On November the ninth, (1900)" we read in the diary, "the conference elected me today, president of the Missionary Church Association, A. E. Funk, vice president. I prayed much that the Lord should not let me be put into any office not planned by Him for me. Now I take this from the Lord. Help me to do all Thou wouldest have me do in this place."

Dated November tenth: "My faith looks up to Thee, O my Saviour."

The remainder of November and then all of December were spent in going from Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and back to Ohio, and Indiana. The last day of the year found him with his brother Michael and family on their farm home near Morton, Illinois. He closes the year with the following: "My closing word for 1900 is Philippians three, verses twelve to fourteen: 'This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' I go into 1901 in Jesus' name. Trust in Him alone for guidance in all things."

"I pray Thee, O Father, to anoint me with a special anointing from above and fill me with a revival spirit. Hide me away from pride, behind the cross, that Thou mayest be all in all in me in the New Year in a sense as never before." December thirty-one, 10:40 P. M. J. E. Ramseyer, Morton, Illinois. January first, 1901. At Morton: "With new courage I enter into this new year in Jesus' name.

"My Jesus, keep me from all evil, bodily and spiritually. Make me a blessing to many souls in this year. I pray God, for special revivals. A double portion of the Holy Spirit upon me. O come soon, my Lord Jesus."

Joseph was in Kentucky and Tennessee for the month of January, and organized the Mount Zion Missionary Church near McEwen, Tennessee. The diary says: "Organized. Had feet washing, and communion this A. M. Thursday, January seventh. The Lord being very near. Spoke in the Methodist Church at McEwen this evening. I did not have the liberty as in the country."

The entire year was spent in journeying from Oklahoma, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Canada, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C., New York,

back to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, Kansas, and Colorado was the last state in the year 1901. He had a precious experience while in Pueblo at which time he realized God's guiding hand in an extremity. Sometimes Joseph was alone in his travels, part of the time Henry Zehr was with him and at some of the places Reverend D. Y. Schultz. It was a year filled with much blessing, as well as many tests in body and spirit. Reading in the diary we often felt it pull on our heart strings. He told the diary things he never told otherwise.

His willow bush experience did not bring a life of ease but it led along, "the stream of God's blessing." He walked the path of obedience, and that brought constant refreshing, though it was the way of the cross. He was "not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

PART TWO

"A Grain of Mustard Seed"

"And He said, Wherefore shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth; But when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all the herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it." Mk. 4:30,31,32.

PART II

Foreword

In the thirteenth chapter of Matthew there are recorded seven parables spoken by our Lord Jesus Christ. That these parables refer to that phase of the Kingdom of God which is covered by the Church age can hardly be doubted. The seven parables of this chapter naturally fall into four groups:—First, three couplets and then a conclusion. The first of these couplets deals with seed; first, the good and then the evil. The second couplet emphasizes growth; the mustard seed the growth of the good seed—the faith seed; the leaven the growth of the evil within the good meal. The third couplet depicts cost. First what it cost Christ to purchase the field including the treasure. Second what it costs those who would obtain the Pearl of great Price. The seventh parable deals with the disposition of both the evil and the good.

The theme of the second division of this book brings to our attention the third of these parables, that of the mustard seed. Jesus likened pure faith to a grain of mustard seed. Like the mustard seed of this parable, so the faith that brought into being the movement herein described, though small in its beginnings, has reached into all parts of the earth. Many who have never become a part of it have reaped benefits from it, and have become partaker of the protection and blessings found under its wings.

This tree soon began to shoot forth three principal branches: the church in the homeland, the missionary movement, and the training of laborers for the work of the Lord's vineyard throughout the world.

Note the first of these, the church in the home land. The work started with the organizing of one church. Soon there was a group of churches bound together by the two-fold bond of Christian love and a fervor to make known the Christ who had become the all-sufficient One to these earnest believers. This continued until there are now churches in eleven states, and over two hundred recognized workers.

The missionary movement has been unique in that no boards have been set up in foreign lands. Missionaries have been sent out under many different boards though the largest number has been sent under the Christian and Missionary Alliance. The very year in which the first church was organized the work of sending missionaries began, and it has continued until more than eighty different missionaries have been sent into many needy lands of the world.

The third field has been equally fruitful, that of training workers for God's vineyard. Early in the movement the need for training workers was realized. Accordingly the Fort Wayne Bible Institute was begun as an interdenominational, coeducational, Bible Training centre. Hundreds of young people have come there during these forty years to study God's Word and to be trained in the best ways of doing His work. These in turn went forth as missionaries, evangelists, pastors, teachers and as workers in all phases of Christian work. Nor have these all been absorbed by the movement itself. Rather they have gone into many churches and under many societies with the one passion—that of making Christ known to needy men and thus hastening the completion of the body of Christ and His return.

Thus has the mustard seed of faith germinated and become a tree which under God is increasing in blessing to men everywhere. God grant that it may continue to grow and spread until many that are in the darkness of

this world shall find shelter under its branches and be brought to know the One who is able to protect from the judgments that are coming upon the earth as well as those that shall come upon all who have not fled for refuge under His wings.

J. A. RINGENBERG.

"A Grain of Mustard Seed"

SELECTION
By
DR. T. R. GARTH

Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood, and probably themselves will not be recognized.

Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever growing insistency.

"It was merely a grain of mustard seed, that was all it was. You can hardly see it, it is so small and inconspicuous, but it was a vital seed, it was big with potentiality and time has justified this belief.

"These humble people allowed Joseph to come among them and he planted the grain of mustard seed, and now look! It has changed the out-look; it has brought about economic changes, social changes, spiritual changes, changes in character that will stand the test of time. All unknown to those concerned, God made the plan and carried it out; it will live in after years. It will live always. It will never die—this 'grain of mustard seed.' "

My brother, Dr. T. R. Garth, wrote the above in a letter. He is the one who gave us the first encouragement to undertake this venture, and also suggested the title under which I am writing.

In this chapter I am giving my brother, Russell Garth, whose memory is very dear to me, the prominence in the Life Story. In 1932 he began to write to us about getting facts together and putting them in book form. He appreciated Joseph and loved him as his own brother and

felt the work he was doing should be put in tangible form. He says, "Your purpose would be to put down in permanent form, with all the side-lights and color, the movement with which you are so vitally connected. Think about this. It would certainly be worth your while, and you would make a success of it. Let me know what you think, you and Joseph."

It did not take long to find out what Joseph thought of it. He was afraid it would make him too prominent. The second letter from Russell came two weeks later. "I was thinking last night this—call your book 'A Grain of Mustard Seed.' It is an account of the work Joseph has done in sowing the seed back and forth over the United States from East to West, North and South for the last thirty-five or forty years. He has been an evangelist to a people who much needed just this ministration. In the first place the book, which will be a history with all the local color, will be very valuable to the members of his group, for they will want it some day. In the second place it will make most interesting reading just on its own account. Again it has great sociological value. It will fill a place. It will give an account of how these people were a little, isolated, good people who had little contact with the world, who felt their isolation, and now have a contact with the big world without violating their true principles. He has pulled them back on the right path. I can see it all. What a change he has seen in the thought, the economic conditions, the spiritual life of these people. It is simply a fascinating story, an epic. And it will be a true story, but, valuable, for it is a side-light on history. The mustard seed has been planted in various localities, and it has grown to superb dimensions. Tell me what you think of this. I have it all thought out. You do not have to do it just this very way, but I am trying to make you see what a great chance of service you have here. 'A Grain of Mustard Seed' ought to meet a

cordial reception from good and thoughtful people."

Here the matter rested for two years. Joseph still held back from the publicity. After talking the matter over many times telling him there were things the people would like to know, he began jotting down some history beginning back in Canada on the farm, going to Ohio as a boy of seventeen, returning to Canada at his Grandfather's death, the call to the Huron Peninsula, the call to his life's work.

I took courage and began writing what I called "The Grain of Mustard Seed," and ran it in the Missionary Worker from June 1 to October 15 in the year 1934.

My brother wrote again, "I am glad you are starting on the book. Get it started and add to it slowly and it will take shape. It seems like a vine or tree. At first it seems a little shapeless and indefinite, but soon with working on it, it takes definite shape and you seem to feel it has always existed and you try to wonder how you ever felt it was shapeless. It seems to grow up like a person—at first a helpless, aimless child and then it gets a sort of unity to itself, it becomes an entity. I take down my book sometimes, and almost talk to it and say 'Well, I can remember when I showed Tier (his pet name for me) the beginning of you and she was very sympathetic and encouraging. You helped me much by your thoughtful interest and hopefulness. It just seemed like I couldn't do it—write the book. But I got curious to see what I could do. And here it is—a real live book. And it has attracted some attention and I believe has done a lot of good, and it is not through doing good. It is the scientific truth and a truth which people like to disregard because of race prejudice.' (My brother refers to his book on Racial Psychology.)

"John (my preacher brother) and I will help as much as we can, but we do not want to make too many suggestions because we might destroy the spontaneity of it.

It must be an expression of yourself. I am thinking of a map of the United States, a sort of skeleton map of the states. On this stage Joseph moved. There were people all around and he planted the grain of mustard seed. It took time, but as you look at the map from year to year, you see the social situation change, the religious outlook, the economic outlook change. These are incidental to the real story of Joseph's going around. No one realized the full significance of what he was doing. It was done so unostentatiously, so silently, so unselfishly that few saw what he was doing. It was just like the grain of mustard seed, but it grew to enormous proportions as a mustard seed must do.

"The book will be useful not only for your church, but will be a valuable historical document. Few realize the importance of the work Joseph has done in such a quiet, unostentatious way. If I were you, I should write it just as a faithful account of facts with description of how the people lived and thought when he first came to them and how they have changed. Of course, the background, political, sociological and economic, has changed, and he has been a large factor in this, just a true, sincere, worker speaking the truth as he saw it, planting the grain of mustard seed. The unintiated part of the populace looked on without understanding what he was doing, nor did he reckon the extent of what he was doing. But he was planting the grain of mustard seed and it could not but bear fruit. That is the way this mustard seed has of doing, growing and bearing fruit until it becomes a center for shade and refreshing for the people. It will be a wonderful epic if you do it as only you can. Be as naive as you possibly can. Don't try to write 'big' and 'stylish' but just be yourself. It will be an 'epic of the tent,' and an expression of Joseph and you. It ought to be wonderful and will have great significance. Do not hurry. Take your time."

Postponed for Five Years

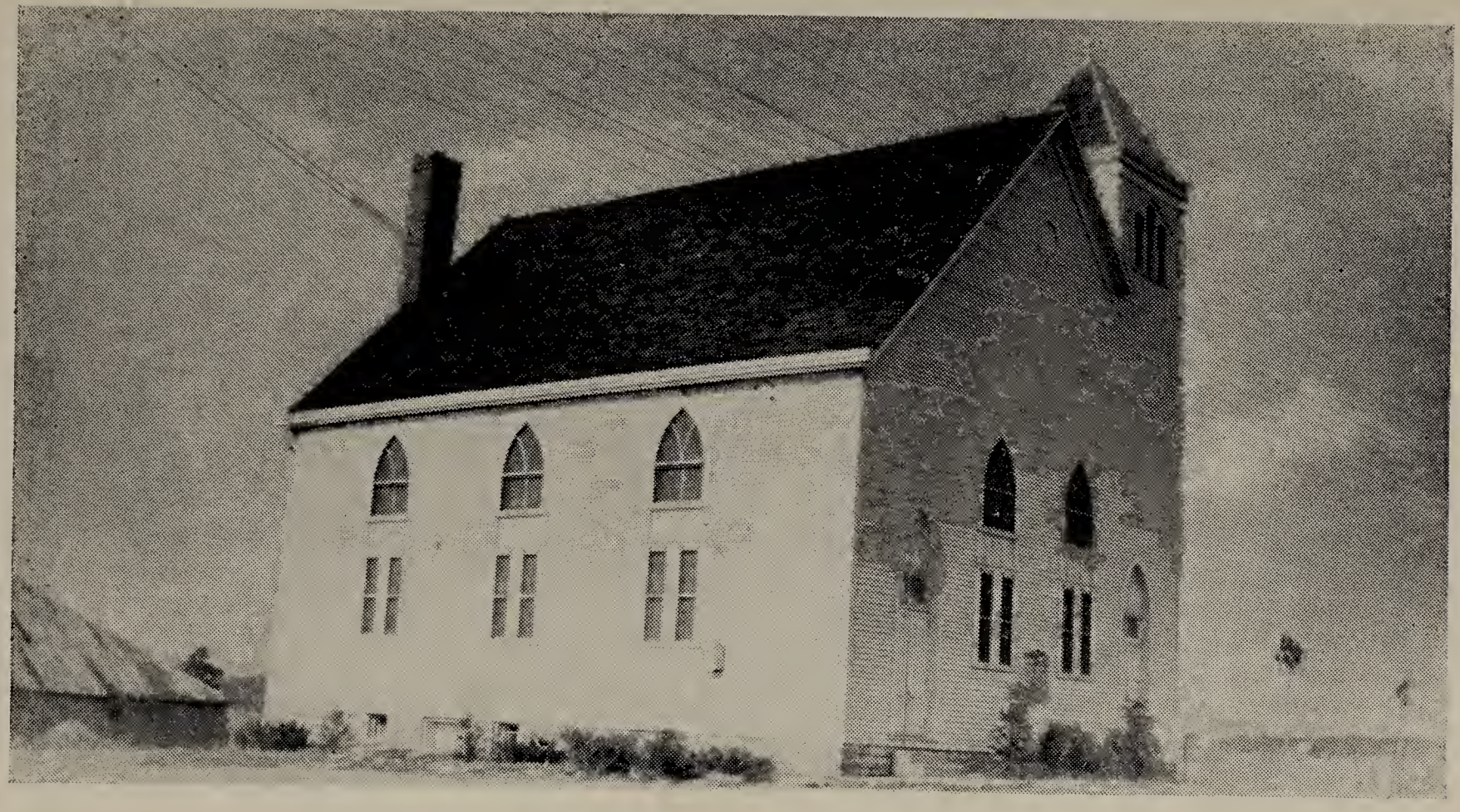
We could not get Joseph to co-operate, so we put the Missionary Workers containing the story of the "Grain of Mustard Seed" and my brother's letters in a large book and laid them away. I am sure my brother was disappointed. He passed away in April, 1939.

It is significant that in August of that year a call came for a history of the Missionary Church Association, and Joseph felt that something should be done about it, so he set about writing out in brief the history as it appears elsewhere.

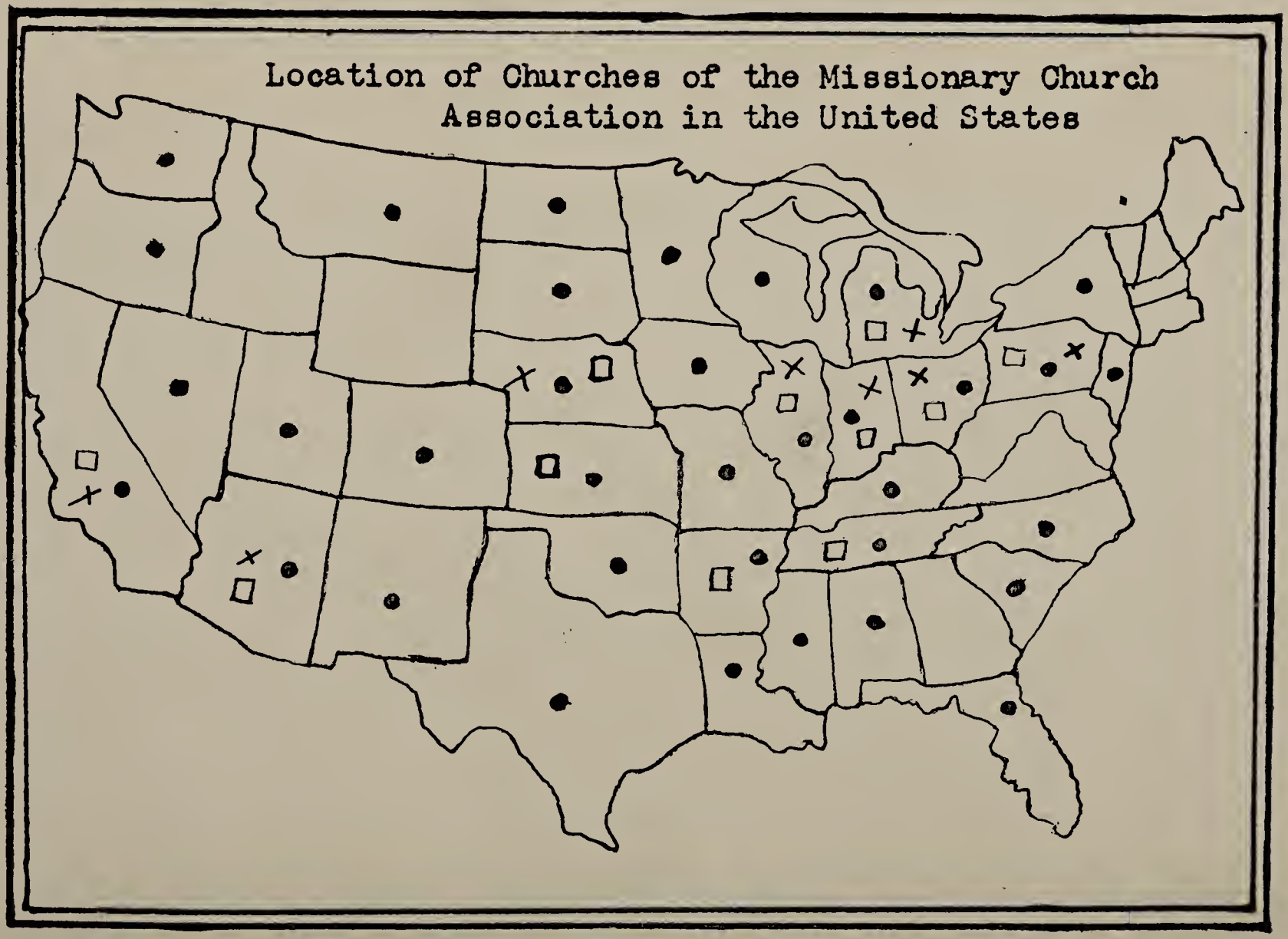
Now in 1944 comes the call again for a life story of Joseph. Some friends have requested that we write the story in book form. I have gotten out all of the material and am at work once more. There is the urge to get it out quickly but I am reminded of what my brother said, "Do not hurry; take your time."

By keeping steadily at it, the work will be complete some day. I have asked Jesus for a special anointing and will write as He gives light. I do not want it to be just another book. If it can help someone to better understand the meaning of a "poured out life," I will feel my work has not been in vain.

Mrs. J. E. Ramseyer.



The first church building of the Missionary Church Association, now the West Berne Missionary church.



The Squares represent Organized Churches. The Stars represent Unorganized Churches. The Dots represent the states where the Ramseyers traveled.

A Summary of the Origin of the Missionary Church Association and What Led to It As Told by Joseph E. Ramseyer

This was written and published in 1939 and appeared in the August first issue of the Missionary Worker, of the same year.

A request came from Lois Gerig of Grabill, Indiana, saying that her brother was to conduct a meeting for the young people and he wanted to give the history of the Missionary Church Association on that occasion. She stated that the young people had been asking for it.

After much persuasion on my part, Joseph consented to write out in brief just what steps led to the necessity of such an organization. He said he had nothing in his heart and would rather forget it all than to write about it. But since requests had come from several other sources, he felt that he should consent and what you will read in the pages that follow, was written out of a pure heart, filled with the love of God.

The Summary

A great struggle was on in our church (Defenseless Mennonite) which lasted five years, having begun in 1891, on the following points: The baptism with the Holy Spirit subsequent to the new birth, the second coming of our blessed Lord for His waiting saints, and the resurrection of the just before the great tribulation, which precedes the thousand years of peace on earth, and water baptism by immersion. We did not ask the church to adopt this mode, but to give liberty to those who were not satisfied with any other form. We did not think for a moment that water baptism was as vital in importance as the other truths which caused the disagreement.

The strongest opposition was against the baptism with the Holy Spirit. At one time we spent a day in the church at Groveland, Illinois, in conference over these subjects. The bishops and nearly all of the ministers were present. They sought earnestly to convince me that I was wrong in my conception of the second coming of Jesus. Rev. Jacob Witmer of Sterling, Kansas, was the only one who stood by me.

During the discussion it was emphasized that the Lord will come at the end of the world at which time all the dead shall rise. I called their attention to the fact that there had already been a resurrection from the dead when Jesus arose. He brought a first fruits from the dead and carried them with Him when He went to heaven. It was at this point that dear brother Jacob Egle of Wauneta, Nebraska, saw the truth in this light.

At another time we spent seventeen hours in one day on the subject of water baptism. I had had the light for five years before I took the step myself. A goodly number of us had received the same light. We asked that we have liberty to follow our convictions, but they would not listen to our request.

In August, 1896, I followed the Lord and was baptized by Brother D. W. Kerr in Lake Erie at Beulah Park, Ohio, during an Alliance convention. Having done so, the brethren had as they thought, something tangible to check me and those who wanted to take the same step. This led to my exclusion from the church on December 8.

The leading brethren called a special Conference of the churches and met in the Defenseless Mennonite church west of Berne, Indiana, on December 7, discussing what to do with me. I was with them all day. In the evening they met without me in Brother Chris Hirschy's large summer kitchen and were together until after midnight. The following day we all met again in the church.

At this time, while I was sitting on the front seat, one of the bishops arose and asked me if I had anything further to say, to which I replied I had not. Then he made known to all present that they had decided to still recognize me as a brother, but not as a member; and that they would not allow me to preach.

During the conference that led up to my exclusion, the Lord kept my heart very restful. There was no feeling of resentment. From that memorable meeting, I went to Levi Augsburger's where we were being entertained. I said to my wife, "It seems to me as if I have been to a funeral, but there will be a resurrection." I wept and the tears flowed freely. Not bitter tears, but, oh, tears of sadness for my brethren. I had no plan for the future, nor did I try to devise one. I had already done evangelistic work in ten states and Canada among different groups of people and I would continue on that line.

In April, 1897, I had a letter from Brother Joseph Egly of Linn Grove, Indiana, in which he said, after addressing me, "My dear Brother Ramseyer" he went on to say, "I wish I were with you or you with me! I have much to tell you. I received your letter—I am so glad that you did not lose your love for us, and that you were firm in the struggle and didst come out victoriously through it all." Then he went on and told me how God had spoken loudly to him through the loss of his barn which shortly before burnt down. Then he continued, "You know, two years ago the Lord spoke to me and said, 'Woe unto you if you draw back once more!' However I drew back and the woe came. The Lord showed me clearly since, that human love blinded me. I did not take the stand that I should have taken at our recent Conference and I helped in the act that was carried out against you." Then he said, "Dear Brother, I hope you will forgive me. I know you will gladly do so; and now

please come and see me as soon as you can so that we can talk these matters over together."

A few weeks later I visited him as he had requested and we talked matters over and had a season of fellowship together and with many of his people in the church where the Conference was held that excluded me.

During the summer of 1897 we had tent meetings in several states. This was the summer that many from the church, who believed in immersion as the way our Saviour was baptized, took the step and were baptized. This of course barred them from church membership and the question of a new church home began to be agitated. In the spring of 1898, I went South to find open doors for the full gospel and spent several months in tent meetings. In August of 1898, I was called from Tennessee to Indiana to meet with some of the brethren who wanted to take steps toward organizing a church.

We met in the church where Brother Joseph Egly was pastor and where the Conference was held that denied me church membership. There the Missionary Church was organized in August, 1898.

Here are some of the names of the men who had a vital part in the formation of what is known as the Missionary Church Association: David Schindler, Jacob Witmer, David Roth, Henry Roth, William Egle, B. P. Lugibihl, A. E. Funk, D. W. Kerr, D. Y. Schultz, and J. A. Sprunger.

B. P. Lugibihl, D. Y. Schultz, A. E. Funk, D. W. Kerr and J. A. Sprunger were not members of the Defenseless Mennonite Church and were not in the five-year struggle. They were affiliated with the German Christian and Missionary Alliance churches at Swanton, Cleveland and Bluffton, Ohio, of which B. P. Lugibihl was the leader.

The first simple Constitution was drafted and adopted. A committee which was appointed, submitted a form consisting of three hundred words more or less, and it was

adopted by this new body with instructions that it was to be printed in German and English. The name, Missionary Church, was adopted and those Missionary Churches were to form an Association, thus the name, "Missionary Church Association" became the name of this new church body.

A. E. Funk, was chosen president, Joseph E. Ramseyer, vice president, David Schindler, treasurer, and William Egle, Secretary.

Missionary Churches quickly sprang into existence in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Kansas, using for their places of worship any building available. The first Missionary Church to be built was what is now the West Berne Church. At the time it was built, it was known as the Linn Grove Church. Ezra Wanner, then a boy of some seven years, went with the brethren to mark the trees in his father's woods that were to be used in making the lumber with which to build the new church. For forty years the church stood as it was originally built. Two years ago it was remodeled to accommodate a growing membership.

The church paper known as the "Botschafter Des Heils in Christo" with William Egle as the editor began its existence with the Association. This paper was published without changing editors for more than thirty years, and was coexistent with the Missionary Worker for many years.

For your convenience there is a map in this book showing the growth of the Missionary Church Association as it reached its forty-sixth birthday in August of 1944.

CHAPTER THREE

The Fort Wayne Bible Institute

This school is a "vine of God's own planting," an interdenominational school, yet it was built and is maintained by the Missionary Church Association. The first term of school was in 1904 from January first to April first. This term was in Bethany Home at Bluffton, Ohio, the birthplace of the Bible Institute.

Bethany Home was established by Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Lugibihl. I found this personal testimony in a scrap book owned by Mrs. Bertha Lugibihl, written by Brother Lugibihl, under the caption, "What the Lord Will Do."

"A few lines of personal testimony may be of interest to our friends to show what God will do if we definitely consecrate our all to Him according to Romans 12:1, 2. On December 23, 1887, we as parents of a small family consecrated our lives and our all to be used by Him in His service. At this time we lived on a farm near Bluffton, Ohio. The Lord graciously accepted the offering and we began farming for His interests and He wonderfully blessed us and let us farm for Him two years. These were the happiest and shortest years we ever spent living and working together for Him on the farm. Then the Lord was pleased to use more of our time in His service. and He very clearly led us to Bluffton, where Bethany Home was opened and dedicated for such as were hungering for the fullness of Jesus.

"Thank God, many found Him as their Savior, others as their Sanctifier, and still others as their Healer for their sick bodies, and many learned to know Him as their Coming King and are looking for His return."

The B. P. Lugibihls went to New York for training in the Alliance School. Their children attended day school while their parents went to Bible School. This is where they got the vision to start a Bible School in their home. I am indebted to Rev. W. H. Lugibihl for this bit of information, also for a manual which I shall quote from later.

They came home to Bluffton from New York and Brother Lugibihl writes: "The Lord began to press upon our hearts to open the Home for a Bible Training School and after much prayer and waiting on Him for orders, He definitely led us to remodel and enlarge the Home. This we did and in 1895, the sixteen-room building was ready for service."

On November 1, 1895, The Bethany Bible Training School opened for the first term. Rev. J. E. Ramseyer spoke at a convention held in connection with the opening of the School. He was Superintendent of the School and gave Bible lectures.

We quote from the manual:

"The first term of the Bible School brought abundant blessings, varied in character and many in number. Several of the students went forth and engaged in Gospel work during the summer with blessed results. Many of the first year students returned and with thankfulness, told of the benefits realized from their studies. These were joined by others for the second term, and this has proved even more precious than the first. The outlook for the work is promising and the prospect glorious.

"The Bible is the main text book. There are German and English classes. The various methods by which the Bible is unfolded are Topical Bible Study, Biblical Theology and Bible Exposition. Such other studies as help the student to understand the Word and fit him for service are pursued. There are also classes in English grammar, reading and vocal music. Information on the peoples and

needs of missionary lands is given at a fortnightly meeting of the Missionary Band.

"The teaching staff for this first term: Rev. J. E. Ramseyer and Mrs. B. P. Lugibihl, Bible Instructors; Miss Kathrine Zeller, Grammar; Prof. W. D. Moon, Penmanship; U. S. Amstutz, Music; B. P. Lugibihl, Superintendent of the Home; Rev. J. E. Ramseyer, Principal of Bible Institute."

The registrar's record of enrollment for the first term, lists the following twenty-five students:

Anna Nyffenegger
Lizzie Kestenholtz
Barbara E. Ramseyer
Rhoda Lugibihl
Minnie Neiswander
Bessie Moser
Susie Hochstettler
Lizzie Herford
Tenne Lugibihl
Anna Moser
Henry Zehr
Henry J. Klopfenstein
George Buchannan
Joseph Rediger
Nicholas Niggeler
Noah Witmer
Chris Oyer
Chris Fliginger
Sol Miller
Henry Miller
Moses Honderich
Jacob Matzinger
Thomas Kincaid
Daniel Frantz
U. S. Steiner

This was found on the first leaf of the folder:—"Jesus Christ:—our Saviour, Sanctifier, our Healer, our coming King."

"Closing exercises of the first term of Bethany Home and Bible Institute will be held in the Town Hall, Bluffton, Ohio, Thursday, April 2, 1896.

"For the first year, Rev. R. V. Bingham, Rev. A. E. Funk, and A. W. Roffe were guest speakers.

"The second year of the school, Rev. J. E. Ramseyer was principal and teacher of Topical Bible Studies; Rev. D. Y. Schultz, instructor in Bible Theology; Mrs. B. P. Lugibihl, Bible Exposition; Rev. D. W. Kerr, Christian Doctrine; and B. P. Lugibihl, Superintendent of the Home.

The school year opened with a convention with missionaries and visiting preachers.

"This School continued for six years, the last year being 1900-1901."

Rev. W. H. Lugibihl said that the work of the School was checked at the death of his mother, April 23, 1900.

In a letter from Esther Schultz, she says that "In the fall of 1897, their little family—her father, mother and 'little me' lived in the small house on Bethany Home property." Rev. W. H. Lugibihl says the house was built for them and they lived there until the fall of 1898 when they moved back to Buffalo.

In the fall of 1903, the desire was expressed that the Missionary Church should have a school in which their young people could train for the Lord's service. Joseph E. Ramseyer writes:

"This desire grew into conviction with many. Being assured that this appeal was a call from God to us, we prayed and began to counsel together.

"Since Mrs. Ramseyer and I had a large field in evangelistic work, I asked Rev. D. Y. Schultz to head the movement and offered to stand by him. He would not consent to assume the responsibility. Finally, we were willing to take the lead. B. P. Lugibihl and wife (nee Bertha Stettler) offered their home. We accepted their offer and once more Bethany Home was to have another term of Bible School.

"The Lord gave us the plan and showed us to whom to write for Bible teachers. Those we wrote to, agreed to help. This was a great encouragement, and we felt the Lord was going before and would continue to do so, step by step, as we proceeded.

"The three teachers were, Pastor Roff, D. W. Kerr and J. A. Sprunger. B. P. Lugibihl told his friends in the country that he would be glad for fruit to can. The result was that before steps were completed toward getting

the Bible School underway, the canning was going on until the pantry was full to overflowing with lovely canned fruit of many choice kinds. This school was operated three months and these three Bible teachers came for one month each. D. Y. Schultz came in later and was there for the rest of the time. Miss Fannie Foster of Union City, Tennessee, was the English teacher and Mrs. J. E. Ramseyer, the music teacher."

Thirty-four young people came for the opening days in January, 1904. April the first, closed a very blessed season.

We list the names of the students:

Bertha Canfield
Barbara Diller
Chris Egle
Barbara Eicher
Peter Eicher
Emma Egle
Jacob Egle
A. H. Gautschy
Samuel Gerig
Elizabeth Hilty
Katie Hochstettler
Letitia Jackson
E. Leightner
Ed Lugibihl
Mrs. J. Mathes
W. S. Miller
Idella Miller
Chris Moser
Noah F. Moser
Lena Mollet
Chris Neuenschwander
Clare Nofsinger
Lydia Nofsinger
Lydia Oyer
Ezra Rupp
Mary Rupp
George Sharp
Joseph Schweitzer
Lavina Steiner
Frank Steiner
Clara Weber
WilliamYouch
Ed. Zimmerman

Six of this number went as missionaries to India, China and Africa.

The Home was filled to capacity and the four-roomed house on the rear of the lot served as ladies' dormitory. (This is the house that Esther Schultz speaks of having lived in in 1897.) Since Bluffton was a small town with

limited railroad facilities, it was decided to look elsewhere for the future home of the Bible School.

At the close of the School term, we, D. Y. Schultz, Joseph and I, went west on a convention tour through Kansas and Nebraska.

When in Wauneta, Nebraska, we met with others to talk over the new location for the Bible School. In a room in a hotel in Wauneta, Mrs. Filmore Potter, Jacob Egle and we three, D. Y. Schultz, Joseph and I, knelt in prayer and asked for guidance of the Lord, that He would direct us to where He wanted the Bible School located.

On our way back to the east, we stopped in Kansas City, Missouri. Here we met with no encouragement so came on to Peoria, Illinois. After looking around, we felt that this was not the place. Our next stop was at Fort Wayne, Indiana. We went to the home of Rev. William Egle. He was told of the prayer meeting in Wauneta and the stops at Kansas City and Peoria. (If my memory serves me right, Mrs. D. Y. Schultz and Esther were with Mrs. Egle when we arrived.) The three, D. Y. Schultz, William Egle and Joseph went into consultation and decided to look around the city, to see if there would be any place available for a school.

The two Roth brothers, David and Henry, came over from Grabill, and B. P. Lugibihl from Bluffton, and the six asked a real estate agent to show them some five-acre places.

Now the hunt began. First they went to the northeast end of the city to a tract of land with a large brick house standing on the front of a rolling piece of ground that sloped down to river level and the full length of the five acres. It was beautiful. A lovely location for a Bible School. Our hopes were dashed when told the price. We must look elsewhere. This place was known as the "Baker Home" and is now Picksley Home for unfortunate children.

We came out a few days later and had "ground breaking" with Missionary Isaac Hess, after a prayer of thanksgiving, and took out a few spades full of earth where the kitchen now stands.

Among the first things we dug a well just west of where the dining room was to be. This was to have water for mixing mortar. Living on Lakeside made a long trip out to the five acres in the south part of Fort Wayne. The Schultzes and we made our home at Rev. William Egle's. Mr. Egle, Mr. Schultz and Joseph took it turn about keeping close watch on the work as it proceeded. Excavation began the 16th of September, 1904, and with the weather in our favor the work was hastened forward.

The building was to have been three stories. The basement was laid for three stories, but when the second story was reached we decided to stop at that and a roof was laid so that it could be removed easily, when we got ready for the third story. Missionary Isaac Hess said, "Our faith was only two stories high." When in 1930 we wanted more room and asked permission of the city to add a third story, they would not grant the permit. The Administration Building as we call it now was then twenty-six years old. The building stands ten feet further back from the street than at first thought. There was only one walnut tree on the five acres and to put the building line where it was intended would mean to cut down the walnut tree. The tree is still standing and has been bearing walnuts each year, and is as straight as a sentinel. It is a beautiful tree and but few know its history. Many trees all around it have died in these forty years but it is putting out its leaves apropos to bearing its forty-second crop of walnuts.

When excavating the basement, the north end was even with the ground and no excavating was needed. The ground from the south end was brought over to build up

the north end. In these years there have been times when the water came in on the south end, but the north end has always been dry.

The building is one hundred and forty-five feet long by eighty-five feet deep at the center. It is steam-heated and wired for electricity, though we had to wait two years before the power line was extended. We used kerosene lamps those two years.

The work on the building went steadily forward, it was never retarded. The walls went up so quickly that the people of Fort Wayne did not realize what was going on until they saw a beautiful brick building pretty well under way. A News-Sentinel reporter came out to see and a newspaper article called it "A mushroom" because it had grown up over night. Here we quote from The News-Sentinel: "The Missionary Church Association has contracted to build a large school on South Wayne Avenue on a plot of ground recently purchased for the purpose. The project has been given no publicity, but the entire deal has been carried on quietly, and nothing was known of the nature of the plans until the officers of the Missionary Church Association announced their purpose. The first work on the edifice was begun the 16th of last September. It was completed and ready for occupancy in less than four months, and last Saturday the students and faculty moved into it. It is a handsome building and stands in a beautiful grove, an institution for the education of Missionary Workers."

In December when the building was ready for the plastering, we took steps to get a furnace installed. There was none in Fort Wayne and we must have it at once and again the hand of the Lord supplied. The Redeemer Lutheran church on the corner of Rudisill Boulevard and Harrison Street was in course of construction, and the furnace they had ordered had come, but they were not ready for it. At our request they sold the furnace to us

and it was installed by the time the plastering began. Through the day the workmen kept the fire burning, but at night it went down to a point too low for fresh plastering. Mr. Egle took it upon himself to keep the fire banked at night around ten o'clock. One night he was a little late and missed the last street car. That meant to walk four miles on a cold winter night.

One day while Joseph was out looking things over, the foreman of the plasterers came in all upset. He scolded his men because they had too much sand on the floor and the plastering was not going fast enough. Joseph waited a little and quietly said, "The way you talk does not help any." "Oh, yes," said the foreman, "I am all out of whack today, my horse ran away and broke a leg, one of my men on another job fell and injured himself." He cooled down and his men were appreciative of the "word spoken in season."

A term of Bible School had been announced for January the second. That meant finding rooms for the students coming for the opening days. The building was not complete and it meant also to find a place for classes. We were fortunate to have the use of the Columbia Street Mission of which A. E. Witmer was superintendent. This was located at 121 East Columbia Street. The Mission Hall was used as the class room. Joseph E. Ramseyer, D. Y. Schultz, and D. W. Kerr were the Bible teachers. Mrs. P. L. Eicher was teacher of Grammar. Mrs. Ramseyer was teacher of music.

On January 25th, 1905, Mr. and Mrs. Schultz, Esther. Joseph and I moved into the new building. The West Wing was finished so that we could be quite comfortable. We got our breakfast and supper, but went out for dinner. Rev. Sol Klopfenstein and family with his sister Rilla had rooms on South Wayne and Dayton Avenues. They gave us our dinner for two or three weeks. The only way to get into the building was to walk up a plank



Birthplace of the Fort Wayne Bible Institute—the Lugibihl Home at Bluffton, Ohio.



Brother Lugibihl and the school's first means of transportation, Billy, the horse.

with cross pieces nailed about a foot apart. It was not the safest way, but no one fell or had an injury.

B. P. Lugibihl wrote that when the building was ready for occupancy they were ready to leave Bluffton as all business matters had been adjusted. It was on September 26th, 1904, that Rhoda, his daughter (Mrs. Philip Hinkey) sailed for China as a missionary and Walter, his son, came to Fort Wayne with his parents to enter the Bible Training School.

We were able to move the student body into the dormitory by the second week in February. The Saturday before we moved in, the student body came out and each one washed the paint off his own windows and scrubbed the floor. By this time the steps for the front porch were made and the entrance to the building much more convenient.

There had not been one thing to hold up the work. This was a great encouragement to be so lovingly met by our Heavenly Father. It was as a seal of approval on our step of faith. The Packard Piano Factory gave us the loan of a piano which was never returned for we bought it of them on easy payments. Our good friend Henry Schindler gave us the furniture that was needed to furnish all the rooms, selling it at wholesale prices. We have much of that furniture in use today, the single iron beds, tables and some of the chairs. The rugs have been made into Olsen rugs and are on several floors. The school linen was furnished by friends of Beulah Home, Bellvue, Pennsylvania. We quote from a card announcing "A Linen Shower":

"Our brother and sister D. Y. Schultz, are to leave to take charge of a Bible School in Fort Wayne. This new Bible School is a precious work of faith, and is greatly blessed of God. We believe it would be pleasing to the Lord to have a linen shower for this needy and promising work. The linen presented should be single sheets, three

yards long and fifty-eight inches wide; pillow cases, one yard long and twenty inches wide; towels, napkins, table linen, one and three-fourths yard wide; dish-toweling; plain useful goods are preferred. You are invited to come and bring anything in the line of linen goods the Lord may lay on your heart to offer for this work." Signed, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Schultz. To this day in 1944 some of this linen can be found in the cupboards in the linen room in the Bible Institute. This donation was a God-send to the Institute and another seal of His provision in this step of faith.

The day of dedication was the sixteenth of February when the beautiful building was set apart as

A MEMORIAL
of God's Grace
A WITNESS
of Answered Prayer
THE FRUIT
of Many Liberal Gifts and Loving Sacrifices
A HOME
for Young Men and Women
Site purchased July 12, 1904
Erection begun September 16, 1904
Occupied partly, January 25th, 1905
Occupied, wholly, February 7th, 1905

Many visitors were present in spite of snow and cold weather.

I have looked in vain for some account of the dedication service but found none. I have the memory of a blessed service and hearts too full for speech at the goodness of the Lord in giving a mild winter, and letting His house be completed before the real winter set in.

On the day of the dedication one of the married students said to her four-year-old son, that she was going to the dedication of the new Bible School. He wanted to know what dedication meant. She tried to explain that

it was to be set apart for the Lord's service and she thought they would take an offering. Upon hearing this last remark, he took his small purse out of his pocket and taking out ten cents, handed it to his mother saying, "This is to pay for the school." Mr. Schultz said it was the smallest receipt that he wrote out. The little fellow prayed for the school and this is his prayer, "Dear Lord, help those boys and girls at the school to know that you are a great big God, big enough to fill the whole world and little enough to live in their hearts." His ten cents was the smallest part of his contribution.

We learn from the records that the first student body for January 3rd to May 12th, 1905, was as follows, sixty in all:

W. J. Amstutz
James Ayers
Fannie Baumgartner
Susie Bixler
S. D. Burkey
Mrs. S. D. Burkey
Bertha Canfield
J. J. Christner
Philip Diller
Lewis Diller
Barbara Eicher
P. L. Eicher
Mrs. P. L. Eicher
Chris Fligenger
Mrs. Chris Fligenger
Mary Goldsmith
Noah Grabill
Elizabeth Hilty
Ida Klopfenstein
Solomon Klopfenstein
Franklin Sprunger
George Stauffer
Edwin Steiner
Estella Steiner
Frank Steiner
Lavina Steiner
Sarah Steiner
Simon Stucky
Joseph Schweitzer
Lizzie Wagler
Isaiah Kohli
Amos Lehman
E. J. Leightner
Mrs. E. J. Leightner
C. A. Lichty
Walter Lugibihl
Mrs. J. T. Mathes
William Miller
Idella Miller
Lena Molet
Noah Moser
Lydia Nofsinger
Carl Norquist
John Oyer

C. P. Regier
Irene Rice
Ezra Rupp
Libbie Rupp
Emil Schwab
Johanna Schwab
Agnes Sprunger
Alberta Sprunger
Jacob Wall
Anna Weber
C. C. Welty
J. J. Welty
Katie Wente
Clara Yaggy
William Youch
Nelson Youse
Ida Ziegler

Associated with those early days is the memory of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Lugibihl and their faithfulness. Mr. Lugibihl was business manager, Mrs. Lugibihl standing faithfully by him, helping to keep the larder full, looking after the meals and many other duties in the kitchen.

During those horse and buggy days, only one trip a day was made to town. When through with business and ready to start for home, Mr. Lugibihl never failed to call Mrs. Lugibihl and say, "Did you forget any thing?"

Mr. and Mrs. D. Y. Schultz with their experience in Institute work were a blessing those formative days. Much of the work fell on them and we owe much to their executive ability. Some of the forms of work started then are still in vogue. Rev. D. Y. Schultz was Superintendent of the school and Bible teacher, pastor of the Missionary Church which had its meetings in the Institute Chapel, and Editor of the "Missionary Worker," which had its start under his able hand. In the first issue of the Missionary Worker, dated, Berne, Indiana, September 1, 1904, we see on the first page, "English Organ of the Missionary Church Association. Subscription price, $1.00. Published semi-monthly. All editorial correspondence should be addressed to Rev. D. Y. Schultz, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Subscriptions, remittances, orders for books and tracts should be sent to the Missionary Worker, Berne, Indiana, or Rev. William Egle, agent of publishing concern, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

"The Missionary Worker needs no apology for its appearance and existence. It comes in response to many long and oft repeated requests from many devoted hearts. Its mission is to work and get others to work. Its sphere of activity is both the Home and Foreign parts of the world. Its chief aim is directed toward our noble young people, in helping to make and keep them strenuous spiritual soldiers for God and souls."

We had had the German paper, "Botschafter des Heils in Christo," edited by Rev. William Egle from the beginning of the Association.

Joseph spent much of his time on his face before God. In his teaching he endeared himself to the students by his quiet, sweet spirit. His example in his prayer life must not be forgotten. We must always be in close touch with heaven and with earth. Some one said of him, "he was a man of vision, not visionary. There is a vast difference. He was not one of those people who seem to be so heavenly-minded that they are no earthly good. His feet were very much on the ground. He obeyed the will of God as it was revealed, and kept pace with the further unfoldings of the divine purpose. He 'walked in the light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' " The financial strain of those early day was very heavy. The money was slow in coming in sometimes, but it always came in time.

One of the outstanding months a heavy note came due. We cried to God for help. It came from an unexpected source. A lady living on Lakeside, Mrs. Welty, a member of the Berne Mennonite church, came out to see us, saying she had money to loan and would be glad to let us use it if we needed it. This was a signal answer to prayer. When she was told that we would give her a note, she said, "That is not necessary, I trust you." Joseph told her that it was a business transaction. She said, "Well, just keep it in your safe." We appreciated her

faith in us but asked her to deposit the note in her bank.

We were never embarrassed, but when the need arose the dear Lord always met us. Another time when a heavy note was due, it was decided to plot the west half of the five acres. Two lots had been sold when Mr. Jacob Kleck of Archbold, Ohio, wrote saying, "Do not sell any of the land; the day will come when you will need it." He offered the money to meet the note. The lots were recalled and the land held for a future need. We would have had no room for Bethany Hall and Founders' Memorial, if this brother had not stepped in and held the land with his money. It took twenty years to pay for the building. Dear brethren Lugibihl and D. Y. Schultz were not permitted to see what we have on the site where the barn stood and "Billy's" pasture. The west end of Bethany Hall stands where the barn was and Founders' Memorial stands in the pasture field where we kept Billy the horse and Bossy the cow.

The year 1905-1906 was the first full year of the Bible Training School. There were three terms, fall, winter and spring. During the school year of 1905-1906 we had our first Students' Mission Band. The first Commencement was at the close of 1908-1909. The members of this class were:

Mary Amstutz
Nellie Bowen
Mary DeGarmo
Alfred Gautschy
Edith Heffelfinger
Walter Herr
Matilda Lehman
Martha Lichty
Lydia Oyer
Anna Pearson
Dersie Quince
John R. Regier
Addie Roth
Affie Smootz
Agnes Sprunger
Henry Thiessen

The class officers: Henry Thiessen, President; Edith Heffelfinger, secretary; Nellie Bowen, Treasurer. Five of this number went as missionaries. Nellie Bowen laid down her life in China, Mary DeGarmo is in China today;

Walter Herr went to Africa, Affie Smootz and Agnes Sprunger are missionaries in Africa today.

There has been a steady increase in the attendance. The enrollment from 1904-1924 varied from 43 to 95. In 1924-1925 there was an enrollment of one hundred and thirty-two and since then it has remained over one hundred. During 1941-1942 the enrollment was two hundred and six. The average attendance for the first ten years was fifty-seven, for the next ten years it was one hundred and seventeen, during the last eight years it has been one hundred and sixty-three.

Total enrollment from May, 1904 to May, 1944; 4244. Individual students, 2133. By "total enrollment," some students are here two and three years and they are enrolled every year. This makes an overlaping of names. By individual students we mean the actual number of young people who have passed through these halls. The total number of graduates is 681.

From the Light Tower I found these interesting figures:

The Honor Roll contains the names of nineteen of our young people who have been called to higher service.

To the foreign missionary service we have one hundred twenty young people.

Among the homeworkers (preachers and missionaries) there are one hundred and fifty-six.

Under-graduates are ninety-six in number. These under-graduates are actively engaged in the Lord's service in the homeland and the foreign field. This record is from 1929. Many more names would have to be added to get the exact enrollment to date, 1944.

Of the students who have graduated, most of them have entered definite Christian service at home or abroad.

In 1923 the office of Superintendent was dispensed with and Joseph E. Ramseyer was made President of the

school, which office he held until he was called into the presence of the Lord.

The office of the Principal was changed to that of Dean. The name of the school was changed from Bible Training School to that of Bible Institute.

In 1929 it was evident that our borders must be enlarged. As we said in another place when we asked for permission to put the third story on the Administration Building, the city would not grant it as the building was considered too old. This necessitated our having to put up our second building. We have today the beautiful dormitory known as Bethany Hall.

At first it was to be the boys' dormitory, but before it was finished it was decided to use it as the girls' dormitory.

This building was begun in the fall of 1929 and completed in the spring of 1930 at a cost of $65,000.00. This name is in memory of Bethany Institute of Bluffton, Ohio, the antecedent of the Fort Wayne Bible Institute.

In 1937 it was deemed necessary to have a music hall to separate the music department from the study halls and the Administration.

At first a Music Hall to cost $25,000.00 was contemplated. Funds came in for this purpose. In 1940 it was decided to build larger. An auditorium was added to the plan, and half of it was to be used as a gymnasium. A third change was made by adding two classrooms on the west end of the building. We had not planned to put a cement floor in the dining room. When the building was almost complete it was found the floor should be put in at once. By the time all of these changes had been made, the cost of the building had run up to $107,000.00.

The 1941 Annual Convention of the Missionary Church Association closed with the "ground breaking" for the new building. It was begun August 15th, 1941 and completed by May, 1942. It is named "Founders'

Memorial" in honor of the six men who bore the burden of the early days. These are Joseph E. Ramseyer, B. P. Lugibihl, D. Y. Schultz, William Egle, David Roth and Henry Roth.

On October 12, 1941 the cornerstone was laid and on May 10, 1942 this monument of faith was dedicated.

To God be the glory. We relate that the first building cost $28,000.00 and it took twenty years to pay for it, the second building, Bethany Hall, cost $65,000.00 and it was ten years being paid for; the third and largest building was erected at a cost of $107,000.00, and it took only two years to see it out of debt. I call it "The Miracle Building."

The value of the Bible Institute property is valued at more than a quarter of a million dollars. God did not let us see the end from the beginning.

Brick and stone are not the biggest blessing, but it is our boys and girls who have left these halls to bless the world by carrying the everlasting gospel to the ends of the earth. A large number have become successful pastors, evangelists, teachers, missionaries, ministers in music, evangelistic singers and pianists. Other have gone to their home churches to serve as better equipped lay Christians.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Mk. 16:15. "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations . . . and lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." Amen. Matt. 28:19, 20.

"As thy days so shall thy strength be."

The next three chapters will give an account of our evangelistic work and elsewhere you will find the states through which we traveled. Visiting and revisiting in the many homes up and down our evangelistic field, we grew to feel at home everywhere we went. There was no strangeness, no wishing ourselves back in Fort Wayne. We loved the work and loved the people. "Incidents

by the Way" are some of the happenings during our travels. They are short stories. As one little nine-year-old boy said to his grandmother when speaking of Incidents by the Way, "Read me the stories."

Mrs. J. E. Ramseyer.

CHAPTER FOUR

Here, There and Everywhere

Joseph and I were united in holy wedlock at 10:30, May 15, 1902, by my brother, the Rev. J. G. Garth, at my father's home in Union City, Tenn.

My mother had a lovely wedding dinner. My father and brothers stood nobly by her. They had aching hearts. We left on the 3:00 P. M. train for Memphis, Tennessee. My six-year-old niece rode to the station with us. She said she did not like that man who was taking her auntie away.

I did not feel one bit of homesickness as I rode away. It was never to be home any more as it always had been. It was a happy home, a Christian home. I turned my face toward the unknown with the man I loved. I never was homesick at any time. Often I had spent the night with a girl friend, to wake up in the wee small hours of the morning, finding myself in a strange home and in a strange bed and thinking that I would die before morning for Mama and home.

Down through these forty-two years, traveling, traveling, always traveling, from place to place, in some one-else's home, in some one-else's bed, I felt no strangeness, no homesickness. We were always happy for we had each other and any place was home.

We had the precious privilege of going home every year. When it came time for our annual visit, the few intervening weeks seemed to crawl by, as a yearning came into my heart to get there quickly. There is a difference between homesickness and filial yearning. The hard places did not bring the yearning. We had plighted our love for weal or woe. The first time I was told the

pocketbook was empty, I knew it was not new to Joseph; and I just waited to see how God would answer. We were never put to shame. It always turned out as Paul expresses it in Philippians 1:2, "The thing which happened to me has fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel."

There were times when we boarded the train, after buying our tickets, that there was only small change left in the purse.

Something precious comes to my mind. We were on a Wabash train on our way to Lafayette, Indiana. The reason we were going to Lafayette was that the train we were on did not stop at the small station, Buck Creek, where we were to engage in tent meetings. Our friend at Buck Creek knew we would be passing through and would go on to Lafayette and come back on another train. We passed through Colburn and Joseph said, "the next station is Buck Creek." We soon came in sight of the station and saw our friend waiting in front of a store. The train whizzed through the little place and we saw our friend looking after it. On the edge of the town the train gave a jerk that nearly upset those in the aisle. The conductor came running through the car, Joseph called, "Is the train going to stop?" The conductor called back, "I am going to find out." "May we get off if it does?" The conductor was at the door by this time, he called back, "Yes." We had our grips in hand and had started down the aisle when the conductor saw me, "That lady can't get off." We kept hurrying toward the door, and when the train slowed up enough to make getting off safe, Joseph jumped off, P. L. Eicher after him, then they pulled me off, and the train was again gaining speed. The conductor jumped on and the train was off when a fast train on the main line roared by. We had run on the siding to let this train pass. The passengers waved their

hands and yelled "Good for you," and we called back, "Praise God."

Our friend at the station was surprised to see us come walking into town a little later. Hiram Amstutz sprang from his seat. "Did you get off that train?" We told him it ran on the side track. He said, "I do not know when it ever went on the siding here." That night at the tent meeting we testified that the Lord was good to let the train stop long enough for us to get off. Some people present said, "Those people, what do they think! That train did not stop for them to get off, it had to side-track for the fast train."

The first year Joseph and I began our ministry together, we were in eight states. We had gracious revivals throughout the summer, fall, and winter. As far as I know, the tent meeting we had at Archbold was the first for Archbold. There was some opposition at first. God soon overruled, and it was a precious time of ingathering of souls. Laura Wonser was saved, and as Mrs. P. L. Eicher was used of God to lead her to the cross where she found peace, I called her, "Mary's little Laura." Some who will read these lines will know her as Mrs. C. A. Gerber. The group that was led out at this time organized the Missionary Church, which today is being shepherded by the Rev. Oscar Eicher.

From Archbold, we went to the Annual Convention of the Missionary Church Association at Pandora, Ohio. It was at this convention that we heard the call of God for the promotion of missions among the children. A year later we formed what is known as the Sunshine Makers. When these children reached the teen age, Bertha Hochstetter of Pandora asked for an advanced group, saying that she wanted to continue giving to missions, but was too big to be counted among the children. This originated the Gleaner Band. At Berne, Indiana, a little girl, Alma Schindler, had the same urge. The first

two churches to have Gleaner Bands were Pandora, Ohio, and Berne, Indiana. Two girls at Berne wrote the words and music to what is known as the "Gleaner's Song." Gladys Schindler Chrisman wrote the beautiful music and Hilda Moser Amstutz wrote the words. This is the chorus:—

Gleaners are we, Gleaners are we,
With colors of red and white,
Red for the blood that saves from sin,
And white for the cleansing that takes place within:
Gleaners are we, Gleaners are we,
Oh, praise His name,
Let us work for Him ev'ry day,
Gleaners we."

Every time I sing this chorus, I am reminded anew that God used the open heart of a child to write words beyond her age.

In November we went to Wheatland, Missouri. We had experiences that were new. One night while in a meeting at Morton School House, a number of rough boys rode up and tied their horses to hitching posts. There was only one lamp and that was in front, and the chimney was smoked almost black. This one coal oil lamp barely gave light enough for Joseph to read by and did not furnish the back part of the room with light enough for us to read the words in the song book. Joseph quoted most of his Scripture lesson. Now about these rough boys. While Joseph was preaching, one of them came noisily in with his pistol in his belt. He dropped into a seat with a thud. When it was quiet again, Joseph went on with his message. The second boy came in stamping with heavy boots, dropping into a seat. Quiet once more, then the third boy came noisily in. They kept this up until all were in. Joseph kept right on with his message. No one rebuked these boys with pistols. The first boy waited until all was quiet; then he got up and walked out,

making his heavy boots pound the bare floor. Then the second, the third, until all were out. (I am not sure of the number being six but it might have been.) When they were all out, then they all came back in the same noisy way. When they had left the second time, Joseph came back to the stove, which was about the middle of the schoolhouse. Laying his hand on the arm of a boy with a troubled face, he talked and prayed with him and he found peace. This boy belonged to that group of rough boys, and they knew he was there and had come to break up the meeting. This boy was afraid to leave the schoolhouse. We stayed with him until we heard the rough crowd riding off firing their pistols. After they were gone, we went out and saw this boy (Jake Akers) get on his horse and ride toward home. Our hearts went out to him. One day not long after this night in the schoolhouse, the old crowd made him drink, telling him that the Bible says, "take a little wine for your stomach's sake." Jake fell into sin again, but was a very unhappy boy. Later a Christian girl married him, and he came back to God. We were back at Wheatland a few years later and saw Jake with the shine of heaven on his face, and I cried for joy. When I thought of this one soul snatched from the burning, I was glad we went through that night and helped him to God.

Our next meeting was at Humboldt, Tennessee. Here the Lord let us pass through strong opposition. These times are not the best of feeling times, but they are good any way. The little company that was led out, went through fiery trials, and what we went through was as nothing in comparison. They were scoffed at on the street and laughed at to their faces, but they went through it all for the joy they had in the study of the Word of God. They came together and fed on the Word. Our visits to Humboldt were many, and we were always blessed when ministering to them. It was so easy to preach to a group

that loved God's Word. Their Bibles were heavily marked, and their notebooks full. One nine-year-old girl was asked by her father to go to the show with him. She had her Bible and notebook and her pencil in hand. She said, "No, Daddy, I am going to hear Brother Ramseyer preach." She went to the little chapel, and Joseph preached on the Baptism with the Holy Spirit. After the service this little one received Him into her heart. She walked up to Joseph and said, "That was the deepest sermon you have ever preached." Her little five-year-old sister went to the show with her daddy. She did not want to go, but was afraid to say no to daddy. She came and whispered to her sister and said, "Pray all the time I am at the show and ask Jesus not to come while I am there."

Our next meeting was in Union City, Tennessee. This meeting lasted nine weeks and closed with a house filled to capacity and a few hundred standing out on the sidewalk. About two hundred souls came out during these weeks.

We went from Union City, to Malden, Missouri. There had been some wild-fire preached just before we arrived, and the people were afraid of us. After a few days, Joseph had won their confidence, and hungry souls were fed on God's Word. We had a most profitable time.

We left Malden, for Weatherford, Oklahoma. Here we were in several churches, not in one place for the whole series, but one and two services at a place. God honored His Word preached in its fullness, and the hungry were fed. We felt that our ministry was not in vain. Mr. Eicher's singing was a blessing. He sang people under conviction. The people would have been glad to have us stay had they not been afraid of the church fathers. The family where we were being entertained did not want us, fearing they would have trouble with the elders. On Sunday morning, I was not able to rise from my bed. Joseph and the family drove off for the church ten miles



Joseph Ramseyer and his wife, Macy.



A Convention party which traveled through the Middle-West States.
Standing: Missionary, Isaac Hess; Song Evangelist, Peter Eicher; A. E. Funk of Nyack Missionary Training Institute.
Sitting: Superintendent of the Bible Institute, D. Y. Schultz; Mrs. J. E. Ramseyer; Rev. J. E. Ramseyer.

away, leaving me alone on the prairie with not another house in sight. They had told me the house would not be locked. There were Indians prowling around often, and no one knew when they would have a visit from them. If the house was left unlocked, and the Indians found it unlocked, they went on their way without entering. If it was found locked, they never left until they found why the door was locked, going through the whole house to find the reason. I lay there without a fear. The room I was in was in the attic, at least that is what it looked like, for I could reach up while lying in the bed and touch the rafters. There was no ceiling, just the shingle roof overhead.

At 11:30 I arose and dressed and was just starting down the steep stairway when I heard the wheels of a vehicle and the thud of horses' hoofs, and pretty soon heard some one say, "Whoa!" I went to the door to find a fifteen-year-old boy, or judged him to be that age. He said Mr. Ramseyer had sent for me to come with him to his home, where we were to take dinner. I went in Jesus' name, for a ride of ten miles was not what I wanted just then. I have often experienced the promise, "As they went they were healed." I was that day.

The home where we took dinner was a real home. In the evening when the meeting was over, we were without a place to stay. The people we had spent the night with did not come to church. A brother church member invited us home with him saying he lived two miles from the church. We started out on our two-mile walk, and those two miles must have been made of India rubber, so long they seemed. We finally reached a two-roomed house. There were fifteen in the family, a bedroom and a kitchen for all of them. A baby a few weeks old was in the mother's arms as we were ushered in. Two beds were in the room. The man who had taken us home with him said that he wanted to tell us his experience, and it

would take two hours to tell it. It was then after 10:00, and Joseph told him he would rather hear it in the morning. We occupied one of those two beds and the baby and the parents were in the other. I prayed that the baby would sleep all night. It did. The girls in the family slept on the floor in the kitchen, and the boys slept in the barn in the hay mow. The dear people! Their hospitality was sweet to us, having been unwelcome guests the night before.

From Oklahoma we went to Elbing, Kansas. Here we had a precious tent meeting where many stepped out for God. A Missionary Church now stands near where the tent was pitched, and is a monument to what God did in that meeting.

Our next meeting closed our first year together. A precious year. This meeting was one long to be remembered. We pitched our tent nine miles in the country from Moundridge, Kansas. The Rev. A. E. Funk, Dr. R. Glover, and P. L. Eicher were with us. We were to close the meeting with a convention. The weather was against us from the first, much rain and high winds. We had seven storms in eight nights. During the last storm the tent was torn badly and blown down. Joseph, Mr. Eicher, and John Jansen were under it at the time it went down. It rained very hard so that they could not leave. They had gone to the tent to look after the side poles and prepare for the evening service. As they waited for the rain to stop, a heavy wind came up and blew dangerously strong. Joseph said there came a lull, all was quiet, the wind still, the rain ceased; then without warning there came a roaring sound, accompanied by a strong wind which struck one side pole. We saw the next day where that pole was driven a foot into the ground. From this side-pole the tent began to tear and before it ceased, the tent was torn three-fourths around the top. When this twister came, Joseph said, "Quick, throw yourselves un-

der the planks." The tent was down quicker than we can tell it. The two center poles fell with a thud. There the three lay waiting for what they knew not. When all remained quiet, they crawled out and ran for the schoolhouse near by, soaking wet to the skin. Mr. Jacob Siemens came over and stopped at the Jansen's home. I told him who was at the tent and that we were waiting for the rain to stop; then we were going. Mr. Siemens drove to the corner, saw the tent was down and turned around and drove back home through a heavy rain. His son, David F. Siemens, was a four-year-old boy.

When morning came and we could see the damage done to the tent, we knew there would be work to do before it could be used again. The day dawned bright and clear. We got two sewing machines and strong cloth and sewed all day. We put the plank seats together and put the machines on them like on a platform. It took two men and a lady for each machine. The lady would sew and the men move the machine along with the seam. The sun shone dazzling bright on that white canvas all day. Our hands and faces were sore from the glare. All was ready for the evening service. The people came from far and near, filling the tent. The crowds were larger than before the storm. The ponds of water standing near the tent were full of frogs, and they drowned out the preaching. After Mr. Eicher was through leading the singing, he went to the pond and kept the frogs quiet by throwing sticks in the pond. God did much in these meetings. We did not see it then, but a few years later we went back with the tent. This time we were at Klausen's Mill, a few miles from the schoolhouse and frog pond, but it was the same people who attended that meeting. There were sixty souls saved and sanctified in ten nights. Four grandmothers were saved, all kneeling at the altar together with the young people and children.

Preachers and missionaries were the result of that

meeting. The young people started a weekly prayer meeting and asked their pastors to help them. The pastors said, "We will meet with them for a while; it will soon die down, for it is just a straw fire." The pastors soon got tired and ceased to meet with them, but the fire burned on in the hearts where it was kindled those ten wonderful nights. To God be all the glory. One of the lay members stood by these young people and did much toward their encouragement. We often heard from that prayer meeting, and it gave us much joy.

As I write my mind is recalling that meeting and its results. The first night we saw the ground was ready for the Word. The altar was filled the first night when the call was given. It is true that "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The "sowing in tears" was the storm experience. Back of this was the "man who stood in the gap." No one else wanted the tent meeting. Even his family was against him. He was a man with a broken heart. He must have the meeting at all cost; but when the weather was so against us, it seemed that truly it was a lost cause. That dear man had the joy of seeing all of his children saved. Two of them came to Fort Wayne Bible Institute. The one son who graduated from the Institute became a preacher and led many to the cross of Jesus. The other sons were true men of God. The daughter is living a true Christian life in her home before her children. The mother was saved in her later years and was so changed that it was a joy to be with her. Joseph was a great encouragement to the dear man who stood in the gap and helped him to be faithful in the crucial hour.

"The man in the gap." God is looking for men who are willing thus to stand. I mentioned that we were to close "the stormy meeting" with a convention. We had the Rev. A. E. Funk and Dr. Glover there for the convention. We were blessed with a precious convention.

The brethren went through part of these storms with us. They came for the last half. The "man in the gap" had the joy of seeing his desire carried out and he was not disappointed. A. E. Funk and Dr. Glover gave missionary messages that were to the point of helping the people to see their obligation to the "other sheep." The offering was a very good offering for those people who were hearing, that is, some of them, their first missionary message. I have wondered if the "man in the gap" did not give the larger part of the offering.

The summer and fall were filled with traveling from one state to another. In December we went to Bluffton to prepare for the opening of the Bible School the first of January. The three months which followed were a great encouragement to continue the school. At the close of the three months, we went west through Oklahoma, Kansas, and Nebraska with a convention party: the Rev. D. Y. Schultz, the Rev. M. E. Ramseyer, and the singer, P. L. Eicher. While in western Nebraska, I had an experience that was unpleasant, but it worked out for my good. I copy from the diary of June, 1905. "My ear began rising today, the 9th. It began to be painful day and night until the 14th. I saw no rest from pain except for three hours on the 12th."

Temptation: On Sunday night as Joseph prayed I seemed to hear a voice say, "Cry aloud, call out, perhaps your God is asleep, or gone off on a journey." Another time while walking the floor, my eyes fell on these words on the wall, "The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." These words mocked me in my pain. Another time Joseph said that I "should have a joyful faith." All night I could hear those two words, and at last they turned into a little imp and danced back and forth on the foot of the bed, saying, "I am joyful faith, wouldn't you like to catch me?"

Another time I was conscious that if I would curse

God, deliverance would come from the enemy immediately. Still another time he told me that my mama would not let me suffer if I was with her.

Deliverance: On the eve of the 13th I had to cry to God to keep me from failing Him, so great was the temptation to use some remedy. At this point He gave me a partial relief, and I slept very well that night. The next morning the rising broke, and perfect relief came; and I went to church an hour later. Two nights Joseph prayed half the night. I knew the Lord as my healer better than ever before. I wrote this experience to my loved ones at home and my nephew, Marshall Garth, then a lad of some six years, prayed, "Jesus, do not let my auntie's ear rise again." It has gotten sore many times since then, but a constant reminder of that little fellow's prayer has scattered the soreness, and it has never given trouble since that time in Nebraska.

We closed our series of conventions in the Mid-west and went to Wisconsin for a series of meetings at Wausau. We were disappointed in not being able to secure a tent. Well, praise God any way. He will lead us this way again some other time. In looking over the diary at the end of the year, I notice that in our traveling north, south, east, and west, the last day of the year found us at the Bible Institute at a watch-night service. Joseph made this entry, "A most precious watch-night service, so many took part, praise God for all of His kindness bestowed upon us through this entire year. May we be more to Him during the coming year than we have been in any previous year. In Jesus' name we enter the New Year."

On New Year's Day we find this entry:—"Winter term of Bible Training School opened today. More than filled with students. The Rev. D. W. Kerr is with us. Miss Elmira Hoffman from India spoke this evening."

On the sixth of January we purchased tickets to Mexico City and return for Adam Witmer, Menno Yaggy, and myself.

Monday eighth. "Getting ready to leave for Mexico with A. E. Witmer, Menno Yaggy, and J. S. Moser."

The ninth. "Left this morning at 5:00. I committed my dearest one and myself into our Heavenly Father's keeping to bring us together again soon."

The tenth. "Went through Arkansas and part of Texas and crossed the Mexican line in the evening of the eleventh and on the twelfth we were in the valley of Mexico. Thanks be to our Father in Heaven for so sweetly keeping us through another day."

On January 12 they arrived in Mexico City and were in the Hotel Grand, left for Perez at 9:00 P. M. From this point they went inland on mule-back to a trading post. Since Joseph was not used to riding, it seemed it would be very severe on him; but as he always looked on the bright side, he wrote, "God answered prayer and made the trip comparatively easy." They stopped in a hotel over night and awoke the next morning, Sunday, to find that it did not seem like Sunday. People were trading and doing things they did every day. They could not talk to the Mexicans, so they sang hymns. Many listened and seemed to enjoy the singing. This trip to Mexico was made in the interest of missionary work. They came back with very little encouragement, but it was on their hearts to try again at some future time.

Joseph fell right in with the school work and took up his study in Hebrews. The students enjoyed this book under his able ministry. I came across his notes just recently and find this note from the German script under the point, "the environment of the Hebrew believers," which reads, "This teaching in the book of Hebrews is profitable in any time of danger."

The winter term of school closed March 16 in the

morning with the full blessing of the gospel. Spring term began March 27 with fair attendance.

Over the week ends we were usually out at some preaching point. These visits we enjoyed. Not that we did not have joy in the teaching, but evangelistic work was our God-given work together with our teaching in the school.

We left for the Middle West in May for a series of tent meetings. Our party was composed of P. L. Eicher, G. R. Schroeder, and M. E. Ramseyer, together with Joseph and myself. We began at Elbing, Kansas, and closed at Wauneta, Nebraska, June 30th. Many found the Lord during these weeks of blessing.

We returned to the East, going to Michigan and Wisconsin, where we were engaged in tent meetings until August seventh. We had some interesting experiences in Milwaukee. We could not find a location for the tent until four days had been spent in the search. We finally found one a block from the street car line out on Third street. We needed an opening near the street car to make it convenient so that we would not have to walk around the block. There was only one way to get in, and that was through a lot owned by the Schlitz Brewing Company. Joseph and Michael went to the office of the Brewing Company. A Mr. Miller met them. He looked very sober when they told what they wanted. He sent them to "Eli" and "Eli" sent them back to Miller. Miller wanted to send them back to Eli. Joseph said, "We have just been to see him." Miller then said, "We are tearing down what you are trying to build up." Joseph made no reply to this, stood and waited for Miller to speak again. "Oh, well," said Miller, "you may have right of way; when you take down the fence panel, just take care of it and nail it in place again when you are through." They left the office with thankful hearts, for more people could

attend the meeting if they did not have to walk around the block from the street car. I must tell you of one man who had a very nice lot for a tent. He said it was not worth while trying to preach to the people; they did not want preaching anyway. No one was right in Milwaukee but himself and his brother, and sometimes he wondered if his brother was.

We pitched our tent on a baseball diamond, and you can imagine that incurred the wrath of the boys. They made us a lot of trouble. One day they threw a ball through the tent barely missing Joseph and me. We were standing talking together when we felt the wind caused by the swift passing of the ball. Such a narrow escape caused us to realize that we were in His keeping. We asked for police protection. The police station was one block from us on Third Street, and every half hour on their beat, they made a detour around the tent. It helped a great deal. One small, red-headed, freckle-faced boy made me a lot of trouble in the children's meetings, and I forbade him coming. He was bent on mischief; after dusk he would slip up to the side of the tent where he knew the boys would likely be sitting. He would lie flat on his stomach and crawl close to the tent, reaching in under the curtain to tickle the feet of the boys on the inside. I could see him from where I sat and could also see the policeman when he started from the station. I watched to see what would happen when the two met. The little fellow did not see the policeman, but the policeman saw the boy and knew he was up to something. He picked the boy up by the seat of his pants and lifted him into the air. Then he set him on his feet; and when the little fellow saw it was "the Cop," he started running, and the last time we saw him, he was running. He never came back, and I never saw him again but have never forgotten him. I never sent another child away from children's meeting, no matter what he did. That taught me a lesson. I have

prayed more for that boy than all the others who attended the meetings those days.

One Sunday when we were in the midst of our meeting, the baseball game at Pabst Park broke up and the yelling was as the "sound of many waters." It reminded me of Revelation 19:6. "And I heard as it were the voice of a multitude, and as the voice of many waters." There must have been thousands of people to be heard so far away, for I think I was told it was a mile from our tent ground.

The result of the tent meeting was very encouraging. Four of the young people who were saved came to the Fort Wayne Bible Training School.

We went from Milwaukee to Olsen, Michigan, to help in the last days of a tent meeting conducted by D. C. Stucky and a party of workers. One of the young people saved at that time came to Bible School later. From Olsen we returned to Fort Wayne to make preparation for the coming Annual Convention. Both of our mothers attended this convention, Mother Ramseyer and my mother, Mrs. Robert Garth; and my brother the Rev. J. G. Garth was also with us. It was the only time we had the privilege of having them. These pleasures drop right down before you and give joy abounding. Both mothers are in the heavenly home. Their memory is sweet and "their children rise up and call them blessed."

From this convention, Joseph and I went to Illinois, stopping there a few days with brother Michael and family on our way to California, going by way of Saint Louis, Missouri. We made our plans to stop in Pueblo, Colorado, for a few days to be with my brother Russell. He was out there for his health. He had recuperated enough to be back at his teaching. He was a born teacher and was his happiest when in the school room. His school was out in the country a few miles. The morning we left we had a lovely country breakfast. At the table I asked the house-

wife if she would give us two sandwiches. She gladly did so. Those two sandwiches were all we had for two days. I had not known it would take nearly all we had to purchase our tickets to California. We bought our tickets to Los Angeles, stopping over on the way at Elmwood (Denair). To do this we must leave our tickets at Stockton, California, and rebuy on another railroad. Our train was late and we had to go across the city for the other road. We had just enough money to buy our tickets to Elmwood. If we should miss the train, we could not have gone to a hotel. The street car we took to make the change, stopped at every corner, either to let someone off or to take someone on. I felt like getting out and pushing. However, we reached the other station to find that the train we wanted was late. Just like the Lord! We got to Elmwood (Denair) at midnight in a blinding sand storm. We had to stand and wait between gusts of wind to see where to go. In the first lull we saw not very far off a square house that might be a hotel. We headed for that building, holding fast to each other to keep together. We walked up on the porch, encouraged by seeing a light in what looked like a hall. We knocked and a voice from within at the head of the stairs said, "Is that you Brother Ramseyer?" Joseph answered, "Yes." "Open the door and walk up stairs," came from a voice that sounded pleasant and brotherly. We found that our good friend, Noah Witmer, had made arrangements for us for a room and breakfast. We learned to know the one who received us into his home that night as Brother David Wood. We had a good bed, a good conscience; so we slept the sleep of exhaustion. We forgot we were hungry. The next morning we were up in good time and invited to a very tempting breakfast. Our friend, Noah Witmer, was already waiting for us, and after breakfast he took us to Witmerville, about four miles in the country. We were to make our home with Father and Mother Witmer. "Witmerville" was so named for the four families living

The second day of prayer, confession and waiting on God. January third—God is searching our hearts. Prayer continues and God is blessing. These days of waiting on God seem so short. January 10—The last day of prayer and waiting on God. I believe this is just the beginning of real waiting on God. Lord help us to wait upon Thee every day!"

Our first place of ministry in the New Year was a series of meetings in the Rev. Mr. Penner's church in Cleveland, Ohio. God blessed those meetings. I do not know why the pastor made the following remark, but there must have been a reason. "I feel like a thorn stick and when I get near the brethren, instead of helping, I hinder." What a state to be in, but a blessing to see it and confess it. From Cleveland Joseph went to Milwaukee, and I returned to Fort Wayne to continue my instruction in music.

On the sixth of March, the Rev. William Egle and family and James Ayers left for Old Mexico to engage in missionary work. This was our second attempt to get a foothold in Old Mexico.

Our third ministry for the year was at Pandora, Ohio. During this meeting eleven souls came out, some for salvation and some for the Holy Spirit. "Oh, Lord bless the precious seed sown here these weeks."

The next meeting was at Berne. Here there were many among the children saved. Tillman and Elmer Amstutz were about ten years old, I should judge. They were kneeling side by side at the altar. I knelt beside them and asked them to pray. They did and I told them I was going to the other end of the altar to talk to someone and would be back soon. When I returned to them, they were sitting side by side. I asked, "Did Jesus save you?" Both said, "Yes." I asked, "When did He save you?" One of them said, "Hinoct." You do not know what they meant any more than I did. I found out that they had

said, "Tonight." The word they used is the Swiss for "heite nacht." These boys were cousins. Elmer went to be with the Lord when he was yet a lad. Tillman is now on his second ministry in India.

One day in children's meeting I spoke on the "Ten Virgins." I put white veils on five little girls and black veils on five more. I noticed that the children were taking it in, and I hoped that it would be as seed sown for a future harvest. When I went home to Henry Schindler's, little Alma was sitting in her mother's lap and crying as if her little heart would break. I asked what the matter was, and Alma, still crying, said between her sobs, "I did not want a black veil, I wanted a white one." I was the one to feel bad then. I never used that illustration again.

From Berne we went to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. After a two weeks' meeting, in which a number were saved and some baptized with the Holy Spirit, we organized a mission and elected a missionary committee. A unanimous call was given to the Rev. G. R. Schroeder to take charge of the work. We committed him and the work to God and left for Fort Wayne. We went to the train in three inches of snow, April 30.

We were in Fort Wayne one day, then went to Peoria, Illinois, for a service on our way to Kansas. We were at Elbing, Burrton, Hillsboro, and Sterling. God worked in these places, souls were saved, and believers received the Holy Spirit.

From Sterling we went to Nebraska. We were at Milford and Henderson. These meetings gave us joy, for God worked. Although the weather was against us, the people came out and were blessed. At Henderson I had an experience. We have a friend in Fort Wayne who had a sister living in Henderson; and when she knew that we were going there, she asked me to call on her sister. From the diary I read: "I called on my friend's sister

this morning; and when I went home, the German mother asked me where I had been. I told her, and she said, "She is a bad woman." Quick as a flash these words of the Saviour came to me, "They that be whole need not a physician." I was filled with joy as I thought that is the kind I must go to see, and my heart ran out to her in love. This dear mother gave me another jolt one day while I was drying the dishes, as she washed them. I said, calling her by name, "Mother, when Claus is saved, write and tell me, for I will pray for him until he is saved. (Claus is her son.) She dropped the dish cloth in the pan and turning to me said, "I do believe you are a Christian." I said, "Did you doubt my salvation?" "Yes," she said, "I do not think any one who speaks English can be saved." We loved these people and they loved us. It was the way they had of looking at things. They loved God's Word and that made it easy to reach their hearts. Many were led out those days and their vision was broadened. We went back to Milford from Henderson and had four precious days with the people there before leaving for Wausau, Wisconsin.

We had a tent meeting at Wausau. In our party were Brother Michael, Tena Goosen, and Susie Bixler. I have no record of this meeting in the diary. There is something I do recall which happened at another time. The children gave us trouble by throwing sharp bits of china on the roof of the tent, and every piece broke threads in the canvas and that made small holes. It was my part in the meeting to stand outside and keep an eye on the children. I found they would run in hiding when they saw me. I kept right on the job. They had one boy as a "look out." The children hid in the alley about one block away. The "look out" would come to the end of the alley nearest the tent, and if he saw me, he called out, "red light." All would remain out of sight. I kept this up night after night, and they soon became weary with noth-

ing to do but hide. The meeting closed without any more holes made in the canvas. From Wisconsin we went to Michigan for meetings in a number of places. Home to Fort Wayne! Away just three months to the day. This was August, the second. The month of August was a busy month, visiting the near-by places. In September we started out again, going through Michigan, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri. D. W. Kerr was with us on this tour of six weeks. We closed at Wheatland, Missouri. We committed the dear little company at Wheatland to God and left for the East, arriving at Fort Wayne, October 14th.

The fall term of the Bible Training School opened the next day. We were in Fort Wayne just one week and started out again going through Illinois, Tennessee, and Louisiana. W. H. Chandler of Wheaton, Illinois, accompanied us on this trip. On the way from Illinois to Tennessee the diary gives this encouragement, "The Lord gave a pleasant trip and several answers to prayer." We had a most blessed convention at Union City, Tennessee, and the diary says, "This P. M. we committed the dear ones at Union City to the keeping of the Great Shepherd of the sheep and went to Humboldt." From Humboldt we went to Orange, Louisiana. We were with our friends, the C. H. Bostic family. We had met them at Malden, Missouri, and a strong friendship existed between us. Through them we were permitted to carry the full gospel to people who had never heard. Their hearts were receptive. One widow with a large family of children was a dear Christian. Mr. Chandler called her "A queen in a hut." I have seen better houses for chickens than this dear saint abode in without a murmur. She brought some vegetables from her small garden to be used on the table where we were being entertained; and when told she should not deny herself, she said it would be denying her the pleasure if we did not accept. Her little daughter

was praying for a pair of shoes and Mr. Chandler heard of it and bought shoes for her. As I look back on those days, I count it a privilege to have been able to visit in that humble home.

We left Louisiana for Phoenix, Arizona, on the 13th of December, 1907. We had a convention in the little brick church on Tenth Street and a precious time we had. Mr. Chandler was made a blessing to our dear people. We were with them eleven days, and the time was all too short. Just about all the church members were from the East. It is only in the later years since the membership has increased that we find, when going to Phoenix now, many faces that are new to us. From the first of its organization the sick people who have been able to attend church have found a welcome, and many a lonely heart has found a friendliness that has taken the ache away. Some who did not know our Saviour found Him, and others have gone back home healed in body, as well as soul.

After the refreshing we received in the convention, we went on our way to Los Angeles. We had asked the Lord for our traveling expenses, and He more than met us through the big heartedness of our dear people.

There is no record of our trip to Los Angeles and the days that followed until New Year's Day, 1908. The diary of that date records: "With much prayer and great expectation we have entered upon this New Year. Oh, Lord, let this be the best year we have had so far. Spent the day with Uncle John Garth." This was in Los Angeles, on the second day of the new year we went to Upland to spend a few days with A. H. Regier. We returned to Los Angeles and bid farewell to dear brother Chandler, who returned to his home in Wheaton, Illinois, while we went to Anaheim to begin a meeting in a German Baptist Church. Services were only at night. From the first God worked, and many were saved. We had gone for one

week; but when the time came to close, the people insisted that the meetings continue. The altar was well filled, and it did seem that we should continue; however, we closed the meeting and went home and were getting ready to go to the train, when conviction became so heavy that we decided to stay in the name of the Lord till Sunday. The people were very glad, and the interest went on as though there had been no thought of closing.

Joseph had a peculiar experience one day. He had started out for the postoffice a mile or so away and had thought he would have the time alone for meditation. He had no more than started when someone came behind, calling, "May I walk with you?" Brotherliness made him say, "Yes." This brother poured out a tale of woe and talked unbelief for that mile. I felt sorry for Joseph when he returned, for he looked tired. He said nothing at the time. That night when we were leaving the church, Joseph thought he would walk on the dark side of the street and be alone for the mile from the church to the home, for he felt the strain of the morning's talk on unbelief. I had gone home in a buggy with someone of the church. No sooner had he started than he heard hurried footsteps behind, and someone said, "Is that you Brother Ramseyer?" Politeness again made him say, "Yes." Well, it proved to be a repetition of the morning, and for the whole distance that brother talked unbelief. When Joseph got home, he told me of the morning and now of the windup after nine o'clock at night. He said he felt polluted. The sin of unbelief was so hideous that it affected him bodily as well as in his soul. Both men were helped by their contact with Joseph, who never talked unbelief. Never in all these years do I remember one discouraging thought, much less word of complaint; he was always looking on the bright side and pressing forward courageously.

Anaheim was, as its name suggests, "a city of homes."

When the railroad companies wanted to extend their lines through the valley, it took in Anaheim. There was strong opposition on the part of the citizens. Anaheim was to continue to be a city of homes, churches, and schools. No, there must be no railroads through their city! The railroad companies bought the right of way on both sides of Anaheim a mile from the city. The city had not "Grown out" to the railroads when we were there, but no doubt the younger generation has brought the two together.

When Sunday came for the closing of the meeting for the second time, the people were willing to let us go, although they would have been glad if we could have stayed for another week.

We went to Los Angeles for two days with Uncle John Garth and family before going north to Reedley. The meetings at Reedley were cottage meetings in the country. There was a real revival spirit from the first. Some visitation work was done in the afternoons. One home was visited where a girl in the home was under such deep conviction that she could not wait for the night service, but confessed out her heart, and when told to make her wrongs right, she said she would at once. That meant to write a letter to Nebraska. She wrote as soon as Joseph and Mr. Enns were gone. That night when we saw her, we knew without her saying a word that she had written that letter. Her face shone with joy, and smilingly she said, "I have peace with God." She had taken forty-two cents from a girl for whom she was a subagent for some article, and it had not worried her until the meeting began. Joseph told her to put fifty cents in stamps in the letter; and before she had mailed it peace flooded her soul. This revival continued for nine days. One of the converts of this meeting came to the Bible Institute later. We were sorry to leave Reedley, but the work could go on without us.

From Reedley we went to Denair. While we were at Denair, I had a very peculiar dream. I saw a snake with a woman's head, and the head was one whom I knew. This snake rose up full length and stuck its fangs out at me. It was so real that it woke me up, and I was frightened out of sleep. When the morning mail came, there was a letter from this person whose head I had seen on the snake, and such a tongue lashing as was in that letter I never got before nor since.

We had a blessed time at Denair with the dear Witmers and other friends, and were loath to leave; but when our ministry among them was finished, we moved on again, this time going to Fresno to be with our friends, Ben and Mary Oyer. We had a short ministry, for it was before the days of their Tabernacle and the gathering in of those who had a love for the Word of God. We went to hear Dr. R. A. Torrey one afternoon, bought a song book for Peter Eicher, and had a meeting in a home at night with a Smith family. After we had retired and were trying to sleep, I said to Joseph, "This is the hardest pillow I ever tried to sleep on;" I sat up in bed and lifted the pillow to turn it another way to see if I could find a soft place. Imagine my consternation when I saw beneath, rolls and rolls of money wrapped in cloths. It was hard money and must have been silver and gold. I dropped the pillow in place, put my head on it, and tried to sleep. This was our last night in Fresno. We started for the East the next day. The diary says: "Riding in California all day, reached Askfork at 8 A. M. From here we were among the snow-capped Rockies all day, up 7,000 feet. Crossed the Continental Divide and saw the cradle of the Colorado and Arkansas rivers. Both baby rivers in one cradle. The water that flows west forms the surging, roaring Colorado, and that which flows east forms the muddy, rampant Arkansas River. We passed into Colorado this morning and rode all day in Colorado, pass-

ing next through Kansas, then Missouri. Next will be Illinois today and tonight will be the last night on our long trip. God is continuing to go before. Reached Chicago on the fourth day and Fort Wayne at 7:45 at night. That was Saturday. Joseph preached in the chapel of the Bible Institute the next day, and what do you suppose was his text? None other than the sermon that was born out of the experience with those two brethren who talked unbelief at Anaheim. His subject was "Unbelief."

On Monday Emil Erhart called us to come for dinner and be with Grandmother Stauffer. She was cheerful and so happy in her Saviour. On Thursday morning, Mr. Erhart called early, asking prayer for dear Grandmother Stauffer, who was taken sick at 5:00 A. M. At 4:00 P. M. she went to be with the Lord whom she loved. We went to Berne to attend the funeral. She was buried from the Mennonite church. It was the largest funeral ever in Berne. This was February 23rd, 1908.

We were busy going from one place to another, and in May were in Milwaukee, when a message came from Elkton, Michigan, saying that "Uncle Eicher went to be with the Lord this evening, May 11th." We traveled all night and all day to reach Elkton on time. The diary says: "Laid Uncle Henry Eicher away today. Oh, how we will miss him. He was such a father to so many. Rev. Mr. Kerr preached the funeral sermon." We hurried off to New York to attend the Nyack Council of the C. M. A. Large delegations from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Council closed today. So glad we were here."

Left New York and went by Niagara Falls. Oh, the wonders of Niagara! Praise God for the trip.

From May to November we were out in meetings in several states. I notice that in November on Thanksgiving Day Joseph went to Berne to help H. H. Amstutz in a series of meetings. I was in Union City, Tennessee, during these meetings. The diary says: "I miss my dear

companion very much, but it is for Jesus' sake." An entry about the meeting: "A few have been saved, some eight or ten came out into victory. Others are seeking. Had thought of closing tomorrow, but God is working so among us that we believe we should go on till next Wednesday night. The meetings closed Wednesday, 16th. All praise to God for all He has done here during this meeting."

The last day of the year found us in Tennessee. The diary records: "Had a service at the chapel tonight, came home at 11:00 P. M. All is under the blood and in Jesus' name we go into the New Year."

This closes the first six years of our travels together. Happy years!

CHAPTER FIVE

"Redeeming the Time"

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." Ephesians 5:16. The diary records:—

"We are at home with my dear wife's people at Union City, Tennessee. Began our ministry this New Year, 1909, at Humboldt, Tennessee."

Our convention party consisted of Mr. Paggett, Miss Kate Driscoll from Africa and Miss Nellie Bowen, an outgoing missionary to China. We have no record of the results of the convention. We always had blessed times at Humboldt and this was no exception. The dear people gave themselves over to attend when a meeting was in progress. They let nothing interfere with their being present at every service provided they could get there.

The next place for the convention was Paris, Tennessee. Since Joseph had left for McEwen, in the same state, he was not present when we began at Paris. While he was at McEwen, he ordained a Rev. Elmore Cox to the ministry in the Missionary Church. Joseph says in the diary, "Spoke in the M. E. Church at night. A most blessed season. Left for Paris this A. M. Some of our party began last night. Dearest Macy came this evening." The convention at Paris was a seed-sowing time. From there we went to Dresden, Tennessee, where we had a very encouraging convention. The people came out in large crowds and we trust that lasting good was accomplished. We returned to Union City where we had a blessed convention, for God was in our midst. This closed our conventions in Tennessee for this time.

Miss Driscoll went with us to Louisiana, when we

went to Orange and Leesville. This also was a seed-sowing time. Our hearts always went out to people when we saw that they were hearing the full Gospel for the first time. Some hearts were ready while others sat and in a questioning way listened. It seemed as though some were like "stony ground hearers."

At the close of the convention, Miss Driscoll went to Atlanta, Georgia, and we to San Antonio, Texas. Joseph writes in the diary:—"Reached San Antonio at 6:00 P. M. where we knew not any one. Left Macy at the depot and went to hunt a brother whose name I have. I found him and made arrangements for a meeting the next day." We rented a room in a hotel for one night.

We had a few people out for the meeting in the mission the next day. They were receptive and, though our stay with them was only for a short season, we felt it was "for the furtherance of the Gospel." We left San Antonio and went on our way to Phoenix, Arizona, arriving there just a few weeks more than a year since leaving in 1908. The Missionary Church which we had helped to organize was 3 years old and without a pastor. We spent a month with the dear ones in this young church and ministered to them with much joy. The Missionary Church Association had a sanitarium out from Phoenix about four miles of which Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Lugibihl were in charge. This work was known as "Bethany Home." They had a precious ministry while there four years. Many sick folk wept their way to God before going from this world. Some got right with God just in time, a last minute conversion. Many things transpired there which were heart-breaking. Some of the people were Jews and resented "being preached at" as they called it. The love and sympathy they received made them want to stay, and if they stayed they had to listen to the Word of God and the voice of prayer every morning at the breakfast table. No one can tell all that it meant. It was

our place to be faithful in witnessing. We spent ten days of our month with the Lugibihls and the sick folk.

It was also at this time that Dr. Youkem held a meeting in a hall in the city on one of the main streets, which was well attended and we received much blessing from being with him. Dr. Youkem did not preach but his way of testifying spoke loudly. The most solemn times often bring their touches of humor of which the following incident is a sample. One girl came forward because she said she wanted to have victory over thoughtless talking, that Dr. Youkem should pray for her tongue. She was told to kneel. Dr. Youkem told her to put out her tongue. She did so and he held it with two of his fingers while he prayed that God would bridle it. At another occasion in Dr. Youkem's ministry, a mother brought her six-year-old boy and asked him to pray for him because he was an unruly child. Dr. Youkem took him across his knee and gave him a good spanking. He handed him over to his mother saying, "give him some more of this."

Our month of ministry at the little brick church on Tenth Street came to a close with a communion service on April 11. We left for Los Angeles where Ezra Egly met us at the depot and took us to their home on Pasadena Avenue. Our ministry was mainly visitation work. Some meetings were held at Anaheim and Santa Barbara. Later we went north to Reedley where we found they had built a Mennonite Brethren church since we had been with them and that they had had meetings in their homes. The revival fire of a year ago was still burning and the one week we were with them saw conversions, one of which was that of a girl who went later as a missionary to Africa.

From Reedley we went to Fresno. Here we were among the Russians. We kept house with one family by the name of Reimer. They were precious people, very humble and open hearted toward us. They ate breakfast

before we did and went off to work and were gone all day. We ate supper before they came home so the kitchen served both nicely. They had a four-year-old son whom we cared for while the mother was away all day.

The kitchen was a ground floor and was hardened every Saturday with cow dung from the barn. It got dusty during the week and had to be brushed occasionally as any floor. I swept it cautiously with the broom to keep the dust from flying and, lifting a small square of linoleum in front of the stove, saw a worn place in the floor and swept the dust into it and replaced the linoleum. When Saturday came and the house mother stayed at home to do her cleaning and the floor received its bath of cow dung, she lifted the linoleum to take it outside and saw the small pile of dust. She called to her oldest boy, exclaiming, "Alex, did you do a thing like this?" I was within earshot and to save Alex from a scolding I hurried to the kitchen, saying, "Alex did not do that, I did it." Her confusion was so great that I vanished in thin air, as it were, to save her and myself also. I carefully took up any dust after that and never put it under the rug. Their hearts were bigger than their house and we enjoyed every moment of the time we were there. This experience made us appreciate modern conveniences when we had them again.

One day toward sunset, a couple drew up to this humble house. The lady proved to be a friend of mine from back east. Her brother-in-law was with her. She had heard through the newspapers that we were in Fresno and had been hunting for us and was surprised beyond measure to find me among the Russians, the class of people who did nothing but work among the raisins and packing houses. She said to me, "What are you doing here among *this* class of people! Come home with me and be with people of your own class." I was amused at her concern for us and said, "When you go fishing, you go

where the fish are." She simply could not understand why I felt at home among the Russians. Her brother-in-law who was a packing house owner and knew what valuable workmen the Russians were, was more understanding.

While here, we pitched a tent in an open lot and the services were in German. We were near the large Russian Church and many being afraid, would not attend, but that did not affect the attendance for the tent had all it could hold anyway. It was a time of real refreshing. The opposition we had at first was too much for one of our young workers so he left us. Later he wrote from his home signing his name, "Your brother John Mark." We wanted him for his fluent German and he would have been helpful to Joseph who had all the German preaching.

The next week found us in Denair for a season of a week or a little longer where we enjoyed seeing God work. We knew in our hearts that there would some day be a Missionary Church there. This anticipation was realized not many years afterwards, and now the church as it was built originally, has been enlarged which has given them more Sunday School room.

We had promised Dr. Youkem to visit a place in the mountains north of San Francisco, so from Denair we went to San Francisco to take the train for the little mountain station where we were to get the six-horse stage for the beautiful town of Lake Port, twenty-four miles up in the mountain. Rev. Joseph Egly and we were to conduct this meeting. A lady from the Baptist Church had invited us. Her pastor had been praying for a revival. When we arrived, he made himself scarce, however, and we did not get to meet him. He sat on the back seat of the church and took no part in the first service. On the second day he came forward and confessed that they were looking for bread from heaven and when it did not come in a Baptist wagon, he looked at the wagon and not the

bread. At the second sermon he discovered that it was the bread he had been praying for regardless of the wagon that brought it. This made a difference in his people and they came nobly forward and helped as they could with the singing and praying. A lady was healed of a tumor weighing eighty pounds, the news of which spread around like fire through the town. Others were healed and some saved. It was a fruitful meeting of four days.

On our way down the mountain we nearly lost our lives. An auto attempted to come up the trail on the stage schedule and ran into us at a sharp curve. The lead horse, "Paul," left the grade and his harness caught in a tree top and held him. His traces were cut and he rolled down the mountain side about seventy-five feet. The driver talked to that horse as he would to a person. Told him to lie still and he did. There was not a struggle. If he had, he would have taken himself, the other horses and the stage over the grade. While he was lying there still, is when the driver cut the traces. He rolled down until he hit a tree which stopped him. The men went down to where he lay on his back with his feet in the air. They cut the harness from off him and several men helped him turn over and get on his feet. He was cut badly but no bones broken. When he reached the grade, a halter was put around his neck. Then the stage driver began abusing the big German who had caused the trouble. The air was blue with profanity. Other men helped the driver to abuse this man. Joseph stood there and prayed. When he could make himself heard, he said, "We might all have gone over the grade and lost our lives. We have much to thank God for for protecting us." The big German walked over to Joseph and in a trembling voice said, "I do thank God." That stopped the profanity. We let the auto pass us on the side next to the mountain for that is why he pushed us so near the grade for we were on the grade side. When he was past, the driver gave

Joseph the halter line telling him to lead Paul from the rear of the stage. I sat back with Joseph and we had a time getting Paul to stay behind. He could not understand why he was not in the front leading all the horses, which made it difficult to keep him from breaking away and marching to his place in the traces.

There was not another tree within a mile of where the accident happened. But for that tree, we would all have gone down with Paul. Joseph said that years ago God let a bird drop that seed in that spot to have a tree there when needed for just such a time as that. Our stage was a mail stage and we stopped at every farm home and left a small mail pouch. At one place there was a gate with a smaller gate in it, opening from the top on hinges. A large dog stood by that gate gazing up at the driver. When the pouch was thrown down, the dog pounced on it, took it between his teeth, sprang through that small gate within the larger gate and bounded up the path that led to a house hidden by the dense growth of trees.

We reached Oakland after dark and spent the night in a hotel. The next morning we went to the pier to meet Sollie Miller who was just arriving from China, June 8, 1909.

Our next meeting was at Reno, Nevada, where we had a good meeting with the mothers and sisters of the men who were in the gambling dens. Except for Joseph, not one man was in the meeting. The little children of those who had come to Reno to get a divorce were playing on the sidewalk, unconscious of the awfulness of sin. Broken homes and alienated hearts were the order of the day. Dear little innocents! As I passed, I stood and looked at some of them as they were at their play. I would not want to abide in such an unholy city.

On our way east we stopped for a day in Denver with my brother Russell. At Wauneta, Nebraska, we made another stop with the William Egles and yet another stop

in Illinois before going to Wausau, Wisconsin, for a series of tent meetings.

At Wausau we opened our meetings with expectation. The people living across the street from where we pitched our tent placed the radio in the window and turned it on full blast. They were asked in a Christian way to "please let us have quiet," and quiet we had and they never repeated it. Rev. Ernest Kuhnle of Detroit and Brother Michael were with us for this meeting. God blessed our efforts and we shall always be glad it was our privilege to carry the good news of salvation to Wausau at this time. As far as I can remember it was our last tent meeting with the people there, who attended our tent meetings but would not come to those in the little German Baptist Church.

We were going all the time up to the Convention and Conference in August and during the Convention I have this from the diary, "Rev. Samuel Gerig died today, August 24, 1909. He had been severely burned. We had hoped that he would be spared to us, but God in His providence took him home. He left a widow and five little ones. Some day we will understand why it was thus." On the page next to this in the diary is recorded the death of Mother John Zehr. "We went to Berne on an early train. Helped to bury dear Mother Zehr. She is with Jesus and Henry now."

The rest of the year was filled with one series of meetings after another without taking time off, in Michigan, Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska. We came East to attend a Convention and stopped in Fort Wayne three days on our way to Linn Grove (West Berne). The diary says, "A very good convention." From this convention we went to Cleveland, Ohio, to be with Rev. S. S. Gerig. "Work prospering under his care." The next move was to Illinois and then to Tennessee where we were when the old year of 1909 passed out and the New Year was ushered

in. The diary records at this point: "Start into the New Year believing God for the best year of our lives so far. Our hearts are rejoicing in Him tonight." On January 4 we read, "Writing, working and looking forward to Lea Garth's bridal day." On Sunday Joseph preached in the morning and visited the jail in the afternoon. Precious days at home, reading, writing and working in the will of God. "This is January 16. Nellie Bowen reached China today." We are having the services on Sunday and the midweek prayer meeting these restful days, waiting for the bridal day. Busy all day getting Lea's room ready for the wedding tomorrow, January 25. Lea brought his bride home tonight. Joseph united them. We were glad and rejoice over it. Helen wants to go to another wedding tonight and says she will marry some day. (Helen is our seven-year-old niece.)

On January 30, "With much joy and confidence in Jesus, we began a series of meetings in Union City. Jesus is blessing in each service."

This meeting continued ten nights. On February 7 (Joseph's birthday) we read this record from the diary:— "Passed through a trial of faith." No reference was made as to the nature of the trial.

Leaving Tennessee we made one stop in San Antonio, Texas, where we had our meeting in the Hedge and Highway Mission. Here we had quite a pull. We could not tell what was hindering the Holy Spirit but we continued in faith. I find that the diary records that "after a week of testing, God gave victory. We had waited all week for this. We believed His Word would prevail." The first indication of God's working was a precious testimony meeting. In the group was one dear heart who knew the Lord and prayed much, thus being a help to us. She related the following experience: On certain days she distributed tracts, on the streets and in saloons. One bartender forbad her coming into his saloon, threatening

her with his fierce dog. She went in as before when she came to his saloon, ignoring his threat. A man was standing at the bar drinking as she entered. The bartender gave her one look and opened a small gate. The man who was drinking said, "Don't do that." The gate opened and a large dog walked out and came up to her. She put out her hand and the dog licked it. The bartender was filled with fear. He said to her, "What kind of a woman are you?" Then he forbade her coming because he was afraid of her.

The testimony meeting we had when the break came was not the last, for victory continued and so did the splendid testimonies. It was easy then to get people to the altar and pray them through to victory. Sick ones came for prayer for their bodies. We closed the meeting Sunday night, April 10, with God's seal upon it. We thank Him, our Mighty Fortress, for enabling us to keep on until victory came. We left San Antonio on April 12. We traveled all night and reached El Paso the next morning. We went over to Old Mexico and went inside of a church that was built in 1514. It was just like new. We visited the market place and saw the beggars sitting by the wayside begging. We left for Phoenix the next day reaching Maricopa, Arizona, at 10:00 P. M., where we had a good night's rest in a sod hotel. Arrived at Phoenix at 7:00 A. M., where Menno Yaggy met us and took us to his home. Praise God for a safe journey once again! How faithful He is! We spent much of our time at Bethany Home with the B. P. Lugibihls and the sick folk. We went to the city for the Sunday service in the little brick church. Joseph and Rev. G. R. Schroeder went to Will Lehman's to pray with Clifton who was a very sick boy but God raised him up.

The weather being very warm we had the evening services in a Tabernacle on McDowell Road. The Methodist Hospital now stands where the Tabernacle stood. It

was while we were in service that word came to us that our uncle John Garth passed away suddenly of erysipelas at his home in Los Angeles. We sought the Lord's comfort for the lonely hearts.

May 18. "Robert Imbach and Lena Mollet were united in marriage this eve." That is what the diary says. It was on this trip that Halley's Comet was visible and what a sight it was! After we left Phoenix we went to the Arizona desert to visit the Navajo Indians where the Emil Schwabs were ministering . There was nothing to obstruct the view of the sky those nights and we had the pleasure of seeing this wonder of the heavens, the comet. The tail came down to earth looking like a path of glory. First we saw the star rise on the horizon, then continuing our vigil we saw it rise higher until the tail came in sight. As it rose higher and higher we saw the end of the tail as it came above the horizon. Higher and higher it came until it was just over our heads. The star was a brilliant star and the tail a wonder of wonders. We went to bed when our eyes and neck were tired from looking, but I was up about four o'clock in the morning to find the comet was making its way toward the west, the star standing on its head with the tail soaring above just the reverse from its position when rising. After we returned to Fort Wayne, we never saw the glories of the comet as we did in Arizona. Too many buildings and trees.

The visit to the Indians was extremely interesting and helped us to pray for them as we could not have done without this contact on their own territory. A ten-year-old boy interpreted for Joseph. One day in the meeting there was some commotion. Several squaws had helped one woman by covering her face when her son-in-law came into the room. A mother-in-law must never see her son-in-law. An Indian came the Sunday we were on the reservation. Mr. Schwab had promised him a hat but not on that Sunday. Mr. Schwab told him "it was next

Sunday" that he was to get the hat. If Mr. Schwab had given him the hat that day, he would have lost the respect of the Indian. He must come "next Sunday" not the one following. He could get the hat by coming on the day it was promised. We started for the station driving across the desert twenty miles in a spring wagon. This Indian went ahead of us, keeping the same distance all the time. We never caught up with him. He would often drop out of sight with nothing to hide behind. I have never been able to understand how he did it. Mr. Schwab told us he would reappear down the road ahead at any time. And there he was in the road just as if he had not disappeared and just the same distance ahead. He kept this up until once when he disappeared, Mr. Schwab said this would be the last time we would see him. He was right. This Indian went to tell some of his Indian friends that we would be passing near his hogan. We made a bend around the mountain and drove down the road a short distance and we saw an Indian coming down the mountain side. He got to the road just as we reached the spot where he wanted us to stop. He pointed a gun at us, which meant stop! Mr. Schwab drew rein and stopped in front of him. The Indian asked who we were, where we were going and what we had been doing at the reservation. All of these questions were answered in a matter-of-fact way. That is the way one must speak to the Indian. Tell him what he wants to know in as few words as possible. When the Indian had all the information he wanted, he placed his gun on his shoulder, turned and began his way up the mountain side. We looked at him as long as we could see him. He reached the summit just as the sun was setting and we saw his full length in the sun. He stood still a short time and then began his descent on the other side and soon was out of sight. (The Indian who followed us from Tolchecco got his hat on the day appointed.)

We reached Devil's Canyon the place where the small railroad station stood, just as the comet was coming up over the horizon. We watched it climb the sky until the train came. Wonderful, awe-inspiring in its beauty, and past description! (The Canyon with that awful name is a death trap. Nothing falling into this Canyon comes out alive.)

We boarded the train for a station where we could get accommodations for the night, while Mr. Schwab hobbled his horses, rolled himself in his blanket and slept out under the stars.

We left Winslow on an early train and returned to Fort Wayne about three days later. We arrived the first week in June, having been gone five months. This is the last record in the diary until 1921.

We continued our travels throughout the year and were back in Phoenix in the spring of the following year. Rev. Joseph Egly and Rev. John Imbach were both in California and we shepherded the little flock in the little brick church. Joseph did the preaching and I had charge of the choir. It was the time we were called east on account of our brother Henry Ramseyer who had had a nervous breakdown and needed his two brothers, Joseph and Michael. They stood nobly by him for three months, when he seemed to come out of it miraculously, so sudden it was. A few days later he was at the Annual Convention and led a testimony meeting. To see such a great change in so short a time was no less than a miracle.

We made a trip to Canada in 1912 and I saw the birthplace of all the little Ramseyers while the parents lived with grandfather. It is a palatial stone house, by which name it is known far and near. It had deep casement window seats and it must have been in one of these seats that Joseph was sitting as he smoked grandfather's pipe.

Not having the diary for dates, I will have to say it was the last of 1912 or the first part of the year 1913 that

we were back in Phoenix. I remember very little about this trip except that we were in one of John Mollet's tourist cottages and Mother Mollet sold out and moved to California and we made our first visit to Van Nuys. That is all I have any recollection of places visited.

In the spring of 1914 we were back in Phoenix at the time Rev. H. H. Amstutz built his third church. We were having a blessed meeting and on Sunday the little brick church on Tenth Street would not hold the people. Menno Yaggy and others began talking of a larger building. It happened, yes it happened! On Monday a meeting was held to decide what to do. On Tuesday the lot on Filmore Street was bought, lumber hauled and other needed materials. Just about every male member of the church including Brother Wolvogel of Pettisville, Ohio, who was visiting relatives, put their shoulders to the wheel. We had our services in the little brick church at night and those tired men who had worked all day in the heat never thought of staying at home but were present at the night service. Neither were the children behind in their attendance. They were in school all day and attended every night. There was a free spirit and good will present that relieved any tiredness. The ladies of the church furnished dinner for the working men. The church was built in ten days. The boards were cut to fit and painted before being put in place so that the church was painted before it was put together. There was electric wiring, there were seats, pulpit furniture and seats for the choir. We had a meeting in the church in ten nights from the time it was started. The Rev. and Mrs. Chris Eicher and son Bert were with us for the entire time. They were made a blessing and Bert filled his place by getting into everything and having us wondering what he was going to do next. He was about four years old.

The night we moved the convention from Tenth Street to Filmore was a great night. The church was filled to capacity. I looked back and remembered the precious

communion service on that Christmas day in 1906 on Tenth Street and the changes that had taken place in so short a time. Four of the families who met us that first day were now living in California but God had filled the ranks and built this new church and filled it.

A still better day was just ahead for after a number of years we moved to McKinley Street where we did not have to walk to church in the mud on a rainy day. The Phoenix Church has an interesting history. Those who moved to California from the Phoenix Church were the nucleus of the Van Nuys Church. Other families from Phoenix moved to California later but the Phoenix Church kept right on growing. I have stepped ahead as to time so now we go back to where we closed that convention in the new church and when the Eichers left Phoenix with us and went to Van Nuys, "The town that was started right" as the real estate agents spoke of it. We had our meeting in a store building on Van Nuys Boulevard near Garfield.

In 1915 at the close of the year we were back in Phoenix at which time Paul Amstutz aged eight years wrote a beautiful chorus. He was dressed and ready for school and waiting for his mother to bake pancakes for his breakfast. She noticed him bring paper from his father's study and busied himself by scribbling as she thought. When the pancakes were ready he threw the scrap of paper on the floor, ate his pancakes and was off to school. She picked up the paper from the floor and this is what she read:

"If Jesus should come, and I should go and all the rest who love Him so,
Those who do not know His dear precious love, would stay below."

Paul went to be with Jesus in November of that year, 1916.

Fred Amstutz (now deceased) son of P. L. Amstutz of Berne, Indiana, wrote four verses to which I added this

little verse of Paul's as a chorus and Elton M. Roth now of Los Angeles, wrote the music and it can be found in the song book, "Sunshine Maker's Song."

My memory does not help me from here on until 1918, the year of the flu epidemic, but we were on the west coast again. This time we found the Rev. H. H. Amstutz and family at Van Nuys. They were no longer worshiping in the store building but had a neat structure on Hamlin Street. During the crucial days of the church, the Rev. and Mrs. Noah Witmer were there through whose faithfulness we succeeded in getting the church organized. Through those testing days Mr. Witmer was "the man in the gap." Looking back over our first trip when we found the precious little handful from "back east" at Phoenix and, at the second and third trips we find them reaching over to California and carrying the full Gospel with them.

Continuing our looking on down to this present day we see what the District Superintendent, D. F. Siemens, has been doing in bringing the church in California and Arizona together in conventions and young people's gatherings and we say with thankful hearts, "What God hath wrought!" To Him be all the praise! The end is not yet! We are not after numbers, but a spiritual growth and love for the truth that possessed those brave hearts who bore the brunt and heat of the day. That is the only spirit that will carry the work forward. If we loose our missionary vision we will loose our strength and be just another church, of which there are too many. Let us hold to the faith and keep step with the Holy Spirit. Let us not run ahead, nor lag behind, but walk step by step with Him and we will not depart from the vision that originated the Missionary Church Association. I trust I have not missed anything I should have recorded of those silent years of the diary, but we come now to the year 1921 where we can again take up the recorded thread of time.

CHAPTER SIX

"Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters"

It has taken several days to find a name for this chapter. The first that came to my mind was, "The Good Will of Him That Dwelt In the Bush."

I remember as a child that my father often quoted Deuteronomy 33:16 in morning worship and in memory of him, I thought I would like to give it that name, but one morning as I was reading in Ecclesiastes 11:1, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days," it came to me, "That is the name!" During our life together "the bread" has come back, many, many times over.

The history in this chapter is of the year 1924. We left for the West Coast in January, stopping in Denver over Sunday the eighteenth, with my brother Russell and family. We left them on Monday after committing them to the Lord.

We took the Denver and Rio Grande railroad for California, going by Salt Lake City. It was very cold and there was plenty of snow. At Salt Lake we took the Western Pacific, crossed the Great Salt Lake, and after riding through the salt fields, we entered the Grand Canon of the Feather River, so called because the birds go there to molt, fly away, leaving their feathers to cover the waters of the river. It was a beautiful trip. The walls of the canyon are so high that the sun was not visible for the entire trip. One man with a kodak said it was beautiful but he got tired looking. Sometime in the afternoon we came to the end of the canyon and rolled out into the sunshine. It was shining all the time but we did not see it. Why not apply that to some dark expe-

rience when we have to walk by faith? The sun is shining all the time and we will see it when we come to the end of the canyon.

In California, the Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Grabill were with us at Denair and Van Nuys. It was while at Van Nuys that the four of us were exposed to smallpox. We were told that there was a case of measles in one home where the four of us took dinner on our last Sunday there. We went to Phoenix, Arizona, on Monday, leaving the Grabills in California.

We began the meetings in the church on Fillmore Street and in the middle of the second week, Joseph began feeling quite bad. He kept on with the preaching until Sunday morning. By night he had fever and asked the Rev. S. D. Burkey, who was in Phoenix at the time, to take the pulpit and give the evening message.

On Monday morning, Joseph was broken out with what looked like measles. We were in the home of the pastor of the church, Rev. A. J. Greider. He was suspicious, having had smallpox at one time while living in Fort Wayne. It proved to be a case of smallpox and the health officer put up the quarantine card. The Greiders were very kind to us, and let us stay in the parsonage and no suggestion was ever made that we go to the detention house or in plain words, "pest house." Such kindness in such an extremity has never been forgotten and we will always love Rev. and Mrs. Greider for their heart of love.

My first reaction when we knew we had a case of smallpox to care for, was to pray that I would not take it so that I would be able to care for my beloved. God heard that prayer. When it was ordered that I be vaccinated, I then prayed that I would not have a sore arm. I was vaccinated twice, and both time the virus dried up and the scratches healed over. The Greiders lived in one part of the house and we in the other. We could talk to each other from a distance but there was no contact.

At the end of ten days, Mr. Greider developed smallpox, though he said he had had it in Fort Wayne. There we were! Two sick men in one house. The nursing proved too much for Mrs. Greider and a professional nurse was secured to nurse Brother Greider.

After Brother Greider was taken down with smallpox, Mrs. Greider and I were free to be together and we encouraged each other by prayer and song. Every evening, when it began to get dark, we spent a part of the time in the back yard sitting on a low chicken coop. We sang one song after another. This was to encourage our husbands. We never thought of the neighbors hearing our songs but it must have helped in keeping fear away with two cases of smallpox so close by. One of the neighbors living the nearest had a loom on her porch just about sixteen feet from Joseph's bedroom window. She worked all day at her weaving, only stopping for meals. She sang much of the time and her one theme was, "Calvary, Blessed Calvary, it was there Jesus suffered and died." What a blessing this was to Joseph.

All through his days in bed I kept olive oil in a saucer with soft cloths for him to mop his face and hands and keep them well oiled all the time. I let him do it as a precaution for I did not want to touch those open sores. The odor is past description. It was as of something rotten. Each pock was a boil, a running sore, in mouth, on lips, in his ears and eyelids, nostrils, hands and feet, everywhere from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. The palms of his hands and soles of the feet, were the most painful. The pocks had to push through the hard skin. He came out of it without a mark with the exception of one on his cheek near his nose and that was not emphasized.

The dear people kept us furnished with chicken and juicy beef with which to make broth, fruit for juices, everything was done for us that could be done.

It was not until we were almost out of quarantine that we heard what happened in California. There were four cases. These were Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Grabill and Mother Lauby and Charles Lauby, mother and brother of the Rev. John Lauby.

It was a happy day when I led Joseph out into the yard to sit in the Arizona sun that could stew any remaining germs out of his precious body. He sat in the sun day after day with his hat drawn down over his eyes, just baking his back in the sun. This kept up until the three weeks were up and the quarantine was lifted. Joseph's skin was soft and fresh as that of a newborn babe. It was so pink as to seem transparent.

There was only one other case in Phoenix and that was Lillian Diller. She, with others, sat in the choir the morning Joseph preached when he had fever. Not another choir member took it. We prayed much that it would not spread. It gives one an awful feeling to think that you are a public menace. When Mr. Grieder took down and Joseph knew that he was the cause, he wrote, "We are believing God will not let the disease spread any further. Such darkness hangs about me, though no condemnation. Praise God! I believe God in the dark. The Word of God is the only sure foundation to stand on and build upon." That is the last entry for several days, then the day the quarantine was lifted we have, "Took my special bath soon after dinner. Brother Joseph Egly came and brought us to the Commercial Hotel. Looked after a few matters in view of leaving tomorrow for Fort Wayne. Am very weak yet, but we are trusting the Lord step by step. He is encouraging our hearts."

We left for Fort Wayne the next day and arrived in safety and none the worse for the long trip. In five days after reaching home, Joseph met with the School Board in its annual business meeting.

It was only two weeks later that we went into the

busy season of Commencement, with visitors and the usual commotion at such a time.

A Trip To Grand Canyon, Arizona

In all of our going from place to place, from one state to another, we never took a side trip but once, and a friend gave us the trip to the Grand Canyon. Here we had a sweet experience. We asked the Lord to bless our visit to some needy soul. We arrived after dark in a drizzling rain. Went to Bright Angel Hotel to get a room for the night. We had asked the Lord for a room facing the canyon. After we were assigned a room, the clerk called Joseph back and said he wanted to change the number of the room to one that had just been vacated and was a room facing the canyon. He did this without knowing that we wanted just such a room. We were shown to our room and the maid was not through making the bed and arranging the room fresh as the other guests had just left. Joseph went out into the hall but I stayed in the room to talk to the girl. She was very tired. I could tell by what she said to me just as she put the finishing touch to the room. She looked at the empty match safe. To get a fresh box of matches, she had to go to the hotel lobby a block away. She sighed and said, "Does your husband smoke?" "No," I said, "my husband is a real for sure Christian." She gave me one relieved look and smiled, the first one I had seen from her. I called to Joseph and he came in for the room was ready for us. The girl stayed and talked for a half hour or so. She told us she had been at the hotel for six months and had not heard the name of the Lord mentioned one time. She said that she lived in Kansas City and had been saved only a short while before coming to the Canyon. She wanted to join the Pentecostal Church and because her hair was bobbed, they would not accept her as a member, she should wait until her hair had grown long enough to coil and then they would gladly take her into church

membership. So that is why she was away from home. She had found this job only to hold it a few months. She was so happy when she left our room that all of her tired look had gone and she was smiling as she said good night. Just before she left the room, I asked her what the chances were for "seeing the Canyon tomorrow." She said, "None at all. We have not seen it all day and as it is still raining the fog will not lift." We were only going to be there one day and we knew we would see the Canyon even if it was foggy.

We awoke the next morning and looking out over the great wonder, we saw it filled with fog. We dressed and went back to the hotel to the dining room, ate our breakfast and walked out to see the Canyon. The fog had lifted and there it was in all of its wonders! We saw the party who were taking the mule-back route. The little creatures were walking slowly and placing each foot carefully before lifting the other. We started out on what they call "The Rim Route." The view was so entrancing that we do not know how far we walked. The view was constantly changing. The Colorado River looked like a silver ribbon at the bottom of the Canyon. A small cottage (it may have been a very large one, but looking at it from our distance it looked small) on the side of a hill was a rest halt for those going down on the mules, for those who could not stand the riding. I was not ready to go back when Joseph said, "Now we have gone far enough." "Oh," I said, "just one more point, I want to see what is on the other side of this point." "No, we must turn back," and back we turned. The trip back was just as wonderful. We saw the wonders from a different angle. There was a tree leaning over the edge of the canyon and by leaning on it, one could see down into the depths a little deeper. I held to the tree and leaned over on it, Joseph caught me by the arm and pulled me back. I saw the look on the faces of those

who had taken the trip with us. They were shocked that any one would take the risk. I was so unconscious of any danger that I did not realize what I had done until I saw the position of that tree. A fall meant going down thousands of feet without stopping on the way. Later in the day it came over me what I had done and I shuddered to think of what might have happened. A guide said there were three kinds of sight-seers. One who had the "post card craze" and others, those who were all the time exclaiming at the wonders of the Canyon and a third were those who quietly walked along saying nothing and kept wiping their eyes with their handkerchiefs. As we reached the hotel, I saw what looked like smoke coming along the sides of the Canyon. I said, "What is that?" Joseph said, "That is the fog returning." Had we gone further it would have caught us and we would not have finished our trip with the canyon in sight. Joseph was always right. He felt we should return and it was a beautiful trip from beginning to the end of the trail. By the time we reached our room we could see nothing but what looked like a great caldron full of steam.

We left at noon. The fog did not lift again, but we had seen what we had gone to see, the wonders of nature, God's handiwork and were helped in our souls. We found a note on the dresser from the maid saying we would never know what a blessing we had been to her and that she was encouraged to go on in her Christian life. This girl was May Hamm from Kansas City.

The comment Joseph made on the canyon was simply, "The canyon is wonderful." If he had raved over it as I did, it would not have been like him.

We went on to California, making the usual stops, taking in one extra and that was Lodi where Rev. John Schlichting was pastor of a church. God had worked and souls were helped, but the enemy caused division and discouragement. The flock was scattered and went

elsewhere and finally the doors were closed. I never have gotten over being sorry.

I must tell you about our visit to Shafter. We will not forget the blessing of the Lord on the people. I remember after all these years how near the Lord was in those few meetings. A young man spoke to me saying, "You do not know me, but I know you because of the experience Mr. Ramseyer had at Pueblo. It was my father who helped Mr. Ramseyer find Rev. Hein. My name is Boese and I was only a small boy at the time but it made a life-long impression." They, that is the family, were so glad to meet Joseph, a man who was in time with God to the minute. Mr. Boese felt the presence of God in being thus approached. You will find the story in "Incidents By the Way." These people in Shafter had gone through a harrowing experience with a plague of rats. There had been a long dry spell and then a deluge of rain. Someone had planted corn in a pond and when the rain came, it was found that the pond was infested with rats. The rain forced them out of their holes and they came by the thousands toward Shafter. They crossed the highway causing autos to skid and go into the ditch, then they came in such hordes that the highway was impassable. They were making for the town, those hungry rats. Trenches were made around the town, the trenches were filled with rats and more rats crawled over the filled ditches. Then the people went to their knees. Sea gulls came to that inland town and devoured those rats and thus saved the town. When at Reedley we told that we were going to Shafter and this story was given to us by a friend.

From Shafter we went south to Pasadena and were with S. D. Burkeys when the old year passed out. Joseph wrote on the last day of the old year, "All praise to God for what Jesus was to us through another year. We have entered the New Year in Jesus' name. Trusting Him and expecting very much from Him for 1927." While we

were in Pasadena, we called on Rev. W. E. Blackstone. When we left he had us form a prayer circle and he prayed for us. We had read his book, "Jesus Is Coming" and we were glad for an interview. We have adopted that circle of prayer for it was a blessing to us that day and is every time we observe it.

An Eventful Visit at El Paso

Here we had a peculiar experience with The Full Gospel Circle. The Plymouth Brethren had gotten them under such bondage that they would not let Joseph speak. He spoke a few words anyway as our friend had invited him. We decided to have a cottage meeting at our friend's home and some of the same people attended. The bondage was lifted and we had a blessed meeting. A man who had been steeped in sin gave his testimony. His Christian wife could not talk to him, he did not want to be preached too. One night in desperation he decided to end his life; he was miserable but would not yield to God. His wife called some of her Christian friends in for a prayer meeting to pray for her wicked husband. While they were in prayer he was on his way to the railroad water tank to end his life by drowning. He started up the side of the tank and half way up, one hand was paralyzed. He supported himself by his other hand. There in that helpless plight he called on the name of the Lord, praying for forgiveness. He was able to hold on with the one hand. I do not remember how he got down, but he was saved that night and went home to his wife a very humble, contrite husband. His dear wife had her answer while she and the friends were praying. He told this so sweetly that it touched all of us. "God is not willing that any should perish."

We visited Jaures, Old Mexico. We saw sin, sin, sin everywhere. In the church was a dead Christ. A sad woman at the altar with a lighted candle was praying to an image on the wall. There were several images and



The Ramseyers at Their Back Door.



"The Love Nest" in Fort Wayne, Indiana.



Back view of the Fort Wayne home.

I wonder if she knew to which one she was praying. We were glad to get back to the United States side of the Rio Grande River. Thus ended another western trip. This was our twelfth visit to the far West, the twelfth to Arizona, but the tenth to California. We reached Fort Wayne at the end of the Easter Vacation.

In all of our traveling, we were found in Fort Wayne for the Commencement Season. That was the last week in May. We never missed being at home for that occasion.

In 1929 we began our second building. We had ground breaking service on Wednesday, September 18. "God was near, I read I Kings 6:1-7." It was the day for the opening of the new school year.

The next item in the diary is, "The blessing of the Lord is on the school. The work on the new building is going on nicely." The new building was to be Bethany Hall, a dormitory for the boys. Somewhere in between the time the work began and when it was finished, it was decided to use it as the girls' dormitory.

We were out in conventions for a number of weeks, but came home for the cornerstone laying. Though it had been raining for over a week, Sunday, October 27, dawned bright and clear, a most beautiful day. It could not have been nicer. Many out of town folk were present. Joseph's text was Haggai 1:12-14. The points were:—A vision, a revelation, the effect, God's approval. The service was a blessed one. The Lord gave liberty in speaking. In November we had good weather and the work went on rapidly and the building was under roof before any real winter weather set in.

After the laying of the cornerstone, we went out to our conventions again. It was nearly the end of the year before we finished. Christmas found us at Fort Wayne in charge of the vacation days. This gave the other teachers a chance to have a vacation.

The work on the new building went steadily forward.

The weather did not halt it, although below zero.

I do not know the date of the dedication of Bethany Hall and the girls moving over from the Administration Building but I remember it was a great time. It was in the spring of 1930. We did very little traveling but stayed to help get things adjusted and it was not until after Commencement season that we left for an extended trip to the far West.

It was on this trip that we went to Seattle, Washington. We went to a mission in the evening. The superintendent of the mission came in and saw Joseph. Walking up to him he said, "You look as though you might be religiously inclined." Joseph told him he was not only inclined but he was walking in the way with all of his heart. We spent one night in Seattle, stopping at the Richmond Hotel.

We left the next morning for Brinsmade, North Dakota, stopping in Montana a few hours. We were not permitted to stay at Brinsmade long. After we had gotten nicely started, we were called home to Union City, Tennessee, on account of the death of my youngest brother, Lea, who died suddenly leaving a wife and two fine boys. Just twelve days later Joseph's mother was called to her reward. The two going so close together, the young and the old, tore at our heart strings. We committed ourselves anew into His hands to press forward, working day by day as He gave the strength, working while yet it is day.

Commencement Season of 1934

It was on this Baccalaureate Sunday that our dear brother, the Rev. Byron G. Smith gave the address in the First Missionary Church, May 21. Commencement day was May 25, and on Friday there was the usual scattering of the students to the four corners of the United States. On Saturday morning Mr. Smith came to the Institute for a committee meeting. He went to his office asking

the members of the committee to lengthen the time for the meeting as he was not feeling well. The committee never had its meeting. Mr. Smith had a heart attack and lay on the couch in his office from morning until four in the afternoon. He left somewhat better and wanted to go home. By sitting on a chair, two boys were able to carry him down the front steps to his auto waiting at the driveway. Tuesday, May 29:—"Our dear brother B. G. Smith was laid away this afternoon. Funeral in the First Missionary Church at 2:30 P.M. Superintendent Mosier presided and preached the funeral sermon. We do not understand God's plan, but we do know all is well."

At the close of the year we were on the West Coast again. We were in S. D. Burkey's home the last night of the old year. The diary says, "Praise God for all He did for us during 1934 and trusting Him for greater things during 1935." We were on this trip through the middle and far West over three months, returning to Fort Wayne in February.

Building of Our Little Home

On September 3, 1936, we began planning our little home. On Saturday Brother Michael and Rev. Mr. Stauffer staked off the house in the afternoon. In Jesus' name we are going ahead with the building.

We asked Emanuel Stauffer to build our house and gave him a picture of a ready cut house that we liked. He took it home with him that night and when he came the following morning he had a pencil drawing of the house as it stands today. We liked it and made no changes. We had no blue print. The basement is under the whole house with the exception of the solarium. I wanted an attic. Mr. Stauffer said he did not know how much of an attic it would be until he saw the pitch of the roof. We have an attic with a roof high enough for two rooms when needed. We were hovering around all the time the building was going up like two robins building a nest. We

were very happy over the prospect of having a home. We had lived in two rooms at the Institute for thirty-two years and appreciated them, but to have our own home after all these years was like the "Bread cast upon the waters" and it had returned after many days.

On September 13 when the frame work of the house was up, we had to leave for the middle west for the local conventions. We wanted to stay at home but we must be in the will of the Lord. We got back November 8, and found things moving on nicely on the little house. We were glad we did not miss the service we were able to render in Kansas and Nebraska these six weeks. Our home was completed enough in February for us to move in. What a happy couple we were! We called the house our "love nest." Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. White and Virginia, sent a lovely box from Memphis, Tennessee, with furnishings for the five rooms. Other friends gave until the house was furnished. The students gave a large rug, desk and chair and an occasional chair. "We slept in our little home last night for the first time, January 27, 1937."

Someone remarked, "When the new wears off you will get tired of just the two of you sitting down to the table." In astonishment I looked at her. It was better every day and on into months and into seven blissful years. I am glad that I have it to look back on now that they are ended. He knows why. I do not ask questions. It is enough that He willed it so. When we went on our trips and turned the key in the lock, I never looked back for it was sweeter to leave in His will than to stay and be out of His will. I did not want the "love nest" to come between us so that He would have to take it from us.

One night He showed us how quickly it could be snatched from us. We had just returned from Cleveland at 2:00 p. m. At 5:00 o'clock I was preparing supper, Joseph was in the basement looking after the fire. All

at once the house jarred and the falling of broken glass brought Joseph in haste to the kitchen. We both ran to the front of the house to see the roof of the front porch hanging in mid air, the post was gone, broken glass was scattered on the desk and on the floor. We looked out to see an auto standing in the yard, wheels sunk in the soft sod, another auto just rounding the corner, a man jumping out and rushing toward the auto in the yard, pulling a man out of the disabled auto and putting him into his own auto. Joseph ran out and called to the man helping the other man in his auto. "What does this mean?" The man answered, "I am taking him to the hospital." They were off in no time. The usual crowd gathered and two policemen came on the scene. One of the men went out to look at the name on the car license. He came in and told us that the man who owned the car was drunk most of the time. We told the policeman that the man was taken to the hospital. He called every hospital in the city and no one by that name was in any of them. We saw through it then. The friend who rounded the corner evidently was following the drunken man and thought to get him away before the crowd gathered. Nothing to do but wait. The crowd dispersed, the policemen left. We boarded up the broken window, put a post under the sagging roof and left the loose boards lying in the yard, the north end of the railing was torn completely away. About 9:00 P. M. two people came to the door. One was the man who had rounded the corner and taken the drunken man away in his car. The lady with him was the wife of the drunken man. They told us to let them know what we wanted for the damage done. We asked if the man was drunk and they denied it. They came again the next day and brought a wrecker and carried the car from the yard. They came a third time. The last time they were here the wife said, "You have not talked ugly once and I thank you." We let them know by testimony why we

had treated them kindly. I asked if there were children and she said, "Yes, two little ones." I could tell that she smoked and she was dressed like the world. We tried to reach her heart while it was tender. She listened but we never knew what came of it.

Mr. Shank of Grabill was the one we called on for repairs and he made all as good as new.

It was September, 1942, when we went to the middle west for the local conventions that we had to cancel one stop we wanted very much to make and that was Milford, Nebraska. We had not been there for a number of years and we had a desire to be with the dear ones there just one more time. When we were through with the last convention at Rain, Nebraska, we felt we must not stop anywhere else but return to Fort Wayne to our little God-given home. That was our last trip of any distance. We made a trip to Chicago in January, 1943, and one to Union City, Tennessee, in the fall of 1943. I am glad we can see only one step at a time. It would have spoiled that trip home to see the boys from Military Camp to know that it was the last time. We enjoyed every minute we were there and the boys remember "Uncle Joseph" as he waved a good-bye the day they drove back to camp. Yes, I am glad He holds the future in His almighty hand.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Incidents by the Way

THE PUEBLO EXPERIENCE

"In December 1901 I went to Pueblo, Colorado, to visit Rev. F. Hein. I had written two letters stating when I would arrive but, on reaching Pueblo at 10:30 A. M. December 21, there was no one to meet me.

"I did not know in what direction he lived only that he lived in the country. I had no way of finding out and felt perplexed. I walked up the street facing the depot, walking two blocks. He said within me, 'Go back to the depot and sit there until exactly 1:00 then walk up the street.' Walking back to the depot I sat down facing the clock. At 1:00 o'clock I started down the street. I walked one block, two blocks and was crossing the street when my attention was directed to the right. A man was driving across the alley a half block away. He said within me, 'Go speak to that man.' I reached him just as he had crossed the alley. I spoke up and said, 'Do you perhaps know a man by the name of Frank Hein?' 'O yes, he is my nearest neighbor.' I then told him my need and he said, 'Go back to the depot and when I am through with my business I will call for you and take you to Mr. Hein's.' I said as I walked back, 'I must be in time with the Lord to the minute.' Had I gone a half minute sooner I would have passed the corner before the man drove out of the alley, if I had been a minute late, he would have crossed the street and been out of sight before I reached the corner."

While in California several years ago, we were in a church near Bakersfield. A young man came and spoke to me saying, "You do not know me but I know your hus-

band. I was a small boy when my father brought him to the country to be with Rev. F. Hein. He took supper at our home and my father took him over to Mr. Hein's after supper." This small lad never forgot what was told him about the experience and it made a life-long impression on him.

* * *

A VIVID EXPERIENCE AT STERLING, KANSAS

The experience of Mr. Ramseyer while at Pueblo, Colorado, was very blessed to me and I often asked the Lord to let me have one similar to it.

About five years later I was happy to have the Lord bless my soul with something very precious to me.

We were holding meetings out in the country near Sterling. The meetings were held in a tent. We made our home with Father and Mother Jacob Fliginger, Rev. A. Fliginger, his son, and his family of wife and little five-year-old Violet.

My brother, Dr. T. R. Garth, of Cheyenne, Colorado, wrote that he would be glad to visit us while we were so near. We spoke to the friends, and they said, "Write him to come." The time for coming was arranged. He wrote that he would get to Lyons, Kansas, on a morning train but would have to wait for a 6:00 P. M. train to get to Sterling. We told the Fligingers of this and they said we will go to town and do what business we have and be ready to come home at 6:00. The old white mare, one of the horses we were to use, had a little black mule colt. It did not know how to follow and the mare did not want it out of her sight, so we had an eventful trip to town.

That mule was either running ahead or lagging behind. It was all right with the mother when ahead, for she could see it, but when out of her sight she was always wanting to turn around and go back. Well, we got there all right and put the team away for the day and went to the stores.

Around 11:00 o'clock, Mrs. Fliginger said that Violet and I should go to her sister's and wait there as it would not be so tiresome. I did not know the sister so hesitated, saying that Violet and I would take a walk first and then go to her sister's. The little girl and I went out of the store to the street. I stood for a moment, then turned my face toward the depot. Walking about two blocks we saw the depot a half block away.

At this moment I saw a hack drive up to the depot with two men on the back seat. We kept walking toward the depot and by this time, the men were out of the hack, and to my joy, I saw that one of them was my brother. He had expected to wait at the depot until 6:00 o'clock having told us he would be there at that hour.

It was now 11:00 A. M. We visited in the railroad park until 12:00 o'clock and went to dinner together with Rev. and Mrs. Fliginger and little Violet.

I thanked the Lord for giving me the blessed experience that was so clearly from Him.

* * *

FIVE IN A BED

On Joseph's first visit to Pueblo and when he had the experience mentioned elsewhere, he was asked by this friend, the Reverend Hein to accompany him to Sugar City, Colorado, to visit the sugar beet people. The two went for a two-day trip. They stopped in a hotel the first night and the next day went out to the sugar beeters. These people lived in tents in the middle of their ranches. We here in the East just cannot imagine the size of these ranches. It will give you some idea when we say that those living in the tents were not near neighbors. Their water supply was brought to the tents in barrels and made to last as long as it could, no water was wasted. They had to haul it for miles. Their tents were sixteen feet square, that is, the average ones. These people were Lutheran in doctrine but as one man said to Joseph, "He

had seven children and it did not matter who baptized them, he had to pay anyway." If you understand German, what he really said was that he had "Seben stick." Seven pieces. Joseph did not baptize the "seben stick."

The family they visited and where they had a service, invited their neighbors far and near and that small tent was more than filled. There were two beds, a table, stove and a box for a cupboard. I must say I am guessing at the box cupboard for that would be in keeping with the rest of the furnishings. At the close of the service that night and the people were leaving, Joseph and Mr. Hein prepared to leave for their hotel. The man of the house said they were welcome to stay with them and said it in a way that Joseph was afraid to refuse for fear his preaching might be of no avail and he did want so to reach these needy people. He did not see how they were to be accommodated, but that was not his problem. They consented to stay.

The mother began preparations for finding a place for everyone. She placed a chair at one side of the bed at the head and told the fifteen-year-old boy to take off his coat and lie down with his feet on the chair. She told their thirteen-year-old boy to do the same, putting his feet on a second chair. Then placing two more chairs, the eleven-year-old twin girls took their places and a fifth chair was placed for herself, five in bed number one. Then the father of the family went to bed in the second bed lying near the wall of the tent, then Mr. Hein took the place in the middle and Joseph was last and he lay on the inside rail of the bed. A chicken had been roosting on the foot of the bed all during the service and was undisturbed by the people. When the three men were in bed, the cat came and jumped upon the bed and curled herself up for the night so there were five in bed number two. Joseph lay there and wished for the morning. The mother was up several times during the night to keep the

fire burning, for it was very cold. There was snow on the ground.

At the first rays of the morning everybody was up and moving. The father went to the wash basin and poured out a small portion of water and washed his face and hands. The mother did likewise and then Mr. Hein washed in the same water. Joseph's time came next. He took the pan and poured out the water that three had washed in and got fresh for himself. I do not know but that the children washed in the water he used. They had breakfast and left for town about a mile distant.

I have heard Joseph tell this and enjoy telling of five sleeping in bed number one and five in bed number two.

* * *

A REMARKABLE HEALING

Sometimes it is said when anyone has been divinely healed, "The healing will not last." To strengthen the faith of those who are looking to God for the healing of their bodies we want to give one of the many wonderful healings of years ago, that lasted. In 1905 we met Miss Clara Stocksiek whose healing is given below. At our request she wrote this testimony, and we published it in the October issue of the Missionary Worker of that year.

A few weeks ago we met her again in Peoria, Illinois. She was well and happy as always. We said to her, "Well, you are certainly a living witness of God's faithfulness to His Word," to which she replied, "The Lord is just the same as ever. If people would only believe Him, He would do great things for them."

"At the request of a dear brother in the Lord, and to the glory of my Savior, I will relate my experience of healing.

"I was an invalid for nine years and the most of that time was confined to my bed, suffering with great pain.

I was nineteen years of age, just in the bloom of life.

My affliction started with inflammation of the spine and other diseases which resulted in spinal curvature. I was twice at the hospital, the first time twelve weeks and the second time fourteen weeks.

The Lord alone knows how much I suffered during my first stay at the hospital. When the physician informed me that I was to go back the second time, it was difficult for me to decide, and I told him that I must ask the Lord about it. The Lord showed me that I was to go, but why I was to go was not revealed to me, but I obeyed.

After I was in the hopsital four weeks, the priest came to see me. I gave myself earnestly to prayer, that the Lord would give me mouth and wisdom to show him the way of life clearly. It would take too long to relate the conversation passed between us, only this remark which fell from his lips,—no one had ever spoken to him like that before. In conclusion I said to him; "Suche Jesum und sein licht, alles andre hilft dir nicht."

It now became clear to me why I was to return to the hosptial and I praise the Lord with my whole heart for leading me there.

During the last five years of my sickness a tumor formed in my abdomen, which according to the statements of the attending physicians grew until it weighed over eighty pounds. What indescribable sufferings I endured! My tongue had swollen until it became as thick as two fingers, so that often for weeks I could not speak. Then the swelling would leave and the blood ooze from my tongue. The physician told me my whole interior was like my tongue.

I was examined by at least fifteen physicians and pronounced incurable. None of them knew the exact nature of my disease. They wrote to specialists in New York, a description of my case, but they also pronounced me incurable.

The last stage of my sickness began July 4, 1891. To my other afflictions was added a displacement of the stomach, which resulted in the formation of tumors in the tubes (magen roehre) of the stomach. I was unable to take solid food, only drink a little. The terrible suffering which I endured during that time cannot be told. Often for six hours at a time I would lie in the grip of the severest pains, so that it required my mother and three sisters to hold me in bed. But one thing I must say to the glory and praise of my Savior, that the greater the pain, the more I could sing hymns of praise and thanksgiving, because I was lying upon two soft hands—the hands of my Savior.

The Lord gave me special strength so that I could glorify Him, without ever thinking of murmuring. The physician told my dear mother that I could not possibly live, as I had not taken any solid nourishment for five months. I already began to anticipate my departure with joy. And yet the conviction lingered with me that the Lord could deliver me.

It was Saturday morning, Feb. 6, 1892, that my mother had put me into the chair while she was making my bed. While I was thus lying in my chair reading the Word—for the Bible was ever my companion—I came to the passage where Jesus said to the woman—"Thy faith hath made thee whole." My eyes were opened and I was enabled to believe that Jesus could make me whole. I began to plead with God in prayer, and said, "Jesus, I will arise in Thy name." I attempted to arise but fell back again into my chair. Then there came a voice to me, "Get on your knees." But oh, what a test that was. How should a helpless cripple kneel. I felt anew that if I did not do this I should soon depart. Upon this I ventured slowly to leave my chair. As I was about half way from my chair, two soft strong hands laid hold of my back and placed me on my knees. And oh, what glory! It

seemed as if the Lord Himself were present, and He was present in the Spirit.

As He placed me on my knees I gave myself to Him, and asked Him, if it was His glory He should manifest His power in me and make me fully whole. At once the voice came, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." What an indescribable glory and heavenly joy filled my heart in the sick room! In the same moment that I heard the voice, a sensation like an electric shock passed through my whole body and I felt the power coming upon me. I arose and stood erect. The growth in my abdomen was gone: The smaller tumors had vanished; my spine was straight, and I walked back and forth in my room. Then I arose and took all my medicines and threw them out. I knelt down and thanked God for the wonderful work and asked God for strength. I went into the kitchen where my mother and sisters were. They thought I had lost my reason, but I declared unto them that Jesus had made me whole. The joy was great.

Then I walked upstairs and began to search for my clothes, as they had already been laid away. I dressed myself and asked my dear mother to give me something to eat. My tongue was as clean as though nothing had ever ailed it. I was up until midnight of that day and felt no weariness. The next day was Lord's day. In the morning I went to the house of God. Oh, what joy to be free from all pain! For through the nine years I was not without pain.

Since that time I have never felt any symptoms of those diseases. Since then I have done a great amount of work and my greatest joy is to be with the sick.

Hoping this testimony may do good to many, I remain your sister in Christ, CLARA STOCKSIEK, 120 Widenham St., Peoria, Ill.

EARLY DAYS AT THE BIBLE INSTITUTE

When the Bible Institute was built in the fall of 1904 there was no sewerage, no water system and no electric light line.

The first thing that was done was to drill a well. All of our drinking water was drawn from that well for a few years. We had cisterns that furnished water for the laundry and the washing of dishes.

Coal oil lamps were used for lighting for the first year. We asked the city to permit us to extend the line from Organ Avenue (now Kinsmore) with the promise that they would reimburse us when they were ready to extend the line. They promised they would do this but when the line was extended, we could not get them to keep this promise. We said very little about it for we had been able to have the electricity through our private line several years before the line was extended by the city and this had meant much to the school. That year when we used the lamps we had a table in every hall where the lamps from the bedrooms were placed before breakfast. When someone forgot, Ed Leightner, the boy with the coal oil can would call out, "Bring out your lamps." The swinging lamps in the center halls and the middle of the chapel were taken care of by those who had charge of the halls and chapel. There were wall lamps in the halls, chapel, dining room, and kitchen. Some of the wall brackets are still to be seen in some places.

Everybody had to wear rubber heels for the noise in the halls and other public places was distressing.

We had a barn, a chicken yard and a pasture. Billy, the horse, made one trip a day. Bossy the cow, furnished milk for the tables with the help of the milk man. The chickens furnished fresh eggs for cooking and the young frys graced the table during the vacation season.

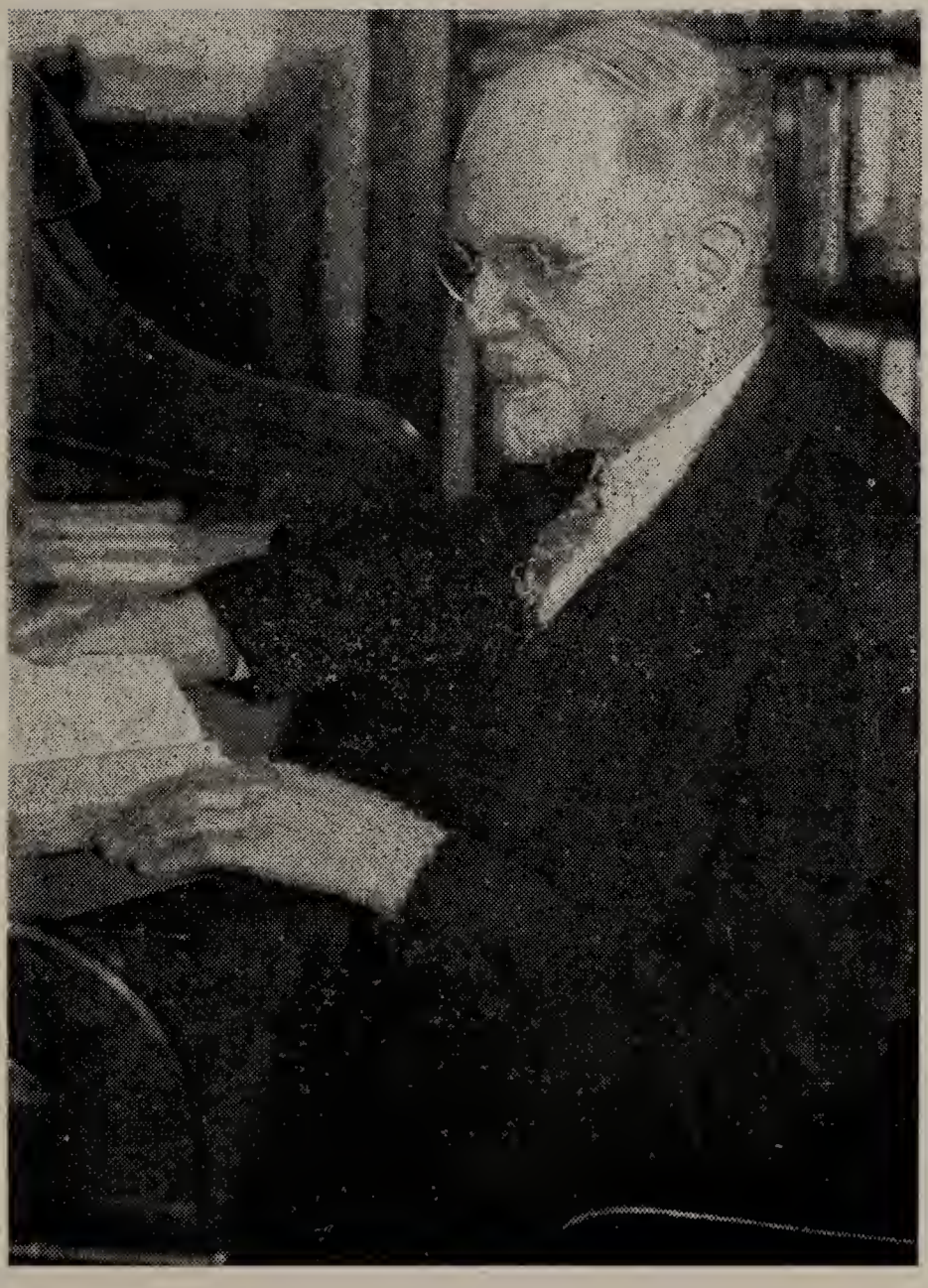
When dear brother Lugibihl left us and went to glory, we had to let Billy go. The pasture looked lonesome after

he was seen no more standing looking over the fence when Bossy was in the stable giving down her milk. When Bossy was led to the gate and turned into the pasture, Billy quit looking over the fence and followed Bossy down to where the grass was the greenest. The horse and cow both left about the same time. The chickens were permitted to stay until we got near neighbors. Then Jack Dempsy, our fighting rooster, and his family had to leave because Jack got up too early to suit the neighbors.

The tennis court was near the chicken yard, and some times the tennis ball fell over the fence into the chicken yard. Jack would stand guard over the ball and when he saw anyone coming toward the gate, he ruffled his feathers and showed an antagonistic spirit. The boy (a girl never ventured inside after the ball) always took a stick along when he went after the ball. He had to chase Jack to the far end of the yard before he could pick up the ball and be quick at it for Jack was back, bent on fighting. He followed the boy to the gate with his feathers still ruffled. My nephew, Albert Lea Garth, gave our rooster the name Jack Dempsey because of his fighting nature.

After Billy was gone the next best was a Model T Ford. It tried to climb a telephone pole one day on the way to town and that was its last trip. Then came the truck. When one had a ride from Fort Wayne to Berne and back, they were ready to call it a day. We did not keep it long as it was not propitious for team work. Next was the bus that held thirty or thirty-five. That was all right for chorus work but as there were two groups, the boys' chorus and the girls' chorus and we had to rent a second one, we gave up the bus after two years or so and rented two buses, one for each group. Then came the Plymouth and the Dodge, and we have them at the present.

The barn was torn down when W. H. Lugibihl came



Rev. Ramseyer at his desk.



Mrs. J. E Ramseyer standing under the arbor.



Mrs. J. E. Ramseyer and her brother, Dr. T. R. Garth who early encouraged her to write of the Lord's workings through her husband. Seated are Tom and Frank, Dr. Garth's sons and their dog, Sandy.



Mission house occupied by the Ozark Missionaries. This house was built by H. B. Schmidt of Elbing, Kans.

to take the place as business manager. The present garage was built with the lumber from the barn. The barn stood between Bethany Hall and the Founders' Memorial. The pasture for the horse and the cow is now where the Founders' Memorial stands.

The driveways came next. We had cinder walks made with the cinders from the furnace. We made our walk from the Administration steps to Kinsmore Avenue. It was "a path through the woods." A low place half way down to Dayton had a bridge across with a lighted lantern hanging beside it. Before we had the bridge, the girls would lose their rubbers walking through the mud and the boys would wade in and fish them out. When they reached the car line the girls would leave their rubbers on the porch of the house on the northeast corner at Kinsmore Avenue. There they took the street car on the way to the Columbia Street Mission or on Saturday on the way to the street meeting. We had a narrow plank over that low place along the cinder path and the girls walking over that plank stepped off sometimes. That is when they lost their rubbers. We made the little bridge and spiked it down and that was more satisfactory. The lantern was brought to the school by the last boy to cross the bridge. At least I judge it was so arranged for we never left the lantern over night.

Joseph was walking along that path through the woods one afternoon about 4:00 o'clock. He met a little girl with a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk. The milk was ice cold and unhandy to carry with the bread. Joseph said, "May I help you?" and took the bottle of milk. He watched the little one after they reached the campus and she walked west toward what is now the Annex and was lost among the underbrush. The day following, he met the same little girl in the same place and she had a loaf of bread and an ice cold quart bottle of milk. "Oh," said the little one, "I'm just in time." He took the bottle of

milk and they walked toward the Instiute on the "little path through the wood." He never lost an opportunity to help where help was needed and he regarded this child worthy of his help.

We learned to know our new neighbors, the Foelingers, who had built a pretty bungalow on Indiana Avenue before it was a paved street. The mother and two little girls attended our Sunday School and church service in the chapel of the Bible Institute. Joseph was preaching on a Sunday about Christian growth. He likened some Christians to small trees that sway and bend with the wind. He said some are like that giant oak on the west end of the campus, when the wind blows you see a movement up in the tree top where the leaves flutter and the small branches bend a little but one could stand with his back to the tree and never feel the slightest quiver. From that day to this, that old oak has been called "The Old Christian." Mrs. Foelinger gave it that name.

We were on a rural mail route and got our mail once a day from the rural carrier's mail wagon, put in a mail box on the corner of South Wayne Avenue and Rudisill Boulevard before there was a South Wayne Avenue or Rudisill Boulevard. Rudisill was a sixteen-foot country road and South Wayne Avenue was not even laid out as a street. There was a wheat field on the south of the road and another in front of the building on the east. Wild strawberries grew along that dusty road and wild grapevines climbed the rail fence that ran along the road to the river. A spring of water was in the Weibke woods lot. A sunken barrel made a trough from which the cattle drank. Violets grew in profusion down by the river, and the old mill dam held the flood water back in those days.

For years we had a baptismal service at the close of the school year. The baptismal pool was at the foot of what is now Rudisill Boulevard. We later changed to a place

further down the river in Foster Park. This was a shady place and the river was quiet at this point. It seemed more sacred.

Time changes! It has been years since we have been to the river for a baptismal service.

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EARLY DAYS ON THE HURON PENINSULA

In 1895 Joseph and his sister Barbara made an evangelistic trip through Kansas. Their return home was a great encouragement to the company on the Huron Peninsula. Preaching services and weekly prayer meetings were conducted in the homes. Most of the houses were small. The section line north of the "two mile corner" had not been surveyed. Very few people had buggies—so most of them went to the service in wagons or on foot. They had to walk much of the time on account of bad roads.

As some one said, "We were as poor as church mice, but as happy as larks." They never thought of staying at home when the weather was bad.

There was one outstanding prayer meeting that shall never be forgotten. This was held in Cousin Andrew Herford's two-roomed house. The roads were bad. The young men put on rubber boots and when they came to a place that was worse than others, they laid poles across the hole and the ladies walked on the poles and the men led them across, walking in the mud and water. All went on foot. The little house was just a shell. The rain was pattering on the roof but a more blessed one was falling from higher than the clouds on the little group that filled the house. They went home after the service, through the mud and water, greatly rejoicing.

Those were wonderful days. Happy hearts made heavy work seem light. No one was too tired after a hard day's work to walk to the home where the meeting was to be held. They did not want to use the tired horses

that had worked in the field all day and often in new ground, so walk they must if they wanted to go,—and who did not want to go? No one wanted to miss! When the crust on the snow was strong enough they walked across field, hand in hand, ready to pull any one out who stepped in a soft place in the snow.

These days when these same people get into their automobiles and "get there quick" we wonder if they ever think of the time when they had to walk. Has the blessing increased with the new mode of travel and do we go in all sorts of weather?

Before the coming of the automobile, larger homes took the place of the small ones. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Herford used to move their table out in the yard to make room for the dear folk who crowded into their small house on Sunday and week-day. Now on the same spot stands a large roomy house only a short distance from the "White Church."

* * *

THE PROFANE MAN

In the early days in Michigan, the Canadians were looked upon by the old settlers with the feeling of restraint. The old settlers were called "roughnecks." The newcomers were different. There was an aloofness for a long time. At length they were won by kindness.

There was one old man who was never reached, try as they might to get him to change his way of living. He was so vile in his profanity that it seemed there was no hope for him. He went on his own way for more than twelve years.

Here are some of his wicked words. He said he "wished he could put his foot on the neck of Jesus." It made cold chills pass over Joseph to hear such vile words. He also said, he "wished he were a cow so that he could eat all the time."

He went on in his wickedness until he was overtaken

by the kindness of a little girl. It was after the "White Church" had been built and the Rev. Jacob Fliginger was pastor. He often went to see the profane man but no amount of persuasion had reached his sin-benighted heart.

One day as he was leaving home to make another visit, his little daughter Lillie, who was a girl of six or seven said, "Papa, take old Mr. Heyman this pretty red apple." When Mr. Fliginger entered the miserable house he called home, the man treated him as before, with indifference.

Mr. Fliginger reached in his pocket for the apple and held it up for Mr. Heyman to see, saying that his little daughter had sent it to him. For the first time, the old man was melted to tears by this act of kindness and was saved "as a brand plucked from the burning."

He told that while in his sinful state, that he had a vision of hell and literally saw the fire burning beneath him. Twelve years is a long time to reject the love of God. This shows how patient God is, showing He is not willing that any should perish.

* * *

A TRUE FRIEND

Joseph's first trip to Memphis was made when he was a stranger. Someone had given him the names of two godly sisters. One was a Mrs. Bradford, and the other's name I do not remember. These ladies told him of a Mr. Marrs. Joseph went to see him, and his visit was a blessing. He went several times, but never went unless he had an hour to spend.

This Mr. Marrs told him of a friend of his by the name of A. A. Sharp. Joseph went to call on Mr. Sharp. Captain Sharp (that was the name he went by) at once felt the sweet spirit in Joseph and their spirits blended from the first. The Captain was a man with a large frame. Joseph felt like a little man in his presence. Before Joseph left, Captain Sharp told him of a Captain Briggs,

saying he is a deacon in our church, and "I want you to meet him." Joseph had told him he had come to Memphis to find an opening for the full gospel and the captain was much impressed. Captain Sharp gave him a note of introduction to Captain Briggs.

The next day Joseph called on Captain Briggs. The usual greeting passed between them and then Joseph handed him the note saying it is from your friend Captain Sharp. After the note was read, Captain Briggs said, "Well, you do not look as if you would hurt anyone." Joseph smiled at this, and after a brief visit he left with an engagement to meet Captain Briggs the next day at Captain Sharp's office.

Joseph went the following day to meet these two men, Captain Briggs and Captain Sharp. Joseph arrived there first and soon Captain Briggs came bustling in. After a brief conversation Captain Sharp said, "I could have told you yesterday what I am going to tell you now, but I wanted to talk the matter over with some others. Then he told them that it had been arranged for Joseph to preach in the Baptist Church of which these two men were members.

This was the beginning of our ministry in Memphis. Joseph often went to the office of Captain Sharp and had sweet fellowship. They had many precious seasons of prayer together. Captain Sharp was president of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad. He told Joseph he wanted to give him a trip on his road. So it was arranged for someone to accompany him to Jackson, Mississippi. There he was entertained by a friend of the Captain. This friend wanted to do something extra for Joseph in the way of serving a good meal. Now those people in the oyster belt think a meal served with oysters as the main dish is just about the best. Joseph never ate oysters and you can imagine the disappointment of his host when this was found out too late, for it was not until he refused a serving.

When Joseph returned to Memphis, he bade Captain Sharp farewell for the time being. On a subsequent trip, the Captain took him out to see some work he was having done on his road. They went horseback. He was grieved when he saw that the work was being done by about one hundred convicts. One man was dragging a pick chained to his ankle. Joseph asked, "Why does he have that pick chained to his ankle?" He was told that the man tried to escape and this was the penalty. Joseph said, "The way of the transgressor is hard." After leaving the convicts, they went to see "Old Tom," a colored man, who was making board shingles. Joseph said "Old Tom" stopped working on his shingles and preached a better sermon than he heard in some of the formal churches that he had visited. Captain Sharp told him of another gang of men he had working under him, and they were Negroes. One day one of the men lost his watch and it was nowhere to be found. The Captain told them "There will be no more work until the watch is found." He told several of the men to throw one of them across a barrel. Two men were told to give him a thrashing. Captain Sharp was near and told them when to stop. Now he said, "We will thrash another and so on until we find the watch. Before another was placed on the barrel, the lost watch was found and returned to the owner.

Captain Sharp visited one of the Missionary Church conventions which I think was the Beulah Park Convention. Something happened at one convention but I do not know just which one. Captain Sharp had never quit smoking. He smoked ten-cent cigars and smoked two dollars worth a day, if I remember aright. He took notes in the meetings and went out alone afterwards to rewrite them. One day while thus engaged, an Italian, a little man, approached this big framed man in this manner: "I see you smoke. May I pray with you about being delivered?" Captain Sharp said, "Yes, you may pray

with me." "When do you want to be delivered?" "In two days," said Captain Sharp. He said afterwards he was like Pharaoh,—why did he not say, "Now." The little Italian prayed a simple short prayer and left the Captain. Two days later while correcting his notes with a fresh lighted cigar in his mouth, such a sense of conviction came over him that he felt like a sinner. He took the cigar out of his mouth and threw it as far as he could. That was the last he smoked, but for several days he went through great distress. After that was lifted, he never wanted another cigar.

It was in Captain Sharp's home that I went as a bride. That was in May, 1902, and before we returned to Memphis, Captain Sharp had gone to be with the Lord.

I must tell this incident. One day while in their home I heard the telephone ring. The Captain answered. It was a girl at the other end who asked to talk to Earl (Captain Sharp's son). "And who are you?" asked the Captain. "I will not tell," came the voice at the other end of the line. "Then I will not call my son." He waited and there must not have been any response, so he hung up the receiver. Thus ends the story of a true friend, one we missed when we knew he was gone.

I am not telling of the work that grew out of that first meeting with Captain Sharp. You will find it elsewhere. Out of the beginning grew meetings in a downtown hall and the Alliance Tabernacle at Memphis is an out-growth of those steps of faith on down through the years.

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AN EDITORIAL FROM THE PENTECOSTAL HERALD

It was my privilege to preach the Commencement sermon at the Fort Wayne Bible Institute, located at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The school is the property and under the control of the Missionary Church, a deeply consecrated

people whose object is to get the gospel to all who have not heard the good news.

They have two splendid buildings situated in the residential part of the city in a square covered with majestic forest trees. I at once felt the spiritual atmosphere of the place. There was a dignity, with simplicity, Christian courtesy, excellent order and every evidence of true piety and genuine earnestness in the work of this institution.

The President is Rev. J. E. Ramseyer, as pleasant a Christian gentleman as you will meet anywhere, loved and honored by the officials and students of the school. He has been at the head of this institution more than thirty years. He is one of those intelligent, devout leaders who does not need or undertake to drive; he hardly needs to say, "Follow me," but goes along so wisely, so kindly and yet true to his convictions and the leadership of his Lord that the people delight to follow him.

I was present on the evening the graduating class gave their entertainment. The music and singing were of a very high order. I think practically all of the class are preparing for Christian service; many of them for the mission field. The officials, faculty, and all whom I met impressed me with their intelligence, devotion and the concentration of their thought and purpose for the ongoing of a true evangelism. As I understood them, they are loyal to the Bible teaching of full salvation from sin through the atonement made by our blessed Lord and Saviour. It was refreshing to spend a delightful evening with these good people and speak to them in their vast church auditorium which was packed with people, floor and gallery. I came away with a profound sense of gratitude for so devout and earnest people, consecrated to the spreading of the gospel throughout the world.

—H. C. MORRISON.

After he had arrived in Fort Wayne, Dr. Morrison said in a conversation with Joseph that on his trip from Asbury to Ft. Wayne, he meditated on the reasons he had for not being proud.

BURNING THE MORTGAGE AT CHICAGO*

Under the grace of God, that is what Humboldt Park Tabernacle has been able to do. After twenty-five years of struggle with indebtedness they are now free. As Captain Nels Olson said, "It is wunderful!" I asked Rev. Mr. Habegger to give me some of his testimony to put down here. He replied that all he could remember of his testimony were the words, "It is wunderful!"

Coming from the train we entered the general office of the Tabernacle to find a large office table literally covered with legal documents looking very stern, but absolutely disarmed and not able to lift one accusing clause. Their requirements had been met, even the chattel mortgages and notes that had stood so long, the owners could not collect. These were all met. What the law could not do, grace had stepped in and made good. As I looked over that table I asked to see the first and last mortgages and they were pointed out, one with a white cover and the last with a blue cover, they reminded me of bees without stingers. There they lay, condemned to be burned. Those papers that had caused many a restless night for those whom they concerned, soon to be a pile of charred paper.

Mr. A. W. Tapp then led us through the private office and we entered the auditorium through the prayer room to find the large congregation in prayer. After a song by the choir, Mr. Habegger read the first eighteen verses from I Peter, third chapter, "What manner of persons ought we to be," were the words he took for our admonition. His message was forceful and to the point. At the close he asked if we were reading anything that was more interesting to us than our Bibles, and suggested the newspaper and Reader's Digest. Not that these were wrong for our reading but if we took more delight in

*Copied from the MISSIONARY WORKER, February 1, 1943.

them than our Bibles. At this point he asked, "Do you love me yet?" To which there was a hearty "Amen." He then said, "You might just as well for I am going to continue to preach it."

The forenoon meeting closed, and at 3 p. m. the people were back for the big event. There were the piles of mortgages on the pulpit. An aluminum tray with the candle was near by. On the front row of seats were those who had a part in what was to follow. After an opening song and prayer, the first one called to the platform was Captain Nels Olsen. He is near his nineties, and some one helped him to mount the platform. The first mortgage was handed him. He opened it and said, "Yes, here it is." He saw his name signed with two others to this document. The other two have gone on and he was the only one left. If he had had to pay that mortgage it would have taken all he possessed. He held it open in his hands, saw it was canceled, and said, "It is wunderful!" He repeated this word many times. It must have looked like the impossible to him; then with a shaky hand he held it over the candle. It caught fire and the flames went through each open sheet until it had caught well, then he laid the burning mortgage on the tray and watched it go up in smoke. Some one helped him down to his seat again, and others followed. It was interesting to hear the different ones tell of how to save the property, one mortgage after another was made and note after note signed by faithful ones doing all they could to keep from going under. There must have been over one hundred papers and notes as every mortgage had other papers attached to it. Sometimes a loose piece would fall out when the mortgage was open and fall to the floor. Each piece was picked up and placed in a now blazing fire. It was touching to hear these testimonies given by those who had their heart in the work. Everything in the Tabernacle was mortgaged at one time, even the typewriters and desks as well as

larger pieces of church furniture. This went on for over an hour, one after another coming and telling their experience; and now the joy in knowing the "long night" was past, the morning was dawning when they could make headway, and not have to put their offerings in this hole that seemed to have no bottom. Finally Mr. Habegger announced that Mr. Miller, a preciously saved man had come to the front and worked and prayed with the others and just recently the way opened that brought the climax. I wish I could give it to you in detail but you will have to go to Chicago to the Tabernacle and ask some one there to give you information that would convince you that God's Word is true which we read in Isaiah 27:3. "I, the Lord do keep it, I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." These chattel mortgages and notes that were outlawed having also been paid in full to the owners were especially interesting. No law could have compelled the paying of these notes, but there they were marked "paid in full." It made a good brotherly feeling in that church when everybody knew that nothing was left to keep this occasion from being a complete success. Mr. Miller held the blue covered mortgage open in his hand and then as he held it over the flame, the feeling that ran through the congregation was intense. The pile of legal papers with "canceled" written across every one lay on the tray and the flames leaped over a foot high as the blue covered one caught fire. Those on the platform stood silently around the blazing tray, while we in the congregation sat with bated breath! Mr. Habegger then stepped forward with an envelope. He turned it upside down and a large handful of papers fell out. He held them up saying that they were odds and ends that must be burned with the rest to make the burning a finish. The dying flames burst out once more. Waiting for this to subside Mr. Habegger said, that from now on they would be able to carry out the great commission of our Lord, "To go into all the

world" with their young people and giving of their means to reach the "all nations" and claim the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." The tray was taken from the pulpit where the burning was done to a point where all could see the end.

Mr. Ramseyer was announced as the next on the program, and he came forward with a fitting message from Phil. 3:13, 14. "This one thing I do."—Men of clear spiritual vision have but one thing in view. "Daniel purposed in his heart." Dan. 1:8. David desired "One thing of the Lord." Psa. 27:4. Mary chose the "One thing needful." Lk. 10:41, 42. Paul, "This one thing I do." Phil. 3:13, 14. This type of men and women he said, are "True Examples; Soldiers of Christ,"—"Trail blazers."

God used Rev. J. O. Wester to blaze a trail for Him, for a goodly number of others to follow, then He took him home.

After a few years the Lord raised up another trail blazer in our dear brother, your beloved pastor, to tell the people, "This is the way." Let us "walk in it." As we read in our text chapter, "Brethren, be ye followers together with me," in other words, "Let us walk together." WALK TOGETHER with me, in this trail—and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an example. Put a mark on them, thus blazing a trail for others to follow, even after we are gone.

During the message, the burning was going on. Interspersed with columns of smoke were little tongues of fire. The smoke would ascend to a height of three or four feet, then tongues of fire would shoot up brightly for a second or two, then flicker, go out, and another column of smoke. This kept up until at five o'clock, one hour and a half after the first mortgage was laid on the fire, the tongues of fire shot up for the last time, burning a few seconds, then were lost in a puff of smoke, and all was quiet. The aluminum tray held a heap of ashes as the

congregation joined in singing a song of victory and praise. The auditorium was filled to capacity and many in the galleries to witness this unusual sight which took place on January 17, 1943, between the hours of three and five P. M.

* * *

THE CHURCH ACRE

A number of years ago, Mr. Cornelius Friezen of near Beulah, Kansas, bought a forty acre farm and reserved one acre on which he built a Missionary Church. This was across the road from the country schoolhouse.

On these forty acres was a nice country home in which the pastor of the church lived. This pastor was Rev. Samuel Gerig, with his wife Lavina and five precious children, Frieda, Jesse, Harry, Walter and Irene. Mr. Gerig had given up his home farm in Indiana to follow the Lord and his whole heart was in his work, so it was not he that made the work hard sledding, but the location of the church. There was opposition from the first and it was not long until this lovely little country church was closed. Mr. Gerig went from Beulah to the Missionary Church near Sterling, Kansas.

Several years passed and two oil companies came into that community and discovered oil on the farm where the church stood. The community went wild over the prospect of striking oil and many gave right of way to these two oil companies. One company bought on the one side of the road and the other on the opposite side. The church was moved off its foundation and carried to the farm home of Cornelius Friezen. The little schoolhouse was also moved to another location and the once quiet corner underwent a radical change. A large derrick was built on the spot where the church had stood. After the well was sunk, oil flowed in abundance and for a number of years a good size check was sent to our treasurer, Mr. Noah Schumacher, and the money flowed into

the church treasury. The accompanying pictures show the church and the derrick with J. E. Ramseyer standing on the derrick in both views. We were made to realize that "there is something more than oil," as well as "something more than gold," for in a few years the oil ceased flowing and now the farmers have oil soaked ground for their experience in the desire to get rich quick.

* * *

A MISSIONARY CHURCH IN THE OZARKS

No one can describe the beauties of the Ozark Mountains. They must be seen. Just at this season when I am writing this story, the autumn beauties are in abundance. The sumac with its fiery red leaves trying to outdo the larger trees, the yellow of the maple vieing with the golden rod, the underbrush in its lowliness is not behind in its flaming red and says to the tall poplars and hickory trees, "I am as lovely as thou art." Yes, these colors must be seen to be admired. The artist may attempt it but they cannot be put on canvas.

And in the midst of this beauty stands Bunyard School House where the First Missionary Church holds its Sunday services.

Going on down the road you pass the home of the Smith family whom we learned to love and a little further we come to a turn in the road which brings us to the Missionary Home surrounded by this same beauty as we see around the School House. This home was built by Rev. H. B. Schmidt and his wife, Janie. The home is occupied by the missionary in charge of the community work. Rev. M. R. Parker and his faithful wife and dear children were the first to occupy this home and nobly filled their place and endeared themselves to the mountain people. Mr. Isbell who is in another community has been and still is "going about doing good" and comforting many sad hearts and helping the lost to find Jesus. Mr. Parker and family have moved to Chino, California, and

are now serving in a church there. Their place in the Ozarks has been filled with two worthy young people, Rev. Emanuel Stauffer and his good wife, Marian. Mr. Stauffer worked in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee before going to the Ozarks and knows something of the blessedness of working among the mountain people. They are being made a blessing to the dear people worshipping in the Bunyard Community.

A set of automobile tires lasts about nine months. The roads have been much improved under the faithful hand of Mr. Breeden, road supervisor. I count it a privilege to have met these dear people. I will never forget our two visits to the Ozarks.

* * *

SOME EXPERIENCES IN TRAVELING

We missed a train only once in our travels and that was in Toledo. We were on our way home to Fort Wayne and did not have an engagement ahead so we had nothing to think about. We spent a few hours writing while we waited for the next train.

When the time came for us to start out on an evangelistic trip, we went regardless of how we felt and found the Lord faithful to His promise, that "as they went they were healed."

One time I made a two months' trip with a bedroom slipper on my left foot. When not in meetings I kept off my foot to rest it and give it a chance to heal. I pieced my first quilts on that trip, one was a nine-patch and the other the flat iron. I finished them and my two sisters-in-law, Cordie and Margaret Garth were kind and quilted them for us.

Sometimes when we started out on a trip we had just money enough to buy our tickets, but on the promise that He would supply our needs, we went forth to find Him at the other end with supplies.

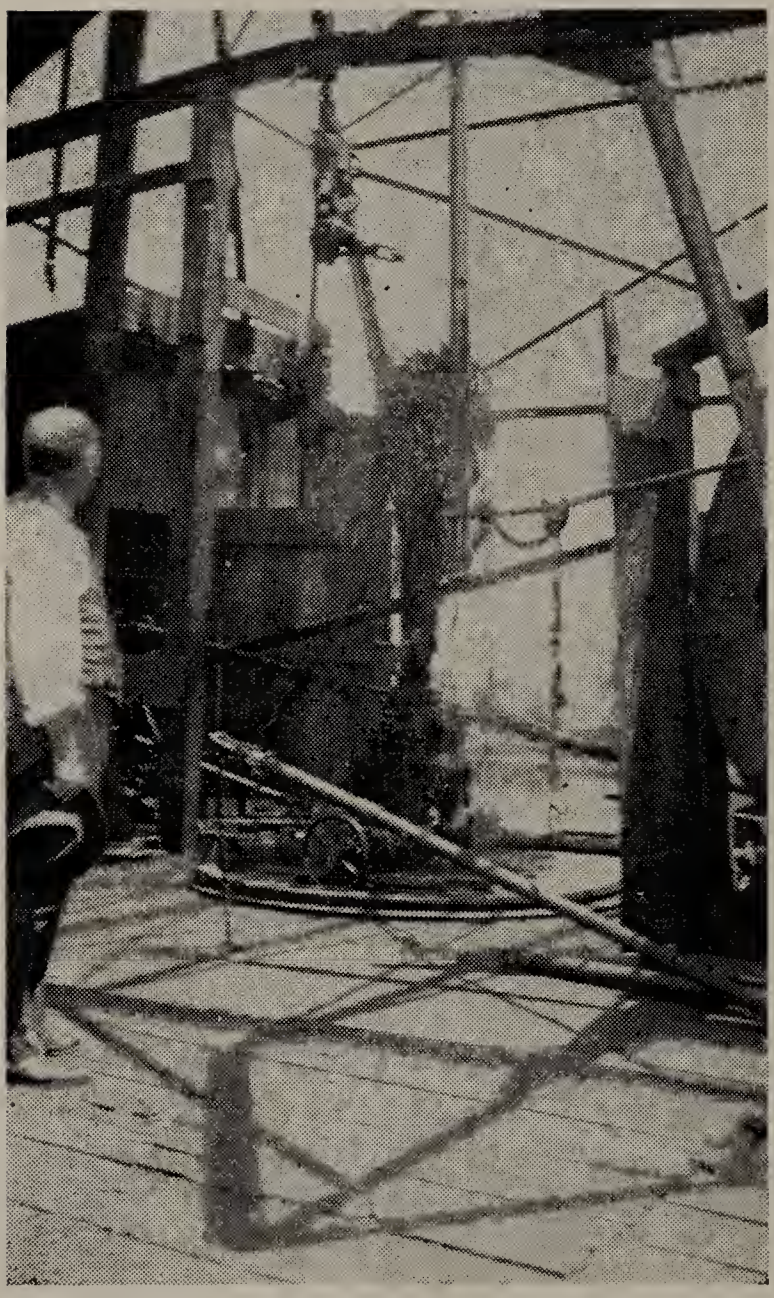
We have been in places where the Word was not ap-



The church that stood on the "Church Acre" near Beulah, Kans.



Joseph standing at the oil derrick that now stands on the "Church Acre."



Another view of Rev. Ramseyer on the Oil Derrick.

preciated. We were ignorant at the time of the indifference, but it always broke down and God and His Word were winners every time.

In some places we found that opposition had been broken down before we arrived on the field. We knew nothing of it but were made to feel the coolness in spirit warming up with Joseph's presence. He had a sweet overcoming way that was irresistible. To God be all the praise. Never once did we find Him behind time but always ready and "present in time of need."

Once a man was angry with Joseph, and coward that he was, he let Joseph get out of reach and attacked me. God prevented him from hurting me. It was after Joseph left the house that the man came at me with hand uplifted to strike but he never hit me. Joseph and I knew nothing of the man's attitude or Joseph would not have left me and I was surprised when he attacked me unprepared. God took care of us all unknown to us.

* * *

"SAID I NOT UNTO THEE, IF THOU WOULDEST BELIEVE, THOU SHOULDEST SEE?"

See what? "The glory of God." Yes, to Him be the glory, He has vindicated us when vindication was necessary. A man came into the meeting one night with a club in his hand and marched down to the front seat and sat down in front. The presence of God enabled Joseph to preach as though he was not there. That man left the church without using his club.

One time two boys came to disturb the meeting. Both were saved and afterwards both preached the Gospel. They confessed afterwards that they came with an evil purpose.

Sometimes the power of God fell on the meeting and people acted as though they were not in church. There was no undue demonstration but an unseen power that made one forget all else but God and His wonder work-

ing. It was on a night like this that we were told that there were as many people outside of the church as there were inside. There they stood on the sidewalk. They could not get in, but would not leave. They just stood there. God spoke to hardened sinners those days. One was the county judge. He had never made any profession of salvation and did not care for it. He was one of our faithful friends ever afterwards. The Lord got hold of an infidel and though he never went far enough to satisfy us, he continued coming to the meeting until the close. Joseph had to make a confession to him but he did it. The man was disturbing other young people and Joseph rebuked him openly. The Holy Spirit rebuked Joseph and the next day he asked the infidel to forgive him, telling him that he had done wrong in rebuking him openly. That is what touched the infidel. He continued coming but he never disturbed the meeting after that. How sorry we were that he did not come to an open confession of sin.

"Said not I unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe thou shouldest see the glory of God?" What we saw in that meeting was only a foretaste of what Joseph is enjoying now.

* * *

A PRAIRIE FIRE

We were in Kansas near Minneola, holding a meeting in the Concord Missionary Church and making our home at Ben Guth's. (Mrs. Guth is a sister to Sara Rith of Chicago.) One day, just after we had finished our noon meal, I went out into the yard. I saw in the distance what looked like the grass on fire. I did not go in to tell of it for I did not realize I was looking at a prairie fire. Joseph soon smelled the fire and, being used to such fires, he at once came out to investigate. He called back to the men in the house to come quickly and bring matches. We had company that day so there were three men to

fight fire. I think our company was the Rev. Henry Klopfenstein, the pastor of the church. There was the house to save and a field of standing corn. Those three men ran down the road quite a way from the house and separating themselves at different intervals, and holding the lighted matches to the dry grass, soon had quite a "back fire." The two fires raced toward each other. What a sight it was. I will never forget it. We forgot the danger of the house burning and the standing corn. The fire was terrible to behold! We wondered what would happen when the two fires met. What a moment! With a roar they came together and the flames jumped about six feet into the air, and the next minute all was over, the danger was passed, the house was saved and the field of corn. We praised God for His wonderful protection.

Somewhere down the road it may be that a lighted match was carelessly thrown aside after lighting a cigarette.

Another fire that stands out in my memory was a forest fire in Florida. The forest was a turpentine forest. We had gone to the country to visit some Canadians who had bought land during the Hallman expedition. Joseph being a Canadian, they wanted a visit with him. We were still at the noon-day meal when Joseph sensed danger from burning grass.

Again there were three men. They went outside to see and one ran back for matches, then it was time for the rest of us to run out to see what was going on. There was a fire among the trees and the grass underneath on fire. The house was right in the path of the fire. A "back fire" was started and soon the two fires were racing toward each other. They did not meet with the same force as the prairie fire since the main fire was in the trees burning those oil filled trunks. As soon as the fire was out in the grass, a dense smoke filled the air. One man left to go to his home. Hurrying down the road he

soon was lost to sight as he entered the smoke-filled area. We stood and watched him but we could get no sight of him. We never heard what he found when he reached home as we asked to go back to town at once for the smoke was making our eyes burn and filling our lungs. When we left the poor trees were still burning.

* * *

BIBLE SCHOOL FOUNDER TO SPEAK AT MISSION

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA—The Rev. J. E. Ramseyer, President of the Fort Wayne Bible Institute, Fort Wayne, Indiana, will deliver a series of addresses at the City Rescue Mission, 310 North Washington Avenue, beginning on Wednesday and concluding the following Sunday.

Mr. Ramseyer is not only the president of the Fort Wayne Bible Institute where many hundreds of young people have received training and gone out as missionaries to all parts of the world, but is also its founder. It was at this school that Mrs. T. J. Weatherly, wife of the local mission superintendent, taught for some time. It has grown steadily with the years and recently a new $65,000 building was erected to help care for students who come from all parts of the country.

In addition to carrying the responsibility of this splendid institute, Mr. Ramseyer has labored untiringly in the pioneer work of establishing churches in the unchurched sections of the Middle West. He is now President of the Missionary Church Association which has established churches from Detroit to California.

Mrs. Ramseyer, who will accompany her husband, conducts the "Sunshine Makers" department in the "Missionary Worker," official organ of their Church. She has had years of experience in children's work and will speak at the Sunday School hour, June 21. The meetings are all open to the public.

THE HEALING OF A DYING MAN

One evening after six o'clock, Joseph's brother Michael came over and asked him to go with him to pray for a dying man. The two went to the home to find the man, Mr. Carpenter, lying with his eyes set and staring at the ceiling. He was paralyzed on one side.

Joseph sat down beside him, praying in his heart for wisdom. He said to Mr. Carpenter, "Do you want us to pray with you. If so, lift your hand." The man lifted the hand that was not paralyzed just a bit, enough so that he had moved it. It dropped down again. Again Joseph said, "Do you believe Jesus will heal you? Lift your hand again." Again the hand lifted just a little and fell back as before. Joseph then prayed in a very few words, asking God to raise him up for His glory. At this point a man at the foot of the bed cried out and dropped on his knees. The two, Michael and Joseph, went and knelt beside him. He was the son of the dying man. While they were praying they heard a very sweet voice singing, "Glorious freedom, wonderful freedom, no more in chains of sin am I bound."

They looked around to find the dying man with both hands uplifted and singing. His wife and daughter went to his bedside, the one on one side and the other on the other. He reached out and put an arm around each one. Joseph said to his wife, "He will want something to eat." As soon as Joseph and his brother were gone, the sick man went to the kitchen and ate. The following night they went back again and the "dying" man met them at the door. Joseph said, "Sit down and tell us about it." "Well," said the man, "no sooner were you gone than I went to the kitchen and ate my supper." "What did you eat?" Joseph asked. "I ate beans, potatoes and bread and drank some coffee." "Why that is what a working man eats," said Joseph, "not a dying man."

Then the man continued: "This morning I went to

the basement to get a scuttle of coal and as I was coming up the steps the doorbell rang. I went to the door to find our family physician standing there. He stared at me in blank amazement and said, "I expected to find you dead." He had said the night before that he had only one chance out of a hundred to live till morning.

The two brothers visited with him a while and had a prayer and praise service before leaving.

* * *

HEALED OF A BROKEN NECK

While at McEwen, Tennessee, Rev. M. S. Schrock asked Joseph to go with him to visit a man who had broken his neck and had it in a harness, supported from both sides, the harness resting on his shoulders. Joseph went into the room and saw the man sitting in his chair with such a look of distress on his face that it made him long to help all he could.

The man said, rubbing his chest, "I have such distress; Oh, such distress." Joseph asked him if he knew the Lord could help him and he said, "Oh, yes, pray for me."

There were several in the room and they gathered around the chair and Joseph laid his hand on him praying that God would in His infinite mercy help. While they were still standing there, the man lifted both arms and grabbed Joseph around the neck and some one else on the other side, and jumping from his chair, he jumped up and down saying, "Oh, I feel so good; Oh, I feel so good." Joseph said he was glad when he got through performing for it was rather hard on his neck.

Joseph said, "Brother Wheeler, I believe you can take that harness off your neck." When the doctor came the next day, Mr. Wheeler asked him to take the harness off. The doctor remonstrated with him, saying, it was not time, that his neck had not healed sufficiently. Mr. Wheeler said, "If you do not take it off, I will." When

the doctor found he was bent on removing it, he said, "I will take it off." To his surprise, the neck remained in place and it was found to be fully restored.

* * *

THE HEALING OF MR. MARTIN OF MONROEVILLE

Mr. Martin was working on a downtown building for Mr. John von Gunten. A scaffold was built over the sidewalk. Mr. Martin fell from the scaffold to the cement walk below, falling from a distance of two stories. He was taken to the Lutheran Hospital.

Mr. Martin called for Joseph to pray with him. When Joseph entered the room, the doctors were getting ready to take him to the operating room to find the extent of his injuries. Joseph said to them that they should wait as Mr. Martin had requested him to pray for him. The doctors and the nurse stepped back from the bed.

Joseph went to the bedside and asked, "Mr. Martin, do you believe Jesus will heal you?" Mr. Martin said with assurance in his voice, "I do."

Joseph then prayed a short prayer asking God to take away the pain and heal him for His glory. Mr. Martin was then taken to the operating room and found to be very seriously injured. Joseph waited a day before returning and found him lying on his bed quietly. With a smile he said, "I have no pain." When he left the hospital, he used two crutches, later we saw him with a cane and still later he walked without any support. His healing was remarkable. His weight at the time he fell was over two hundred pounds. The distance he fell with so heavy a body, it was nothing short of a miracle that he was not instantly killed.

God had a work for Mr. Martin and raised him up. We went to Monroeville for Sunday services at Mr. Martin's home and he was a blessing to his neighbors.

NOTE: Two other accounts of healing appear elsewhere in the book. The one is the healing of the blind

eyes of dear mother Jacob Witmer who threaded a needle without glasses when nearly ninety. The other is what we called "The Rupture Chain." Mary Wanner was healed of a rupture. This was told in a meeting in Tennessee, and a lady was healed of a rupture, and so on until the chain had many links.



Ground Breaking at Founders' Memorial.

CHAPTER VIII

The Miracle Building

The music department of the Bible Institute has been growing from the first. About seven years ago it was very evident that something must be done to relieve the situation in the Administration building and Bethany Hall. Just about the time one would settle down for study, a pupil in the music room began vocalizing. Mr. Gerber's music studio was over the general office where the main business is transacted. It was only a typewriter that could get by with a vocal lesson, but when dictation was being taken that was a different thing. The tail end of a thought vanished in thin air when any one began practicing.

We prayed much that we could have a music hall where the pianos would be in soundproof practice rooms.

A committee of nine was appointed on August 24, 1937, to plan, finance, and construct a music hall. Investigation was made of modern types of construction and tentative building plans were laid, but due to lack of finances no beginning could be made on construction.

This delay was providential, for as time went on, the governing board authorized the larger building program. On March 5, 1940, six members were added to the building committee.

On December 13, 1937, Mr. Leroy Bradley was engaged as architect. On January 18, 1940, the building committee recommended to the trustees a larger building at an estimated cost of $75,000. On August 17, 1940, a public campaign for funds began at the Bible Institute Rally with an offering of $3,223.99. When it was decided to put a basement under the entire structure, the cost went up to $85,000.00.

In view of rising prices and inadequate funds and imminence of war, the building committee prayerfully considered postponing the undertaking. This was May 21, 1941.

In July, 1941, someone from the city called over the phone saying he had heard we contemplated putting up a large building and that he had the iron beams for just such a building. If we needed them at once, he would hold them for us, but if we did not need them, they would be turned over to the government.

The governing board was notified and the reply came, "Go ahead at once." We called for the iron girders and all that goes to make a large building. They hauled them out to the Bible Institute campus and they lay there until they were needed.

The first thing that was done was to cut down our beautiful trees. On Thursday, August 7, the trees were cut down and removed for the new building. The trees were sold to a sawmill company. The day the load of logs was carried away to the sawmill seemed like a funeral. We could not have the trees and the new building!

Quite providentially the Central District Convention was being conducted on the Bible Institute campus at Fort Wayne, Indiana, during the week when the contracts were let for the new school. After the Friday afternoon session of the convention on August 15, guests and delegates assembled on the large area which was marked off as the building site.

An impressive and memorable service was held. Rev. J. E. Ramseyer, co-founder and President of the Institute, was presented as one who had been with the Institute through all the years since its origin and who has seen it through its crises and triumphs. The breaking of the ground was done by eight persons who represented successive steps leading up to this major development.

First, Rev. Walter H. Lugibihl, the son of Rev. B. P. Lugibihl who established Bethany Home in which the Institute was founded, took the first spade of earth from the building site, thus representing the first step in the growth of the school. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," (I Corinthians 3:11) was the first passage read.

The next development in establishing the school in Fort Wayne was the erection of the Administration Building and this was represented by our beloved veteran, Rev. William Egle. He told of the sacrifices of the early years. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth, and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." (Psalm 126:5, 6.)

Mr. S. A. Lehman, who was Chairman of the building committee for Bethany Hall, represented the third step in the development of the Institute. "For every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things is God." (Hebrews 3:4.)

As Chairman of the present Board of Trustees, Rev. J. A. Ringenberg was the first to represent the new building about to be constructed. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." (Psalm 127:7.)

Representing the more distant circle of our constituency in the far west, Rev. David Siemens took the next spade of earth from the site. "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ." (Col. 3:23, 24.)

Since the Institute is serving as an inter-denominational institution, it was fitting that this part of our fellowship be recognized. This was done by Mr. Bert Hollopeter, a Christian business man of Fort Wayne. "Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one; and every

man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour. For we are labourers together with God." (I Corinthians 3:8, 9.)

Rev. Robert Strubhar, president of the Fellowship Circle, took the next spade of earth from the site. "Be strong and of good courage, and do it; fear not, nor be dismayed: for the Lord God will be with thee; he will not forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work." (II Chron. 28:20.)

The last one in the series was Mr. Floyd Klotzbach, a student of the Institute, who represented the student body which had enthusiastically backed the project by an offering of over $3,000.00. "The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build." (Neh. 2:20.)

The Rev. Henry Roth, who served on the first building committee, gave the benediction.

The memorable service closed with the doxology.

On Monday morning, August 16, the excavation began. The large stumps were a problem to remove. Little Billie Gerig was watching the steam shovel as it made one attempt after another to get at the roots of one large stump. Although the rear end of the shovel had its nose under the root of the stump, it did not give any sign of moving. It went to another side of the stump with the same result. Billie said as he looked at the shovel with its nose under the root and the rear end standing up in the air, "Every time it hits the stump it gets its back up." A lady standing near, looking on, said, "It reminds me of being rooted and grounded."

The work went on unhindered by the weather. In a little over three weeks they were pouring cement. This date was September 6. On December 20 they were covering the roof with tar paper.

The name "The Founders' Memorial" was decided on

September 29, 1941. The dedication took place on May 10, 1942.

The Building Committee with gratitude to God for His blessing and help was pleased to receive Founders' Memorial from the contractors and formally turn over the complete structure to the jurisdiction of the trustees. Its work is thereby done.

However, they carried on their work to completion through the prayers and gifts of many friends, churches, including the Central District of the Missionary Church Association; the fellowship Circle; the young people of the Missionary Church Association under the leadership of the Rev. Robert Strubhar and Oscar Eicher; and the student body of the Institute. Invaluable aid was also given by the field men, Cyril Eicher, Clarence Gerig, Jared Gerig, Harvey Mitchell, Armin Steiner, Edison Habegger, Tillman Habegger, B. F. Leightner, William Uphold, Jr., and H. E. Wiswell. Special field work was done by J. A. Ringenberg and J. Warren Sloat.

The final total cost of the building, $109,000, was paid in two years.

We call it the "Miracle Building." To God be all the praise.

PART THREE

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of stirring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is Heaven.

George Eliot.

JOSEPH E. RAMSEYER

"Yet Speaking"—Through His Sermons

The Epitome of a Life Taught of God

Our brother J. E. Ramseyer was a man of rich experiences with God. This impressed me during the years that I knew him and especially during the twelve years when we were co-laborers at the Bible Institute. He was not a man of many books, although he cherished good books. He studied the Bible devoutly to let it speak its message to himself. He lived in the Spirit and was taught of the Spirit. He exulted in the life of the Spirit. His "*Lectures on the Deeper Life*" were his special contribution to the Institute chapel hour during his presidency. He stood for the baptism of the Spirit as the special privilege of the child of God and urged the students of each year to enter into this experience.

In the last months of our brother's life, we believe God led him through experiences which afford an important final epitome of all that he taught regarding the Christian life. In a paper which he gave to me he pushed aside all of his past experiences as inadequate to meet the need of the trial through which he was passing, expressing undoubtedly for the instruction of us all, the futility of an experience centered Christian life, and teaching us that the irreducible foundation of the Christian's faith is *Jesus Himself*. A portion of this paper is quoted to let our president speak this message for himself:

"I was sick in body, and severely tested in my soul and spirit. I did not sleep a wink, and heard the clock strike every hour. I was reminded of how I was saved behind the plow on my grandfather's farm in Canada—but I could not lay hold on that blessed experience. Then I was led to think of how, in the willow bush on the little farm in Michigan, the Lord gave me the Holy Spirit, and filled my being with His glory so that I sprang to my feet,

and sang a heavenly song—but I could not cling to that. I recalled how He had brought me back from the jaws of death; how He had healed me at different times; and of many, many other manifestations of His grace and power in my own life and in many others; but, nothing helped me—all was dark—and I saw that, though He had done so much for me, yet I would go under, unless Jesus would hold me up.

"After praying for a long time, all I could say was Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! I repeated the name hundreds of times: then this word came from Him, 'As they went they were healed.' This is the way it came to me. I leaned hard on this word, and obeyed: and He brought me out into a larger place than I had ever known before.

"In that night I learned more fully the blessing, and power, and value of the name of JESUS.

"If it were not for Jesus, we would not have any experiences in heavenly things. But, let us never forget, that it is Jesus that holds us, and carries us through, and not our experiences, however scriptural they may be."

LOYAL R. RINGENBERG.

The Challenge for the Harvest

By J. E. Ramseyer

In Matthew nine we read: "When he saw the multitudes . . . fainted and scattered"—He said, "Unto his disciples, "The harvest truly is plenteous." Luke has it; "The harvest truly is great."

I want to mention three of the great things in this significant utterance of our Lord Jesus Christ:

First: The Greatness of the Lord's harvest field. Nc land, no race, no individual is outside of the scope of His field. In the house of Cornelius, the apostle Peter voiced this great truth in the following language: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

Second: The Greatness of the need—or the present status of the harvest. Considerable has been done, in the past century, by many missionary societies — and we thank God for all the precious fruit that has been gathered, however, much more golden grain has perished than has been garnered during the same period. Then the population in unevangelized lands has steadily increased so that there are more heathen today than ever before in human history.

Third: The Greatness of our Lord's compassion. He says: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." And, again we hear Him say; "Other sheep I have . . . them also I must bring." His great heart of undying love is reaching out for the millions in the heart of Africa—in the interior of India, China, South America, and the other sections of His field, as much today as it did for the multitudes that were before

Him, when He said: "Truly the harvest is great." His matchless love for the perishing has not abated—"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

The appeal for help will grip us all the more when we consider the awful fact that the heathen living now, must hear the message in their day, or their opportunity is forever gone.

O how much golden grain is lost every day!
"Truly the harvest is plenteous."

* * *

Faith Believes To See

By J. E. Ramseyer

"I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord." Thus we read in Psalm 27.

In this expression, David touches the secret of believing God. He shows that seeing is not believing; but that faith believes to see—and that faith shall see "The goodness of the Lord in the land of the living," i.e., the land in which we are now living.

If the Psalmist had wanted to see before he believed, he would never have seen what he wanted to see—nor entered into the rest of faith.

Jesus said to Martha, at the grave of her brother Lazarus, "Did I not say unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" (John 11.) No wonder that we read in this connection that Jesus "Groaned in the spirit, and was troubled. . . . Jesus therefore again groaning in himself": and the tears flowing down His lovely face, when He saw the unbelief of the crowd, and the lack of faith, even on the part of them that loved Him.

If we want to see before we believe, we shall never understand. Speaking of the creation of the universe, we read in Heb. 11:3, "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." In other words, the worlds were not developed of things that already existed when God began creation. Or as Luther puts it: "Through the Word of God, all that we see came forth out of nothing." Only faith can understand these things.

If we want to have a special manifestation from God before we believe, we shall never have a heavenly manifestation.

In reading Hebrews eleven, under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, we cannot but be profoundly impressed with the following facts:

1. The wonderful things those men and women of faith saw, that the natural eye cannot behold.

2. The knowledge they possessed of things that puzzle the best informed men, who know not God. Someone said, "Faith runs ahead of science and philosophy, and with a smiling face awaits their arrival at the goal of truth."

3. How, with the arms of faith they embraced the things which God has promised, as we read in verse 13, in this great chapter: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, (i. e. the promised things), but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." These words show that faith has clear vision, deep understanding, and long arms.

These things were written that, we who believe might be encouraged to follow their example.

Of Abraham we read: "That he might be the father of all them that believe . . . who also walk in the footsteps of that faith of our father Abraham." Rom. 4:11, 12.

That means that all who believe "Walk in the steps of that faith." This was not Abraham's faith, but it came to him because his ears and heart were open to God, and he obeyed the heavenly voice without any hesitation. The father of all them that believe did not make an effort to believe, but Faith came to him as he was perfectly open to God and then always ready to obey Him. Here we find the secret of obtaining this precious gift.

Above we said *"Faith"* belongeth to God. Jesus said to His followers—and He says to all of us—"Have faith in God," or, as it reads in the margin, "Have the faith of God," (Mk. 11:22). It is also called "The faith of the Son of God," (Gal. 2:20). He gives this wonderful gift of grace to us all through Jesus Christ, on the same condition that He gave it to Abraham.

In the opening of his second Epistle, the Apostle Peter writes in the following manner: "Simon Peter, a servant and an Apostle of Jesus Christ to them that have *obtained* like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ: grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord. According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness," etc. The Apostle reminds us here, first, that Faith is "obtained" from God, and that it is a precious gift.

Second, that God has "given us all things," i.e., He has put everything we need to live a godly life within the reach of all who believe.

"Faith cometh by hearing . . . the Word of God," Rom. 10:17. What an encouragement this is to all who want to know the Lord Jesus: "Faith cometh" to us. We need not go anywhere to get it. Many would live and die without ever receiving this *living* and life giving gift, if we had to go to a certain place, or person, or church to obtain it. It cannot be bought with money nor can it be had by working for it. It is a gift—and it *"cometh"* to all who

"Hear" God's Word, and are willing to follow the Lord Jesus.

Faith links our helplessness with God's Almightiness. He has put no limit on faith. Jesus says: "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Faith is the only basis on which we can have dealings with God. In Heb. 11:6 we read, "But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." What is the reward that comes to them, who, by faith, "diligently seek him"? There is only one answer to this question—He will reward them with the things for which they diligently seek Him. This applies to the normal Christian life, from its initial stage to the highest degree of Christian maturity attainable in this life, in spirit, soul, and body.

All who "Live by faith," walk with God, and shall be caught away some day, ere long, as Enoch was, either from the grave or, from the surface of the earth.

"By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." Heb. 11:6.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." I Thess. 4:14-17.

Help and Healing for the Body

By J. E. Ramseyer

"Now the body is not for fornication, but for the Lord and the Lord for the body." Thus we read in First Corinthians six. In this chapter the Apostle speaks of the noble purpose for which God has made the human body. He formed it for Himself. In Genesis 2 we have this statement: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Thus in creation, God linked Himself with our humanity. However, by transgression, man fell from his lofty position.

The expression, "The Lord for the body" points first, to Calvary, where God made the all-sufficient atonement for man: and then it reveals that, He is waiting to give help and healing to our physical being also.

In the last two verses of our text chapter, we have the following words: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit which are God's." Two things lie on the surface here: first, that the bodies of the followers of Jesus are the "Temple of the Holy Ghost"—That is, every blood-washed and sanctified believer is a dwelling place of the Holy One. Then, we also get a conception of the value He has placed on the human body, by the "price" He has paid for it: "Ye are bought with a price" the cost of our Redemption—the Blood of our adorable Saviour. "Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit which are God's." The body is mentioned first in this passage, and the reason for this is, undoubtedly, because the Apostle here shows that the human body also shares the benefits of the atonement.

Through the Medium of the Body

The Lord gives the world a living translation of the Gospel: as we read in II Corinthians 3, "Ye are our Epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men." Again we read in I Thess. 1, "Ye became followers of us and of the Lord. . . . So that ye were ensamples to all that believe in Macedonia and Achaia."

Through this channel He also diffuses His heavenly program, for we are told in II Corinthians 2:14, "Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge in every place: for we are unto God a sweet savour." In the second chapter of the Song of Solomon, are these words, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among the thorns, so is my love among the daughters." This is our Lord speaking of Himself, and of His faithful followers. All through the Old and New Testaments, we see Himself identified with His people—and manifesting Himself through them to the world.

Then, again, it is through these vessels of clay that our Lord Jesus manifests His excellencies; as we read in II Corinthians 4:7, "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." The Apostle Peter expresses the same truth more fully, in the following words, "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praise of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." I Peter 2:9. Oh, what a high calling! Let us walk worthy of the same.

In these and in other ways, the Lord reveals, and imparts Himself to all them that gladly follow Him; and then, through them He manifests Himself to the world.

In the light of the fact that the human body is used of God for such holy and heavenly ministries—as stated above—it should not be difficult to see that the body also

shares the benefits of the Great Atonement. The Psalmist saw this, and exclaimed: "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases," etc. Psalm 103.

There is help and healing for our entire being, in God's all-sufficient provision: Jesus is a whole saviour, for the whole man, for the whole world.

Let us look at four points in Matthew eight, which are along this line:

First. There is healing in the will of God, for all who believe, and come to Jesus for bodily help. This is exemplified in the healing of the leper, who came to our Lord, verses 1-3.

Second. There is healing in the Word of God: and it is imparted in response to simple faith. We see this beautifully demonstrated in the restoration of the servant, for whom the centurion came to Jesus, read verses 4 to 13.

Third. Deliverance from sickness is given for service to the Lord: as we read in verses 14 and 15, in the same chapter: "And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever. And he touched her hand, and the fever left her: and she arose, and ministered unto them."

Fourth. Then Matthew points out, that help and healing come to us on the basis of Calvary. This is the foundation of salvation, and all other blessings, all of which the Lord is ever ready to give to them that come to Him. Observe the words in verses 16 and 17. "When the even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses."

An "Earnest of Our Inheritance"

Touching on this line, Paul writes, "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise. Which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory." Eph. 1:13, 14.

From this passage we learn that, all we receive in this life, by obedient faith, for soul and for body—no matter how large the blessing, or how great the gift may be—is only an "earnest" of the inheritance, into which we shall enter, at the coming again of our ever-blessed Lord Jesus.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." I Corinthians 2:1, 10.

* * *

The Holy Ghost Clothing Himself With Human Bodies

By J. E. Ramseyer

1. Jesus needed a human body to fulfill His earthly ministry, and to make an atonement for the whole world. He said (Matt. 20:28), "Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." To minister He had to have a human body. Peter said, in the house of Cornelius, "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with Him."

Again it was absolutely necessary that He cloth Him-

self in human flesh, to be our substitute, and to make an all-sufficient sacrifice for the whole creation,—"Wherefore when he cometh into the world, he saith, sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared me" (Heb. 10:5). Of His substitutionary work we read, "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed." (II Peter 2:24.) And again, "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." (Heb. 10:10.)

2. The Holy Ghost needs many consecrated bodies to do the "Greater Works," Jesus speaks of in John 14:12. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." The *going unto His Father*, meant the *Coming of the Holy Ghost* to do the "Greater Works" through them who "Believe on him (Jesus) as the scripture hath said."

The bodily ministry of Christ Jesus on earth was limited. He could not be in more than one place at a time; and only a small portion of the people living at that time had an opportunity to come in touch with Him.

But the mission of the Holy Ghost is world-wide. He is an unembodied spirit, and clothes Himself with human temples everywhere that are truly consecrated to Him.

3. The Baptism with the Holy Ghost is not only an impartation of divine strength, but it is the Holy Ghost clothing Himself with the surrendered and consecrated bodies of believers. We read in Judges 6:24, "But the Spirit of Jehovah clothed himself with Gideon," (R. V. margin). Gideon was poor, and humble, and unassuming. He was of the smallest tribe in Israel; and he said, "My family is the poorest in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." He was just the man God was looking for, and the Lord has never changed His plan

regarding the selection of human vessels through whom He manifests Himself.

* * *

The Long Hidden Mystery

By J. E. Ramseyer

"Even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints: to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you the hope of glory." Col. 1:26, 27.

I. OLD TESTAMENT SAINTS COMPARED WITH NEW TESTAMENT BELIEVERS:

One of the facts that has long since impressed us, in the study of the word is, that many of the Old Testament saints were much richer in spiritual things than most of the believers are now.

Though God had not revealed Himself so fully, in general, as He has done in our dispensation, yet He told His mysteries to His friends in all ages since the beginning of human history. In Psalm 25:14 we read, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them his covenant." Again, we read in Amos 3:7, "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets." Let us look at a few samples:

"Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." Gen. 5:24. In Hebrews we are told, that he "was translated" . . . before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God." From the brief account Jude gives us of Enoch, it is evident that the Lord had given him a clear revelation of the plan of the ages. When we study the brief record we have of Enoch, we will be impressed with his separation from the world, with his

intimacy with God, and with his farsightedness in divine things.

The language the Holy Spirit uses in connection with Abraham is very significant—"But thou, Israel, art my servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham my friend" Isaiah 41:8. Of the many things that the word says about him who is called "the father of the faith family," we want to quote John 8:56, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad"—Heb. 11:13 helps us to understand this utterance of Christ our Lord. God and Abraham were exceedingly intimate. How it strengthens us when we read of Abraham's faith, obedience, fellowship with God, farsightedness in heavenly things, and his pilgrim life on earth.

The lives of Joseph, Moses, David, Daniel, and many others are similar to the ones we have mentioned above, but we will call attention to only one more in this connection,—"And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by the spirit into the temple," etc. Luke 2:25-27.

From these records we see clearly, that ever since the fall of man, God made Himself known, revealed His plan of salvation, and gave light on the program of the ages to those who entered into close fellowship with Him.

II. THE HOLY SPIRIT'S MINISTRY IN FORMER DISPENSATIONS:

The Spirit was active here before the story of our race began. From the statement in Gen. 1:2, "And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."—We learn that the Spirit had an important part in the formation of the world, and the present creation.

This is a beautiful picture of His work in the New Creation.

In the account of Noah's days, we read, "And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." Genesis 6:3. There were the two classes of people, the one sprang from Seth and the other from Cain. The one was godly and the other was worldly, but in course of time the descendants of Seth, who were spiritual people, also became fleshly, as is seen in the passage given above, and they all, but a few, died to spiritual things, so that the Spirit of God had to give them up. Christ tells us that the condition of Noah's days is but a picture of the last days.

In Psalm 51, David gives a graphic description of the Holy Spirit's work in his own life: after confessing his transgressions and sin, he goes on and prays—"Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit." The Psalmist knew the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, and the power and blessing of having God's presence in our life, as did all the Old Testament saints.

But just as the godly seed before the flood became worldly and lost their spiritual appetite, sight, and life, so the people of Israel became blind to the divine. In His conversation with Nicodemus our Saviour expresses His surprise in the following manner, "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" What a volume of sad truth is contained in this brief utterance.

Though the term "New birth" is not used in the Old Testament yet the truth is clearly taught—and what Jesus emphasized to Nicodemus,—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God," applies to all ages,

from the fall of man to the ushering in of the New Heaven and the New Earth.

It is also very interesting and helpful to notice how God in former dispensations anointed men with His Spirit for special ministries,—the rulers He chose for His people, the priests and the prophets; and many others for various callings, all men and women who knew the Lord, and whose lives were given to His service in some form. This is very significant.

III. GOD DWELLING AMONG HIS PEOPLE.

In all ages God identified Himself with His people. Of Enoch, who lived long before Noah's days, we not only read that, "he walked with God," but we are told also in the Word that, "he pleased God," and that the Lord gave him the witness of this relationship.

After the Lord had made known to Moses, that He had called him to lead His people out of Egypt, He assured his heart with that wonderful promise, "I will be with thee." We read in Ex. 33:11. "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." O what intimacy!

How comforting were, and are, Old Testament passages like these: "For the Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation. This is my rest forever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it."

Again, "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her and that right early." And again, "The Lord in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing." Psa. 132:13, 14; Psa. 46:5; Zeph. 3:17.

God always looked to His people to furnish Him a dwelling place on earth. When He had brought Israel out of bondage, with a strong and mighty hand, through the Red Sea, in which He drowned the whole Egyptian

army which pursued Israel—all of which is a striking picture of the new birth—He commanded Moses, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering . . . and let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them." Ex. 25.

In this connection let us notice a few points about the Tabernacle in the wilderness:

1. All the material that was needed for God's sanctuary, was among Israel, though they had just come out of slavery.

2. Only material given "with the heart" was accepted: and the people brought an abundance—"For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much." Ex. 36:7.

3. God gave the pattern of the tabernacle and all that pertained to it to Moses, and commanded him—"And look that thou make them after their pattern, which was shewed thee in the mount." Ex. 25:40.

4. The Lord gave Moses divinely anointed men to construct the building for His habitation: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, see, I have called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah and I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship . . . and I, behold, I have given with him Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan: and in the hearts of all that are wise-hearted I have put wisdom that they may make all that I have commanded thee." See Exodus 31:1-11.

5. When the tabernacle was fully made, of the material specified, and according to the divine pattern, and dedicated to God, He indwelt it with the Glory of His presence, as we are told in Ex. 40:33—"So Moses finished the work. Then the cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle."

From that day on God dwelt in the midst of Israel. There He revealed Himself, as He said to Moses, His servant, "and there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercyseat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel." Ex. 25:22.

NOTE—All this is a type of the spiritual temple which the Lord now indwells by His Spirit.

The source and fountain, of light and life, of health and power, and of all other blessings, spiritual and material, that Jehovah wanted His people to enjoy, was now in the "holy of holies," in the midst of Israel.

The sanctuary in the midst of Israel, did not make them God's people, but, because they were His people therefore He made His abode among them. This corresponds with what Jesus says concerning the present dispensation in John 14:16, 17, 23. "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you . . . Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Before the Lord made His abode in the church there was a company of regenerated people ready to receive Him, and because they were His own, and were ready, "with the heart," to furnish Him the first material for the living temple, He came and indwelt them on the day of the advent of the Holy Spirit.

Later on in the history of Israel, the glory of His presence departed from the temple and from the midst of His people, as is recorded—"And the glory of the God of Israel was gone up from the cherub, where-upon he was, to the threshold of the house. . . . Then the glory of

the Lord went up from the cherub, and stood over the threshold of the house . . . and the glory of the Lord went up from the midst of the city, and stood upon the mountain, which is on the east side of the city," Ezekiel 9:3, 10:4, 11:23.

This reminds us of the sad fact that, the Glory of the New Testament temple, the Holy Spirit—the divine administrator—has been, and is being crowded out of many churches, and individual lives.

But, though the Shekinah had departed from the temple and from the city, of God's ancient people, yet it is very comforting to know that little companies and individuals, still enjoyed the blessing and help of His presence, as we read, e.g. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his son that serveth him." Mal. 3:16, 17.

Then, again, in Luke 2:25-38, we are told of Simeon and Anna, and others who lived when Christ came the first time,—that the Holy Spirit was with them. Similar conditions exist now, and will continue till Jesus comes again; and that day is not far off. Are we eagerly expecting Him?

IV. THE MYSTERY MADE KNOWN.

As we have stated before that, God associated with His people, in former ages as well as in ours. Though His presence among men was not recognized generally, because of the blindness of the human heart to the divine through sin, even as it is now, yet to His true worshippers this glorious fact never was a hidden thing.

But God making man His dwelling place, and a divine-

ly prepared people His sanctuary in the world, was "the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations." And even in this dispensation it is only "made manifest to his saints." Col. 1:26, 27.

Speaking of the final restoration of Israel, the Lord says, "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, and will be their God and they shall be my people . . . For they shall know me." Jer. 31:33, 34. Again, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you." Ezek. 36:26, 27. From what is said in Hebrews 8, it cannot be questioned what God will do for His people Israel, as a nation, in the future, He does now for all who render faithful obedience to Him. Notice this clear distinction between the "new spirit" (The new man) and "my spirit" (The personal Holy Spirit.)

In the closing days of His mission on earth Christ said unto His disciples, "I will pray the Father and He shall give you another comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you;" but they did not begin to understand and enjoy the blessing of the revelation of the Long-hidden-Mystery—"Christ in you"—until they entered into it experimentally on the day of Pentecost, when the personal Holy Spirit came and made His abode in them. And so it is still: no one can begin to comprehend this deep, sweet, victorious, restful, satisfying, Christ in-dwelt relationship, in the Holy Spirit until he enters into it by experience. They who believe, will experience, and shall know and be enabled to begin to appropriate the great salvation for spirit, soul, and body, that comes to those who are the "habitation of God through the Spirit."

V. APOSTOLIC EXPERIENCE.

In John 13:1, we read of Christ, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." In the next chapter He tells His disciples, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." And again, in His high-priestly prayer Christ said to the Father, concerning His own, "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. . . .I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world; thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word. Now they have known that all things whatsoever thou hast given me are of thee. For I have given them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and they have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me," etc. These passages make it perfectly clear that, these men were regenerated, were born of God, born of the Spirit—had life from the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, before the Comforter came and made His abode in them on the day of Pentecost.

The same order of experience is given repeatedly in the Acts of the Apostles. Let us examine the eighth chapter in this connection: "Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria and preached Christ unto them." How beautiful! He "preached Christ unto them." Then we read, "And the people with one accord gave heed unto these things which Philip spake. . . . But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women. . . . Now when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost; for as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the

name of Jesus. Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." These men and women were born of the Spirit before Philip baptized them. (We will not take time and space here to deal with exceptions, such as Judas Iscariot, and Simon the Sorcerer, though they have greatly multiplied.)

It is not only said that, "the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake," but it is emphasized that, "they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ." Then, "They were baptized," and after this, we are told in the same chapter, "they received the Holy Ghost."

VI. APOSTOLIC TEACHING.

To avoid seeming difficulties some Bible students are advocating that, in the book of Acts we have only apostolic experience, but no apostolic teaching. Let the Book itself speak here, "Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off." (Ch. 2:37-39.)

Here, and in many other places in the book, we have clear teaching, regarding the first experiences of the Christian life. In no other book do we have such simple teaching, and experience recorded, to help the different classes of those who seek salvation, and those who pray for the deeper Christian life.

Teaching and example, of divine healing; the election of church officers; the sending out of missionaries, the appointing of elders; the ordinances of the church, etc., and the Lord's plan for the age, etc., all is given in the

book of Acts. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." II Tim. 3:16, 17.

VII. THE FOUR GREAT DIVISIONS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

1. In the four Gospels we have a record of the Incarnation, the earthly ministry, the Substitutionary Suffering and Death, the triumphant Resurrection and Ascension of our great Redeemer—and this is the foundation upon which the Holy Ghost builds the true church, and it is the ground of our faith and hope.

2. In the Acts of the Apostles we have clear teaching and beautiful samples of what constitutes the crises experiences of the normal Christian life; the founding of the church; and the power and blessing of divinely endued men, and a Holy Spirit governed church.

3. The Epistles are all addressed to churches and individuals, to whom the Apostles, and their helpers, had ministered.

These people had passed the crises experiences which constitute the beginning of the Christian life.

We have samples here of what rapid strides may be made in the Christian life, and also of how people may have had the best of beginning and very soon lose out again.

Hindrances to spiritual growth are pointed out and dealt with. To the Galatians Paul says, "Are ye so foolish? having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?" They had grace and law mixed, and these do not blend.

The Corinthians went to extremes and this was one of the chief things that checked their spiritual progress.

Some of the churches had already reached a high plane in the Christian life, and they are exhorted to go on.

Everywhere encouragements are given to go on, e.g. "But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ," (Eph. 4:15).

"We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the charity of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth." (II Thess. 1:3.)

4. The book of Revelation tells us not only of our wonderful inheritance, but also of the time when, the manner in which we shall enter into the same, when that of which we have an earnest now shall be ours in boundless fulness.

When we want to examine the heart of the foundation upon which we stand, then we read the Gospels.

If we want clearer light on the crises experiences, we will study the Acts.

Do we want to know more about spiritual growth, church government and discipline; how the enemy seeks to make inroads into the church and the individual believer's life, and how to be prepared for all these things, then let us search the Epistles prayerfully.

To everyone longing for the coming again of Christ, Revelation will be of untold comfort.

VIII. THE GLORY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT TEMPLE.

What the Shekinah, the glory of God's presence, was among Israel, the Holy Ghost, "the Spirit of glory," is in the true church in this age.

As we said above, the tabernacle, in which the shekinah glory dwelt among Israel, did not make them His people, but, because they were His people therefore He made

His abode among them. The same order is true of the New Testament temple—before the Long-hidden-Mystery —was manifested, "Which is Christ in us," there was a company of people spiritually prepared to receive Him. God's dealing with the individual is after the same manner, "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." (Gal. 4:6.)

The Shekinah glory came to abide for that entire dispensation, and did so, but later on, as the Word tells us, He withdrew from the temple and abode only with little companies and individuals to the end of that age.

The same is true of the present dispensation.

In His message to the seven churches, in Revelation 2 and 3, Christ says to each assembly, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

This sevenfold exhortation, is deeply significant; and so is His last appeal to the church. "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. 3:20.

Here we see the glory of the New Testament temple crowded out of His sanctuary, and He is not appealing to the church anymore, but as the text clearly indicates, to the individual.

Are we already living in that stage of the present dispensation?

IX. IN CHRIST JESUS.

In I Cor. 1:30, we have this glorious statement, "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." The term "in Christ," employed so often in the New Testament is of profound significance, and is a source of great comfort to all believers.

When we accept Christ as our personal saviour we are born again, and we have entered into Christ, and we are entitled to all that Jesus Christ is and has for us—"In Him," we are already not only saved from our sins, but, we are sanctified, healed, glorified and all that these wonderful declarations of the word mean; Isa. 53:3-6; Rom. 8:28-30, and many other passages point this out clearly. But though the whole Christ, all that He is and has is ours, when we are born again, when we enter into Him, yet experimentally we possess a very limited part of Him.

By some the teaching of positional salvation is carried to the extreme; and by some the teaching of experimental salvation is strained to the exclusion of the other. Let us keep in the middle of the way.

X. EXPERIENCE.

Just as He is made unto us "wisdom, and righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, so is our apprehension of the same, by degrees, as we go on to know the Lord"—and these steps we call "crises experiences." "Redemption" in this text refers to the future—to the full deliverance at His return.

Positionally this also is ours, but not experimentally, though we may have a large foretaste of it even now before that crisis comes.

Through the new birth we become children of God and are made partakers of His Spirit, that is, of the life that is in the Father and in the Son, given to us through the Holy Ghost, the divine administrator.

Even Romans 8, which seems to puzzle a good many, teaches this clearly. The trouble with these dear brethren is, they fail to see the distinction between the person of the Holy Spirit through whom we are born again, and the new man. As in the physical the offspring is distinct from the parent, so also in the spiritual realm. The Word

teaches us that, if we are regenerated, we are children of God, and that we may depend on our heavenly Father's care. That new life in us is of the Father, but is not the Father Himself, else how could we as children look to Him as our Father. Notice here the beautiful expression in Acts 15:28, "For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us."—The Holy Ghost and the "new man." Cf. I Cor. 2:14.

It is very significant that, in the 14th chapter of John, in which Christ speaks so plainly of the coming of the Comforter, He has given us the full Gospel in a nutshell, in the 23rd verse, "If a man love me he will keep my words," i. e. he will repent and believe—"and my Father will love him," i. e. he will be saved, compare Jno. 3:16. "And we will come and make our abode with him," this is the manifestation of the long hidden mystery—The Father and the Son in the Holy Ghost dwelling in the believer—dwelling in the same temple with the child, the new man. This was the second crisis in the experience in the Apostles' lives, the Samaritans, and the others whose experience is given in detail in the Acts of the Apostles; and there is nothing in the Word, anywhere that God would change His way of dealing with those who would come to Him through Christ, after the period covered by the Acts.

Though the burden of the Epistles is "spiritual growth," yet when reference is made to the beginning of the Christian life, the same order that we have in the Acts is given over and over, e.g., "But the anointing which ye have received of Him that abideth in you," etc. (I Jno. 2:27); cf. Acts 10:38.

Again, "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise" (Eph. 1:13). The Apostle refers here

to what is recorded in Acts 19:1-7. Compare also II Cor. 1:21, 22.

Again, "But according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, which (or whom) he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour." (Tit. 3:5, 6) Cf. Acts 15:7-9.

Speaking further about the distinction between the Holy Spirit and the new man—in Eph. 3:16 we read, "That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Holy Spirit in the inner man."

Again, in Romans 8 we read, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit"—i. e. with the "new spirit," the "new man"—certainly not the "old man." In the same chapter we read also that we are "children," "heirs," "heirs of God," and "joint heirs with Christ" . . . and "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth *our* infirmities." We are "of Him," "in Him," and a part of Him; we know that as redeemed and bloodwashed creatures shall have glorified bodies, distinct from Him, our Creator and blessed Redeemer, in the world to come, even so now the "new man" is distinct from God the Holy Ghost.

See also how the Holy Spirit spoke to the church and just as distinctly to the individual believer, e.g., the Lord and Ananias, Acts 9:11, "And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias: and to him said the Lord in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I am here, Lord." The Holy Spirit and Peter, Acts 10:13, 14. "And there came a voice to him, Rise Peter; kill, and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean."

Christ's message to the individual, Rev. 3:20, 21, 22. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and

will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

The human intellect, no matter how gigantic it may be, cannot penetrate the divine. But far more wonderful is the fact, that, there are passages in the Word, too deep, for us who know Him now to fully comprehend—but let us believe and obey and we shall fully understand some day.

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Baccalaureate Sermon

Class of 1919

By Rev. J. E. Ramseyer

When the Class asked me to address them on this occasion, immediately my heart went up to God for a message, and He gave me these words, found in the Thirty-ninth Psalm, and the third verse: "My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: Then spake I with my tongue." And then these three thoughts stood out before me, around which cluster what is on my heart to say to the Class and the rest who are present.

I. Divine Meditation

It is Satan's object to keep us from thinking deep down into eternal things, to keep us from musing. To do this he seeks to amuse us, and he has introduced all kinds of theatres into the world, and all kinds of social gatherings into the church to keep people from thinking deep into eternal things. People that love amusement, are shallow, and shallow people want amusement, and Satan is ever ready to give them all the amusement they wish. There are many things, of course, that in themselves are

harmless, and perhaps some are, but they are used for that end, to keep people from thinking seriously about heavenly things.

Those given to heavenly meditation under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, are deep and rich in the spiritual, and the Word tells us, "streams of living water flow out from them." I am reminded of my first visit to Memphis, Tennessee, a number of years ago. I was a stranger in a strange city. I was directed to a man, who was a leading architect, and a great Bible student, and an elder in the leading church of that city. When I met him it took us but a few minutes until we were in deep waters, and I could not break away from him for about two hours. We had such sweet fellowship. I realized that the man had been meditating upon divine things for a long time and his heart was full. He loved to talk with people that could understand him. There were very few in his own church with whom he could have real fellowship, and I never went to see old brother Jones unless I had about two hours' time, because I could not get away any sooner, and it always seemed like a few minutes. Why? Because he was deep and rich in spiritual things.

I remember two men that came to our Home for the sick at Phoenix, Arizona, when Brother and Sister Lugibihl had charge of it, and after a few days, they said they could not stay there, the Home was all right but the atmosphere was too spiritual for them, and so they made arrangements to leave.

I am glad to know that the Class that I am addressing has given itself to divine meditation, and it affords me joy to think that they have in a measure, at least, thought down deep into spiritual things.

II. The Soul on Fire for God

"While I was musing, the fire burned." The soul on fire for God. When I had given myself to thinking deep

down into heavenly things, and concentrated my mind on the Lord, losing sight of everything else, and feasted on Jehovah, then "the fire burned," then my heart was hot within me. It is a striking expression, those who know something about having the fire of God burning upon the altar of their hearts, know what this is. If you have warmed up only at somebody else's fire, even at the fire of the Bible Training School, you will soon cool off and freeze up when you get away from here.

Some years ago we came in touch wtih a brother over in Ohio, whose heart was warmed up and he was always so glad to see us, and it looked as though he was standing by us; and I thought these deeper truths for which we stand had been burned into his heart, but after we were away from there he was not able to stand. I went over there three times, and every time, I learned, after I had left that he did not stand. But there came a time when he was not only warmed up at somebody else's fire, but God, by the Holy Ghost, kindled the fire of heaven upon the altar of his own heart and it burned, and it kept on burning. Afterward he wrote me and said, "If you promise that you will hold a series of meetings in a church, that was near my home, I will buy it and pay for it myself." I said, "Go ahead and buy it." He bought the church. In the first meeting that was held by us in that church Mrs. Peter Eicher, who has been in India for a number of years, and her brother, Ezra, the sweet singer, came forward—this shall always be a sweet memory to me—they knelt at the altar and both were saved that night. And then the work now going on at Archbold and Pettisville, Ohio, really grew out of this meeting.

If your soul has been set on fire from on high, you will burn on no matter how cold the atmosphere about you may be, you will not cool off even among icebergs, and you will not burn up either by the fiery tests and trials that will come to you, because the fire is hotter with-

in you than that without. Think of the three Hebrew children that were cast into the furnace, and it was made seven times as hot as usual, but it did not consume them, because the fire within them was hotter than that in the furnace. We all have passed through furnace experiences. We won't be carried to heaven in pullman sleepers, no, no. Sometimes the road seems rough, but, thanks be to God, He has given us One to carry us through, the Holy Ghost, the power from on high.

Here I want to emphasize again the absolute necessity of being baptized with the Holy Ghost. Never has it been more necessary than these days, that we know we are filled with the Holy Ghost, that He has clothed Himself with us, and that the love of God has been shed abroad in our hearts and that we know that our feet are planted upon the ground that cannot be shaken. These days when all kinds of doctrinal winds, storms and cyclones, pass over us, it is very necessary that we are grounded deep, and thanks be to God, that we may be.

Oh, how often I have thanked God during the last twenty-five years, since it has been my privilege to travel up and down in this great land of ours, and meet with all kinds of people, and often have been tested in many ways, that I have been led upon this solid foundation, and that I do not only know something about the finished work of our blessed Christ, but that I have learned something about these things experimentally, that I know God has made these things real in my life; and that I have long since gotten away from trying to measure myself by somebody else's experience, because I know my relationship to Him is all right, and after all, it is not so much a matter of being doctrinally correct, although that is very important, but a great many people are doctrinally correct as far as the letter goes, but they are a thousand miles from right with God. It is a matter of relationship. God uses so many figures to show us how we may enter into

relationship with Him. For instance, He calls us His children. Now, we do not think about doctrine when we think of children and their parents; we think of relationship. Agan He calls us His sheep. We do not think about doctrine here either but we think of Him as our Shepherd. Different terms are used to indicate degrees of relationship to Him. I want to enter into most intimate relationship with Him. I want to nestle up as close to His great heart of love as I possibly can. I am not satisfied, I confess to you, with all the many good things that He has given me up to this day, but I want to get closer to His heart. I want to have Him to fill me with His manifold fullness, as the Apostle Paul puts it. My heart is hungering after God today more than it ever has in all my Christian experience, and I trust that this is the same with you who love God.

III. Loaded Words

"Then spake I with my tongue." While I was musing, while I was thinking deep down into heavenly things, the fire burned within me, "My heart was hot within me," and "then spake I with my tongue." There are so many meaningless words in the conversation of God's people, and in the preaching from the pulpit. Oh, they are nice words and beautiful phrases, but there is so little in them. I am reminded again that thoughts are seeds that grow into words, and words into deeds, and deeds into habits, and habits into character, and character into destiny. If we would always bear this in mind we would be more careful about our thought life. We would certainly ask God to garrison our minds more than we do. We would not let our thoughts run wild as is often the case; and we would be more concerned about our words. We will be surprised some day what a harvest has grown from our thoughts and our words. Here I would like to say to the Class, your conversation and your conduct, when you go out from here, will indicate how much soul

development you have gotten. Your thoughts will manifest themselves in words and in deeds. My heart goes out for you, I know that every one of you is concerned, that you may go out from here to glorify the Lord Jesus in your conversation, and in your conduct.

Be people of few words. Do not think that you have to be talking all the time when you are with folks. Some people have an idea they have to be talking all the time when they visit with somebody, and some folks think when you are visiting them, they have to entertain you all the time. Often I get so tired of being entertained. Now, when I come to your house, you know my sentiments regarding this.—I like to be sociable and all that, but many people talk their souls empty, and "in a multitude of words there lacketh not sin."

Somebody said, "Will you go out walking with me, I don't like walking alone." Sometimes I like to walk out with people,—sometimes I ask my dear wife to go out with me, but often I want to be all alone, to be alone with God, so He can talk to me and I can to Him, and I know nobody will interrupt us. Some may not understand this, but, beloved, if you want to have words that are loaded, you must have time to get them loaded; and the only way to have loaded words is to have time for meditation, time to wait on God.

Go out with a testimony that has a keen edge to it. I want to emphasize this especially, because the church needs it more today than ever, and it is what the world needs. Go out with a clear testimony concerning the blood of Jesus Christ, its efficacy, that it has not lost any of its power, and it does the very same thing today that it did nearly two millenniums ago. Go out with a clear testimony concerning the new birth. First of all, that your sins have been blotted out. Then, go out with a clear testimony regarding the baptism with the Holy

Ghost, as a second, definite, clean-cut experience, subsequent to conversion.

I was talking with a brother yesterday who belongs to a church that at one time stood for the truth of sanctification like no other body of people did for a long time; and he said, "It is too bad that the church has drifted so far away from that truth, and does not even stand for a clear testimony regarding conversion any more." There is great need of a clear testimony regarding the baptism with the Holy Ghost, or sanctification, if you please to choose that term, but be sure that you have a divine term, and more than that, have a definite experience, and then you can talk to people about something definite, but if you are not clear yourself, you won't help anybody else.

Again go out with a clear testimony regarding the Lord for the body. Christian Science is being exposed a great deal these days, by pastors of the different churches, and yet it continues to make inroads farther and farther into the churches. Why is it? Simply because the pulpit is not giving the poor sufferers anything instead. There are multitudes and multitudes of sufferers everywhere that have exhausted all medical skill, and are given up by physicians, and have found no relief from using medicines. They want to live, and they would grasp for a straw. Then here comes Christian Science and offers them something for the body, and they take to it, and some of them are helped. It is not merely a delusion, that they are healed. Some of them are really healed. Some years ago I met a general agent on a Santa Fe train going West, we got to talking, and he told me that he had been sick, and was given up by the doctors. His wife was a staunch Scientist. She kept at him to try Christian Science and finally he yielded to take treatments and got well, he said, "I don't need to tell you I am well. Look at me, am I not a picture of health?" He said, "I have been well now for four years, am traveling constantly, and when I go I

take, as a rule, Mrs. Eddy's book "Science and Health" and the Bible. If I have to leave one at home, I leave the Bible." Again and again I have met with people similar to him. We listened to a masterly discourse along this line, exposing Christian Science. The man spoke to an audience of about 4,000. He proved the unscripturalness and the unreasonableness of Christian Science, but he concluded without giving the people anything instead. I said to my wife as we went away from that large audience, "My heart pains me,—that great Bible teacher just antagonized a lot of people and did not give a thing to those struggling sufferers that were listening to him."

Jesus Christ died for men and women. We are not made up of spirits only, but spirit, soul and body; and He died for the whole man. We are just getting an earnest now of what He has purchased for us, even for your soul. Yes, He has healing for both. What we get for our soul now, is only an earnest of what we are going to have after a while. The healing touches in the body now are but an earnest of what we shall have when Jesus returns. All we get is just a little earnest of the boundless fulness that is waiting those who love the Lord Jesus Christ with all their heart.

God did not only manifest Himself in this respect way back yonder, but He does it this very day. He heals men and women that believe in Him in a simple, childlike manner. I would be beneath the sod for nearly twenty-five years were it not for this glorious fact, that Jesus died for our bodies as well as our souls. One time I was nothing but skin and bone and not expected to live, but God for Christ's sake, raised me up, and I am still here.

There are many poor suffering ones waiting for help along this line. I remember how a lady came into one of our meetings some years ago, all emaciated. We had an anointing service one afternoon and I talked on the Lord for the body, and then we anointed a few and prayed for

them, and among these was this lady. In the evening she brought me a written testimony, she said, "The Lord healed me this afternoon from consumption. I know I am healed. I do not look any different on the outside, but I know I am healed." We went South and about six months later we passed through the same city again where this woman lived. She came to the meetings in the United Brethren Church where we spoke on Sunday and after service she came up and said, "Brother Ramseyer, do you know me?" I said, "I do now, but I did not at first. You are that consumptive that was healed last summer." Then she said, "The Lord healed me and since then He has restored me. I so longed to say here to rear my two children." I could go on and tell you scores of incidents along this line, where the Lord met such that were in need of help; and you can help. Let me tell you, dear Class, you can help too, but only so far as you have been helped, therefore, seek to get help from God yourself first, and then you can be lifters-up of others.

Go out living the priestly life. This I want to emphasize especially, to live the priestly life, as Jesus says in Jno. 10:9, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Go in and then out, not go out and in, but go in first, to have fellowship with Him, and then go out for service; go in for prayer to claim things from God,—go in to feast upon Christ, and then go out and stand the tests and trials of life. God is looking out for men and women today who will give themselves to the priestly life, more than for anything else. He wants those more than He wants preachers.

You are thinking of how much they will expect from you when you get home. Well, it is right that they should expect something from folks that were in a Bible Training School for two or three years. Do not think you have to make a display when you get home or wherever the

Lord may place you. Oh, no; but go there to shine for Jesus Christ, go with a praying heart—Lord, show me how to live, how to talk, how to shine, and you will be surprised how He will guide you. Be strong, then, in the prayer life and you will not break down along the other lines. Someone has said that deep-water fish cannot live in shallow water. They soon die. I trust you are all deep-water fish, and that as you go out from here you will not seek to live the shallow way, but that your desires will be to go deeper and deeper with God, and then there will be no trouble along any line.

My heart goes out for you, dear Class. It means more to go out now than it did at any time before. They are forming a League of Nations, they are going to form a Federation of Churches, and it will mean more for us who love God with all our heart, and who stand for the Word, pure and simple and who are looking for our heavenly Bridegroom to come for us now any moment. It will mean more for us to stand now than it did at any time before, but I am glad we are living just at this time. I would not have lived at any time prior to this; and I pray that the Lord Jesus will come speedily. But I want to stand with a heart on fire for God, and with a testimony that has a keen edge to it, until then. May you go out with a clean testimony, with the assurance that He is with you; and that you will be true until you hear Him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

God bless you, dear class of 1919.

* * *

God's Objective In Lavishing His Grace Upon Us

"But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." I Pet. 2:9.

In the preceding chapter, the Apostle speaks of the New Birth in this manner: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." Then, in this connection, he gives several outstanding marks of the New Life. Let us look at a few of them: *First,* A warm love for the "brethren," as he expresses it; "seeing that ye have purified your souls by obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." Ch. 1:22. On this same point we read in I John 3:14, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

Second: An appetite for the Word of God. He uses a striking figure here—"As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." Ch. 2:2. The Word of God is food to the New life, as the natural food is nourishment to the physical body. The Spirit born "Desire" this heavenly bread.

Third: A real love to speak about Jesus—For "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." Ch. 2. He has become unto us the *"Precious One."* He now eclipses everybody and everything else in our life. We think and speak of Him with delight.

Fourth: Full assurance that we belong to the family of God. This is a revelation of God to every one who is born of God. It is an impartation of the Lord Jesus to every penitent believing soul. This is not a matter of our feelings, but of the heart and will. However, it will effect our emotions, again and again.

After speaking so clearly about the New Birth he exhorts those who are born again to follow on and to measure up to the "high calling of God in Christ Jesus." In the following words: "Ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." Ch. 2.

This becomes actual experience in our life, if we give ourselves in full consecration—without any reservations—to Him, that He can set us apart for Himself, to cleanse us, and then make us, as is described above. This is sanctification. This is the Baptism with the Holy Spirit.

God bestows His grace freely upon us in the New Birth, i. e., in regeneration. In sanctification He pours out His grace abundantly upon us. As He Himself says: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly" John 10:10. His objective in all this is that He might "shew forth his virtues" through all who have been made "A spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

"That Ye Should Shew Forth"

Here we see His objective with us: that "His Praises" or virtues, in other words, His Excellencies; His perfections; His characteristics or expressed in one word—His nature, may be exhibited through us.

As God the Father made Himself known in His Son, while He was here, so now Jesus Christ, the Son, our blessed Redeemer manifests Himself in His faithful followers. Paul puts this glorious fact in these wonderful words: "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels; that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." II Cor. 4:7. This is matchless love and marvelous grace.

Let us now look at some of the characteristics of our ever blessed Lord Jesus Christ.

His purity: Among the many names that are given Him, He is called the "Spotless Lamb of God." And again, "He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." II Cor. 5:21. Then, let us observe that very much emphasis is laid in the Word on the necessity of being

Made Pure. Here is a pointed sample: "And every man that hath this hope in Him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure." I John 3:3.

His Humiltiy: In Philippians two we have these words on His humility: "And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." O to what awful depths did He go, to lift us out of our hopelessness and helplessness! And to conform us to His own image! On this characteristic in the believer Peter says: "Be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." I Pet. 5.

His Unselfishness: In John fourteen we have these comforting words uttered by our Lord Himself: "Because I live ye shall live also." Sin has made man selfish. Grace makes him unselfish. Paul exhorts in Philippians two: "Look not every man on his own things, but also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

His Trust in the Father: As our substitute in His humanity, He was utterly dependent on the Father; for He said: "I can of mine own self do nothing." See John 5:30. But He always exercised explicit faith and confidence in the Father. Then notice also how He encourages His followers to trust the Heavenly Father in the same manner:—"Be not afraid, only believe," and "all things are possible to him that believeth," etc., etc.

His Matchless Love: The love of God in Christ Jesus for humanity cannot be expressed in words. However, we get some conception of its exceeding greatness, when we consider His boundless provision for us, and then when we see to what lengths He goes to enable us to enter into the realization of the same. In Christian experience fulness of love is the strongest evidence of Christlikeness. John says in his first Epistle, "We have known and believed

the love that God hath for us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him."

In conclusion let me say: He, "The Rose of Sharon" diffuses His heavenly fragrance through those who are fully yielded to Him. Paul says in II Cor. 2: "Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest his savor by us in every place."

Again, those who "Walk in the Spirit" are "Living Epistles," and many many who do not open the Bible read these epistles.

* * *

The Fountain of Life

By J. E. RAMSEYER

Radio Message Over WOWO

In Psalm 36 we read: "How excellent is thy loving-kindness O God! Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light."

The Psalmist calls attention here as he does in so many other places to the "Lovingkindness of God." This is a very meaningful expression. God is not only *kind,* but He is *lovingly kind.*

His lovingkindness draws us to Him; and it enables us to put our trust in Him for our manifold needs.

In the next place David describes the manner and measure in which the Lord satisfied all those who put their trust in Him. "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures."

Then comes the wonderful statement of the "Fountain of Life." The Fountain of Life, is Jesus, the Son of God,

as we read in John 1, "In Him was life and the life was the light of men." O yes, in Him alone is Life. I heard an old Christian judge say in his testimony, "There is no life outside of Christ, absolutely none." How true; for outside of Jesus Christ is nothing but darkness and death.

Let us note a few brief utterances of our blessed Lord Jesus on this line:

1. Regarding the matchless love of God in giving His Son for a lost world. He says in John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

2. Of the purpose of His coming, He said, as we read in John 10:10, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." That is fulness of life.

3. Of how He will share everything with all who follow Him. We read again, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Those who drink at earthly fountains, shall never quench their thirst; but they that drink of the "Fountain of Life" shall be abundantly satisfied, in this life and in the life to come. Jesus says: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." In Isaiah 35:10 we read, "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Then we read in Revelation 3, Jesus is speaking here to John on the Isle of Patmos, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne."

In closing let me voice His world-wide invitation: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest, Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find

rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

"And the Spirit and the bride say come. And let him that heareth say come. And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."—Note, He says "Come," and "take freely."

* * *

Words of Wisdom

from Joseph E. Ramseyer

"The easiest way to travel is the way God has marked out for us."

"Heavenly love is the outstanding mark of true discipleship."

"If we cannot see through a problem, we can believe through it."

"God is never ahead of time, never behind time, but He is always on time."

"There are no accidents in the lives of God's children."

"We should be shock absorbers and not amplifiers of calamity."

"We are now in the vestibule of God's eternal plan for us."

"Faith and obedience are twins and love makes it triplets."

"Christ should be the center and circumference of our lives."

"Prayer is the breath of the soul."

"God's promises are unlimited; the limiting is always on our side."

"Doubt your doubts, and believe your beliefs; but do not believe your doubts, nor doubt your beliefs."

"When we cover, God uncovers; when we uncover, God covers."

"Did you get it, then don't forget it."

"God has no pets."

"A great show of knowledge with no point in view is about as sensible as a band concert at a school for the deaf and dumb."

"Faith outruns philosophy and science and with shining face awaits their arrival at the goal of truth." (Quoted from Dr. Brasher.)

"Paul had a sanctified determination."

"Time is simply opportunity to do things in. If we do not embrace (or use) our opportunities, we are wasting our time."

"The two great means the Holy Spirit uses in our Sanctification:

1. The Word, the mirror. 2. The blood, the remedy. II Thess. 5:23-24; II Thess. 2:13; Heb. 13:12.

Three aspects of sanctification:—1. Setting apart; 2. Cleansing; 3. Filling.

"It is not only necessary to obey the leadings of the Holy Spirit, but also the checkings."

"If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there is beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. If there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world." (Translation of an old Chinese proverb.)

"Faith sees the invisible, believes the incredible, and claims the impossible." (From Rev. Bevington.)

"The devil works in the realm of feeling, but he cannot operate in the region of faith." (From Rev. Stalker.)

"Faith claims the impossible and cries, it shall be done!"

"I have nothing to boast of but the grace of God, and nothing to plead but the merits of Jesus Christ."

"The path of obedience lies along the river of God's blessing."

"Faith in the reasonable is a bastard; the heir is that faith which joyfully attempts the impossible in the will and by the power of God." (From C. T. Studd.)

"God needs the body, but before He can use it for what He made it, it must be given to Him."

"Three unmistakable proofs of the new birth:—1. An appetite for God's Word, I Pet. 2:2. 2. A real love for God's people, I John 33:14. 3. A heart affection for Jesus. I Pet. 2:5."

"According to divine revelation, God needs vessels in which to deposit the riches of His grace—'The unsearchable riches of Christ.'"

"As it takes years for an acorn to develop into a sturdy oak, so it takes time for a follower of Christ to root deep, to 'grow up into Him' and to reach spiritual manhood."

"Season your prayer with much thanksgiving."

"Wonderful freedom, glorious freedom.
No more in chains of sin I repine;
Jesus the glorious Emancipator,
Now and forever He shall be mine."

Brother Carpenter sang this coming out of the jaws of death.

"For unto me a great door did open, and much fruit will be the result, and many adversaries are there." (Luther) I Cor. 16:9.

THE LOVE OF GOD

"The Last Eight Days"

A FAVORITE POEM

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the sky of parchment made,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry.
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

The Last Eight Days

Ever since I began writing the book, I have tried to bring myself to the point of writing this chapter. I had decided that I would not write it and closed the book last Thursday without it. The publisher was to come for it that night. The material was placed in the large envelopes and they were tied together ready for the going. The envelopes are still here and I have done some thinking. I felt I owed it to the friends to write of the last days but how to lift the curtain and let them look in was more than I felt was possible. I am at the place now to make the attempt.

It was in 1942 that Joseph began to show a letting down in his strength. He never complained but he just could not do what we had been doing without showing that he was failing. We went to Tennessee in June but were not able to take in all the places that we usually did. In October we made our annual trip (two years excepted) to Kansas to attend the Mid-West Convention and the local conventions in Kansas, Arkansas and Nebraska. We both felt the strain and came back quite weary. That was our last long trip.

We did not go out in the spring of 1943, nor in June for our summer tour, but we did go to Tennessee in October to be with our nephews, Campbell and Albert Lea Garth, who were at home from camp on a two-weeks' furlough. Without making our usual round, we returned to Fort Wayne. This was our last trip together. The next trip he took alone and yet not alone.

November passed and December. Joseph continued to give his chapel messages on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The last day of school before the Christmas holidays was

a half day of prayer which he conducted. This was his last message. We were invited out for Christmas dinner but he refused saying the few students that had stayed at school over the holidays would be expecting us to be with them for Christmas dinner. We opened our Christmas packages. I let him open them. He rested much of the time through the day, seemed very tired. He never said he was tired, just that he wanted to wait on the Lord. The last days of the old year were spent much in the same way. We continued going to the Institute for our dinners. Our pastor, the Rev. Robert C. Strubhar, asked Joseph to give a short message at the watch night service. He asked me if I thought he should. The fact that he asked me made me feel he wanted to but did not feel strong enough. I knew that I was to encourage him to decline and passed the word on to the pastor. Joseph said I should go to the watch night service and he would stay at home. I did not want to go but felt he would feel better over it if one of us went. I went for an hour and could not stay a minute longer. My thoughts were of him at home alone so I left at eleven o'clock.

He was sitting in the dining room, not reading or sleeping, just sitting. He was glad to see me and we did what we always did on the last night of the old year; we chose scripture verses from the Psalms. I got the Bible and a darning needle. We always used something with a small point. The next morning I tried to remember those verses but could not nor have I been able to recall them since. There was a pain in my heart and my memory was not so keen. I did not have any forebodings, just an aching heart to see him so weak and not his precious self.

Sleepless nights began. He lost his desire for solid food and I made broth to tempt him to eat. This appealed to him for a while and then he had to be coaxed to take

that. I gave him hot milk at bedtime and he took that the longest of any nourishment.

Those sleepless nights were what told the most on both of us. We went to bed around ten in the evening and about one o'clock Joseph would arouse me by getting out of bed. The first night I thought he would be back soon and when he did not come, I went to his study to find him dressing. I would not let him sit alone so dressed and sat with him. Soon he was getting up at twelve. The house was not any too warm for sitting until daylight and I tried to get him to stay in bed for that reason.

We sat without saying a word unless I spoke and then he would answer my question in as few words as possible. I called for one of the students to stay at night. The boy who fired our furnace, Jake Hostettler, came over and slept here every night except the last night. Jake Schierling was here that night. These sleepless nights continued and I felt I must have help. I wrote to Ruth Eicher, a cousin of ours and also a registered nurse, to know if she could spend a week with me. She came on the eleventh of January. I told Joseph she was coming and would be company for us and he seemed to be glad for he always loved Ruth.

The first night she was here, I let her go over to Bethany Hall to the McConnell Memorial room. This is a room furnished by Mr. and Mrs. O. S. White and daughter, Virginia, of Memphis, Tennessee, in memory of their mother and grandmother and is reserved for missionary guests. Joseph and I sat up from twelve o'clock until morning and were just sitting there in silence when Ruth came in.

Ruth greeted him as "Cousin Joseph" and he seemed pleased that she had come. The next night Ruth stayed with Joseph and I went over to the Missionary room. I went home the next morning at four. I could not rest away from Joseph, wondering if he were sitting up. Ruth

had managed to keep him in bed. Two more nights I endured it in the Missionary room and was back home by four in the morning.

On Saturday night I had started across the street to go to the room in Bethany Hall and was on the park strip when I thought of Joseph's hot milk. I turned and went back and said to Ruth, "Give Joseph his hot milk and try to get him to drink it." He heard my voice and called to me. I went to his bedside. He said, "Don't leave." That was enough. I walked around the bed and he turned the bed clothes down and I lay down beside him and he covered me throwing the bed clothes over me. That was the last night we slept together.

The next day, Sunday, January sixteen, a hospital bed was put up in his study. His desk was moved to the other side of the room and the bed stood where the desk had been these seven years; where he had written his letters which went out to all parts of the world, and where he had meditated and written his chapel message outlines and prayed many students through to victory; and where he had agonized in prayer for his own spiritual welfare for he never depended on his experience of the day before. He must have something new every morning. God bless his memory, how can I live without him? I miss him so, oh, so much. I cannot express it in words. I never disturbed him when the door was pushed partly shut. I knew what he was doing. Sometimes I laughingly said to him, that I would not try to enter unless he "held out the scepter." He let me know that I could come in any time I wanted to, but I respected his devotions too much to intrude unless there was an immediate need.

That week in bed was a new experience for both of us. He was always up and at it. Never, never in all of our happy days together was he sick in bed. Ruth left us at noon just before they moved him to the bed in his

study. That proved to be the last move until his body was taken from the love nest never to return. Elda Gerber came when Ruth left and she was so tender and thoughtful that Joseph did not mind having her here. He had told me he did not want anyone.

The brethren and his brother Michael were very kind and did all that they could do to help.

L. R. Ringenberg, the Dean of the Institute, was with him that Sunday night, the first night. He jotted down the sentences that Joseph uttered at different intervals through the night. I will give them here as I found them written down. The first was a call for Mother. At another time he called "Macy." Later he said, "The light is going out: we fasten our hope in the Rock." "I fasten the anchor in Christ Jesus." "Lord Jesus, be thou merciful." "Be thou gracious." "Be thou gracious, help Thou." "Oh, that hope is Jesus." Loyal Ringenberg wrote these down as Joseph said them all through the night.

The Rev. J. A. Ringenberg stayed with him, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights. Friday night P. L. Eicher was with him. Saturday night Robert Strubhar and Loyal Ringenberg. I do not remember who was with him Sunday night. Monday night Ada Baumgartner was with him the early part of the night and Mrs. Karl Kerlin was with him from twelve o'clock until he quietly slipped away at four o'clock in the morning. The Rev. S. J. Grabill was with him every afternoon from one till four with one exception and then he came a little later and stayed later. It was restful to Joseph to have the brethren around. He showed his appreciation in his quiet way.

The Rev. B. F. Leightner came frequently to enquire about him. Joseph's hearing was very keen. One day when Mr. Leightner came, I asked if he wished to see him and when he answered, "not if it would distress him to see anyone." I went into the room and when Joseph

saw me he said, "Is that Brother Leightner? Tell him I want to see him." I would not have recognized a voice at that distance.

His brother Henry and wife were here the last days. Henry spent some time with him. Joseph did not talk but just knowing his brother was near was a satisfaction and made him restful.

Elda left us after the day was over and came back at seven every morning. Those nights when the brethren were here, I lay across the hall with my face toward Joseph and was up at four to let the brethren go home. In that way I was alone with my Beloved from four to seven. He said several times that he was sorry to leave me but it never entered my heart that he was going. I had the promise "Thou shalt not die, but live and declare the glory of God." And Campbell had written of the verse that he loved because Uncle Joseph quoted it so very often when closing his prayer, "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think." How could he go in the face of such tremendous promises. No, he was not going, he would yet live and declare the glory of God.

His brother Michael had an intuition that he was going. He came over early the morning of the twenty-fifth and was here when Joseph passed away. When Mrs. Kerlin said he was gone, I said, "No, he is still breathing." "No, he has stopped breathing." I very quietly looked at her and took it in, that he would call my name no more. Do you know what happened? I saw him yet living and declaring the glory of God through the lives of those he had helped and who called him "their spiritual father." And as for the other verse, I said, "You are abundantly able to do the exceeding, abundant in me while I carry on a little while longer. Help me so to live that I will be so completely covered by Thee that Thou

canst do just that, for Thou art abundantly able to take the weakest and glorify Thy name!"

To write this has been one of the hardest things I have done to make the book possible. I am glad I tried it for now I do not feel that I have shirked anything. All is complete.

THE FUNERAL OF JOSEPH E. RAMSEYER

"Thy soul was like a star"

"Thy soul was like a star that dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

The Funeral of Joseph E. Ramseyer

By Rev. John G. Garth

On Tuesday, January 25, 1944, I received a telegram from Rev. J. A. Ringenberg of the Bible Institute, Fort Wayne, Indiana, saying, "Brother Ramseyer passed away this morning. Funeral Thursday at two." I was quite shocked and distressed, for the letters from my sister, Mrs. J. E. Ramseyer, had intimated great concern about Joseph's condition, yet we did not expect his death.

After getting in touch with my three children, Voorhees, Robert and Charlotte, I set about plans for leaving at midnight for Fort Wayne. I got a sleeper at Atlanta, and in the morning changed trains for Cincinnati and arrived in Fort Wayne in the afternoon of Wednesday, and was met at the station by a young man from the Institute.

On arriving at Sister's home on Rudisill Boulevard, across from the Bible Institute, I found my sister quiet and composed. Mrs. Margaret Garth, my brother Lea's widow, and Miss Helen Garth, daughter of my late brother Campbell, both of Union City, Tennessee, had already arrived and they greeted me and we were glad to be present together with Sister in this her bereavement.

After supper, we went over to the Founders' Hall, where the body of Joseph lay in state, the casket opened, and surrounded with flowers, some of them being tokens from my own children. At each end of the casket stood a young student as a guard of honor, and they were relieved during the night by others.

It was an affecting sight to see Joseph lying there so quiet and apparently asleep. All of us had been accustomed

to his being the comforter in times of trial, and it was easy to recall his gentle voice as he recited God's Word, and bade us live one day at a time, a rule he kept for himself, as he trusted in God for strength and supply.

I recalled that on May 15, 1902, in the parlor of our Union City home I had performed the marriage ceremony for Joseph and Macy, and now it was going on 42 years they had lived together and worked together for the Lord.

The casket and the flowers and the silent form linger in my memory, and there rise up in my mind the handsome buildings of the Bible Institute, all of which typified Joseph to me, and I thanked God for the work He had given His servant to do, and the countless thousands who rise up to call him blessed. I have in mind the little home across Rudisill, and how great a blessing it was to Joseph and Sister during these closing years.

We all spent the night in Sister's home, with much conversation and arose the day of the funeral, January 27, with expectations of the service and the drive to Lindenwood afterwards. All morning people were coming to the Institute to be present on the occasion, some of them dropping in at the cottage.

The hour of 2 p. m. arrived, and Sister and I, Margaret and Helen, with one of Joseph's brothers Michael, who lives in Fort Wayne, and his wife, sat in the front row near the casket, in the hall of the Founders' Memorial, which has recently been built, and is a triumph of faith on the part of Joseph and his co-workers.

The organ discoursed sweet, quiet music as the prelude to the service, and twelve young men sang three numbers, among them Joseph's favorite hymn, "Higher Ground." Scripture passages that had been anchors to Joseph's faith were read by the pastor of the church, Rev. Robert Strubhar, and Rev. William Egle offered a prayer.

The exercises were in the charge of Rev. J. A. Ringenberg, who was Joseph's vice-chairman. Mr. Ringenberg introduced a number of ministers who paid personal tributes to the life and work of Joseph. These were Rev. B. F. Leightner, Chaplain S. A. Witmer, Dr. Robert Stuart, Rev. T. E. Thompson, Dr. J. A. Huffman, and Rev. C. E. Rediger.

An address was delivered by Rev. C. L. Eicher, a cousin of Joseph, who recounted boyhood associations and later memories of his life and work with Joseph, the trials and truimphs of 50 years or more. Rev. J. A. Ringenberg made the closing address and spoke of how Joseph was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. All of us could say Amen, for we knew how faithful he had been to the Lord, and thanked God for his example.

After the talks were finished, the ministers present gathered around the casket, and Rev. Edison Habegger led a prayer of rededication to the vision of their leader.

The pall bearers, who were all ministers, took up the casket after it had been closed by the undertaker and the audience filed out and took their seats in carriages which made a very long procession to Lindenwood. At the grave, a committal service was read, and Mr. Eicher offered a prayer and led the gathering in two verses of "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." The grave was filled and the flowers placed on the mound, and we all came back to the cottage.

At supper at the Institute, we saw many friends who had been at the funeral, and expressed our own appreciation of the sweet service and the tributes to Joseph.

We spent the evening at the cottage exchanging recollections, and with Sister telling us something of the last few weeks of Joseph's life. Helen Garth went back home Thursday night and I accompanied her to the train. Margaret and I stayed until the following Monday. We went back out to Lindenwood with Michael Ramseyer.

On Friday, I made the talk at the school in the chapel exercises, and on Sunday, we went to the church service at the First Missionary Church and heard an evangelist speak.

Margaret and Sister spent some time putting things away on Saturday, and Margaret and I both felt gratified for the opportunity for continued service which Sister will be able to render, and for the appreciation the Institute friends feel toward her.

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

Friendship with Jesus
Fellowship divine,
O what blessed sweet communion;
Jesus is a friend of mine.

Letters of Appreciation

I hesitated to put in any letters of appreciation because all would not have room. These you will find here are a drop in the bucket compared to those received. So many called Joseph "their spiritual father" and rightly so. I am preserving all received at the time of Joseph's departure. There were so many stars in his crown that it must have been full or he would have stayed here and not have been called away. It was just as though the Jesus he loved with deep devotion said, "It is enough, come home." He is at home and "The Love Nest" down here is quite empty without him. The future for me is as bright as the promises of God and I am carrying on in Jesus' name.

MRS. J. E. RAMSEYER.

* * *

From my Scotch Aunte, Mrs. J. G. Garth.
Long Beach, California

The last letter you wrote me was telling of our dear, dear Joseph not feeling well and not able to go to his office. A week passed and James had a message from the Bible Institute saying, "God had taken our dear Joseph to Himself." Can you imagine how I felt? My thoughts were of you, dear Macy, what would she do alone? The shock was too much for me and I have not been myself since. What a loss this is to me, how I depended on both yours and Joseph's prayers.

My Heavenly Father has comforted my heart by letting me see Joseph walking with the dear Saviour. I saw them one night so clearly walking together in the heavenly home above. In the morning I was so happy and thankful.

* * *

Mrs. M. B. Honderich,
Clare, Mich., Joseph's Sister

We had a letter today from Sylvan telling us a little of Joseph's home-going. What shall I say. He just went home. When I think of the times we were together in evangelistic work, of his preaching and of how God blessed us and the joy we had together, seeing people come to Jesus, it seems but as yesterday. Joseph could go first to see Jesus and all the loved ones gone before. We are praying for you that Jesus will be with you and we know He is, to give grace to look up and not be too lonely, for it will be just a little while and we shall all meet.

(Just a few weeks over a year after the departure of her brother, Mrs. Honderich went to her heavenly home. She who was the first to help in evangelistic meetings with her brother was not separated from him long.—Mrs. J. E. R.)

* * *

Robert C. Garth,
Union City, Tennessee, my Nephew

It does not seem right for me not to begin by saying, "Dear auntie and Uncle Jo-up." I can see him waving "goodby" as we drove away from home last October on our journey back to Columbus, Mississippi. We are so thankful for all the memories we have of Uncle Joseph. They are sweet memories and are imbedded in our hearts as an inspiration to right living. The Lord has been good to have let us know Uncle Joseph. We appreciated the Missionary Workers with articles about Uncle Joseph. There were many fine things said, but none of them could really do justice to Uncle Joseph. You just can't express in words the value of his life here on earth. So many times lately I have thought of things on which I would like to have his counsel, but I know of no person who could give counsel which would be so clear and good as his would be. I know there are many like me who shall miss his advice. I remember he so often closed his prayer

with "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory—." This passage will always remind me of him.

* * *

Sylvan Honderich,
Crystal, Mich., Joseph's Nephew

It does not seem right not to put Uncle Joe's name up above with yours. He does not seem very far away to me. I have been thinking much lately about the things he said to me through the past years and I am asking the Lord to give me the kind of ministry that Uncle Joe would want if he could come back after knowing and seeing spiritual realities as he sees them now. We are also praying that the Lord will take Uncle Joe's place and make your remaining years more fruitful and fill you with helpfulness to hungry souls.

* * *

Raymond Adams,
Chapel Hill, N. C., our Nephew

I must write to you on my own account to express my sense of loss in the death of Uncle Joseph, though doubtless Charlotte will be writing you also. To have known him only a few years and to have talked with him only a few times has been a benediction. There may have been half a dozen people in my whole experience who had as great a degree of wholesomeness or holiness, but not more than that number. Poets have sometimes mentioned that there are some people who from their own goodness exhale good health and contentment and draw others to them through the beauty of holiness that is in them. To have known Uncle Joseph was a benediction in itself. His peace and calm was contagious and a balm to all of us. To have had such a man in the world for his lifetime has made the world better. To have known his life makes

the rest of us humble in our own lives. To have lived his life must have been to him a sweet and blessed way.

* * *

Robert Campbell Garth,
201 Derby St., E. Williston, N. Y.
My Nephew

In a recent letter Charlotte wrote, "I don't know what ails Uncle Joseph, but he is such a dear I hate to think of his not being well. He has the dearest way of speaking! I have never heard a kinder voice—so gentle and sweet."—and now it is my misfortune that I shall not hear his voice and know first-hand what a lovable person he was. Truly his loss will be felt by a host of people with whom he came in contact, and on whom his influence fell. For you, of course, our feeble words of sympathy are so inadequate to meet the pangs over the loss of your life's companion. But the memory of all your happy years together is a treasure of the kind that does not tarnish and is without price. You are indeed rich in those things which are the best that life has to offer. May God comfort your heart.

* * *

Thomas R. Garth,
Albany, Calif., my Nephew

I am returning Uncle John's description of the burial service. The ceremony must have been a beautiful one. The realization that so many people loved and respected Uncle Joseph must be comforting to you. I have always regretted that my contacts with him were so few and brief. Some of his stories I will never forget. Especially the one about the healing through faith of a man at death's door, who had been given up by the doctor. To one who has faith in God, miracles are still possible. We appreciate your sending the copies of the Missionary

Worker, and have enjoyed reading the story of Uncle Joseph's life therein.

* * *

Robert Marshall Garth,
Jacksonville, Fla., my Nephew

I have waited a few days to write this letter and now I wonder if I can say what I feel. All my life, "Auntie and Uncle Joseph," has been a single hyphenated name representing an ideal. I think I was about ten years old when Uncle Joseph drew a little chart on the back of an envelope in answer to one of my questions, and that was the first glimpse of the Bible as an orderly book. This letter is not intended to try to console you, because you do not need that from *me*. It is just that I have been thinking of how much both of you have meant to me all of my life. Why is it that we wait until it is too late to say such things? I want my children to love you just as dearly as I do.

* * *

Mrs. Reagor Motlow
Lynchburg, Tenn., my Niece (Jeanie Garth)

I do appreciate the copies of the "Bible Vision" and "The Missionary Worker," that you sent me. The tributes were so fine and showed so clearly how tremendously they appreciated Uncle Joseph and his work. I read everything over and over. Then the two pictures came. Thank you for letting me see them. I sent them to brother and Anna the same day. Reagor too appreciated seeing and reading all about Uncle Joseph.

"A Corn of Wheat" is wonderful. You have such a wonderful way of telling anything and no one but you could tell Uncle Joseph's story so well. I shall be looking forward to reading all of it. I can see how it must affect you to write Uncle Joseph's story just now. I don't see how you do it. I think you are brave. Reagor was very much interested in the title of your book on Uncle

Joseph. Being a farmer, naturally he wanted to know about it.

* * *

Mrs. J. G. Garth,
Charlotte, N. C., wife of my brother, J. G. Garth

I want to tell you, Macy, how wonderful I consider the story of Joseph's life as it unfolds under your loving handling. What a man he was—with what a vision, and what tireless devotion to the vision. It is almost like living your life over, is it not, as you recount this life you knew and loved. . . . And yet I know it is a most difficult task at times. You appear to write with ease and your style is very clever and arresting. Just don't wear yourself down in your hurry to complete your task.

* * *

Mrs. C. Voorhees Garth,
Hickory, N. C., our Niece

Dearest Aunt Macy. How my heart has gone out to you during all these trying and distressing days! We have thought of you so very, very much and wished we were nearer so we could see you and talk with you, and tell you how very much we love you and wish there was something we could do to help a little. Knowing both of you has been one of the greatest treasures I have and especially Uncle Joseph. I have never seen a person that I thought was the perfect Christian that he was, and those prayers he offered in Tennessee and Charlotte—are the loveliest memories I have. I'll always treasure the memory of those prayers.

* * *

C. Voorhees Garth,
Our Nephew

We often thought of you and Uncle Joseph even though you did not hear from us as frequently as you should. It has never been my privilege to know a truly

finer man than Uncle Joseph was. Greta and I often spoke of him lovingly for that is the only way anyone could think of him. I know you are lonely, but you do have more fine memories than almost anyone could have, and a firm sure faith. So you are most fortunate in these respects.

* * *

Mrs. R. Marshall Garth,
Jacksonville, Florida, our Niece

We want you to know we are thinking of you and send our love at this blessed Eastertide. It was a great blessing to us to know Uncle Joseph and to have had him in our home. We are so glad you both visited us in our home in Florida and shall treasure those days.

* * *

Mrs. E. N. Garth,
Denver, Colo., my Brother Russell's wife

What a shock to get the telegram telling of Joseph's passing! How the whole church is mourning and feeling that your loss is their loss too—as it so truly is. May the bread you and he have so long so generously broken for others—the healing consciousness of God as love-tender, compassionate—comfort you in this hour of deep grief. What a splendid man he was—no, is—for only the body is to be laid away and the true, brave, real Joseph is untouched by aught but good and is manifesting those same beautiful qualities, more sure than ever of God's presence and protection. There is no death! I know how closely you are holding God's hand, right now "Underneath are the everlasting arms."

* * *

Rev. J. G. Garth,
Charlotte, N. C., my Brother

I had the highest regard for Joseph and loved him as a brother. His fine and high moral ideals, his sweet,

patient manner, his tolerance of others' feelings and opinions, and yet he was unswerving in his loyalty to his standards.

I shall always remember his comforting presence in the time of our first family sorrow when Campbell died in June, 1903, and how his prayers blessed us with a sense of peace in God.

And it was the same when Lea died, in 1930, and of course when Mother and Father passed to their reward in 1914 and 1920.

And then I have a high admiration for the work he did, beginning with his own self-sacrifice, his steadfast, unwavering devotion to his purpose and work, and I am glad he got to see much of the fruition in the growth of the church and the school. Many rise up to call him blessed.

* * *

My Nephew, Francis M. Garth

Weather Section,
Hq. 8th Air Force
APO 634, England

Dear Aunt Macy: Mother had written of Uncle Joseph's death, but I was waiting to hear more definitely from you before sending sympathies. As you say Dad's passing left a loneliness in our household—a lonesomeness for that character, that personality, that tenacious spirit which was unmistakably his. Such a vacancy I know is felt by you and those many others who were influenced by Uncle Joseph's wonderful work and his exemplary life.

My contact with him came during those visits when you and he came to Denver or when Dad, mother and I took that trip to Michigan. I remember well his good humor and vivid stories—wonderful listening, even to a fidgety boy or less fidgety young man. I remember also his interest in the garden and how he took it upon himself

to prune our poplar and fruit trees we'd neglectfully let grow as they wished.

At first I was a bit awe-struck by this very tall man with the unusual whiskers, but very soon his gentleness and kindness had me thoroughly won over. I would listen attentively to his conversation when we were gathered in the living room and even attractively to his saying grace at the table—coming from him it was not rote, even the simplest statements were convincing.

I recall particularly well the trip Uncle Joseph took part of the way back when Dad, Tom, and I journeyed to Union City. Again I was primarily the listener there in the back, but Dad and Uncle Joseph were an exceptional pair when they got together.

I wish now that there had come the occasion to be in closer contact with your and Uncle Joseph's inspiring work. When you visited us it was mostly in search of a rest and no services were conducted nor did we go to meet any of his congregation. Still I know from my own personal contact with you and Uncle Joseph and also from what my father and mother have said that his place on earth was an enriched place—a richness which went deep into countless souls, bringing comfort and guidance to thousands of lives. With his sincerity and his gentleness no wonder his was such a large flock! I only hope there is some one else who can carry on his work. Love,

FRANCIS.

* * *

E. H. Marshall,
Union City, Tennessee, "Uncle Ed"

I am glad to say that for forty years it was my privilege to know Brother J. E. Ramseyer, a minister in God's kingdom and a shepherd of his people. It was always an inspiration to understand that life to him was valued as a trust to be dedicated to the service of his Master and that the richest blessing vouchsafed to him

was a life of three score and ten and the years of grace that followed in fulfillment of the mission that crowned his stewardship on earth. As an humble friend, I revere his memory.

* * *

Albert Lea Garth,
Union City, Tennessee, my Nephew

I thank God that it was my privilege to know and love Uncle Joseph. Because to know Uncle Joseph was to love him. My visits with him were so short, two weeks or so at the most and hardly ever more than once a year, yet his was a character and influence that more than bridged the gap created by time and distance. I thank God for the times I have been able to go to him for advice —advice that was always so right and encouraging—advice of one who truly walked with God.

Uncle Joseph so often said that Romans 8:28 was "The Christian's Rocking Chair." This was not a saying, this was his testimony because he had lived it and proved it. I think too of the kind, gentle way uncle Joseph spoke which was the outward representation of his quiet gentle spirit that was never ruffled by anger and impatience. A spirit that could only be possible by full surrender to Jesus. Auntie, I know how much you miss him and the loneliness his going has caused and yet I know how thankful you are to the Lord for having been with Uncle Joseph these years even as I know he was thankful for having been with one so sweet and wonderful as you.

If I had to condense what Uncle Joseph meant to me, I would say his life explained best what Paul said in the latter part of II Timothy 1:12—"For I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

* * *

Mrs. C. Garth,
Wife of my brother, R. C. C. Garth

It is hard to say in what way Joseph meant most to me. I will always be glad he ever came my way. Just to have known him and have him in our home meant so much and made life different, for he always left so much for me to think about as he brought Jesus so near.

CORDIE.

* * *

UNDER THE "HOME ROOF"

My youngest brother, A. L. Garth, never left the home where he lived as a baby boy. Four of us left but he remained with our parents. He brought his bride there, his two fine boys were born there, and it was there that Joseph and I made our annual visits. My sister-in-law (Margaret) and Joseph were of the family, not just married in. (Macy Garth Ramseyer.)

* * *

Mrs. A. L. Garth,
Union City, Tennesee, (Margaret)

Words fail me when I try to express what our dear Joseph was to me and my two boys through the years since the homegoing of my dear companion, Lea. We always looked forward to the yearly visit in our home. Joseph was an inspiration to us, a spiritual father. He was always interested in everything connected with my little family, so kind, considerate and helpful. Campbell and Albert Lea respected and reverenced their uncle Joseph, and sought his advice when they were in need of guidance. Eternity alone will tell his influence in moulding their Christian character. How we miss him!!

* * *

Mrs. Helen Enns,
Reedley, California

My heart was deeply touched to hear of the homegoing of dear Brother Ramseyer. Having learned to love

and appreciate him, we realize that your loss is indeed great. My heart goes out to you, praying that the God of all comfort may be very near to help you to look beyond your loss and dwell upon his gain.

His gain to me is pictured in Daniel 12:3, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." If souls won will be designated by stars in our crowns, then I will be represented by such a star in Brother Ramseyer's crown. He is indeed my spiritual father in Christ. How I praise the Lord for ever sending you to cross my pathway—not only that I was saved through your ministry, but it was through it that I was led into the deeper spiritual life. My, I'll never forget how I used to just drink in the precious truths from God's Word. Christ was so real to me and still is precious to me. He has proved faithful all along the way. My path has been lonely for the last ten years, but His grace has proved sufficient and you will find it so in your case.

(Helen's husband and our good friend George Enns went to be with the Lord ten years ago. He left her with three precious children, Marlan, Arno and Margaret.)

* * *

Mrs. J. M. Senter,
Humboldt, Tennessee

"Absent from the body—at home with the Lord." How blessedly true for dear brother Ramseyer. I will always be thankful for the privilege of knowing him and you and having you in my home. May God bless you, dear friend, and comfort you. Few women have husbands such as you had and I too.

We are sending flowers.

* * *

Mrs. Victoria Scates, Mrs. Bessie Curlin,
Union City, Tennessee

Darling, we were so grieved over your loss but I've told many you were such a wonderful person you would look on the bright side. Please accept our sincere love and sympathy in this hour of sadness.

* * *

Mrs. William Hirschy,
Phoenix, Arizona

When we heard of Mr. Ramseyer's serious illness, this verse came to me so clearly: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith;" and so often since when thinking of his passing on, this verse comes to me. We know how truly he could say that, for his life has proved that. We have thought and spoken of you so often during the last weeks. He will give you strength to bear the loneliness of the weeks and months ahead. We thought how fitting it was that the funeral service should be from Founders' Memorial, the very place which both of you saw in vision first and then in reality. It is satisfying to know that he saw the building in use before his work was finished, for surely no one was more interested in the building of it than he and you. Mr. Ramseyer leaves a vacancy which can never be filled in the same way as he filled it, but his course is finished and others must carry on. We think it is so nice that the two of you could share your home and enjoy it these last few years, and you will have many pleasant memories to cheer you.

* * *

Melvina Basinger,
Pandora, Ohio

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." The above verse is a good one and I am sure you have proved it true many times and especially very recently. Mother says she misses Reverend

Ramseyer's prayers. I hope his parsley comes up. He always had such a nice garden. I can still see him smile when he would bring over his first crop of lettuce and radishes. Don't let anyone spade where he had the parsley—it often comes up the next spring by itself, then you can think that he planted it. How he loved to make people happy. School is not the same since he is not there. No one will take his place. His chapel messages were so rich. I believe it will not be very long until we will meet our loved in heaven. The time for His return seems to be near at hand.

* * *

A. G. Frazee,
McEwen, Tennessee

Yes, I know you are lonely and can't get adjusted to the change. Our hearts have been so heavy and we feel the loss very keenly. It seems that you and Brother Ramseyer were about all we had left to go to and now he has been taken from us. I don't know what to do only to look up and believe God to undertake for us. It seems I would not have been crushed any harder if I had given up my own father. I may have loved him too much but I could not help it for Brother Ramseyer's life and influence has meant so much to me all these years. I was glad I could attend the funeral, also see the school. Keep looking up. He will help you. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will direct thy path." Proverbs 3:6.

* * *

Pete Lunati, Jr.,
Memphis, Tennessee

Few people have influenced my life, as did "Dear Daddy Ramseyer." As a student of the Bible Institute, I visited his room and he would encourage me greatly. For the past year and a half, he has been a spiritual adviser to me. But we know, he who walks no more with us, walks ever more with Him. The Bible Institute has lost

a great leader, but we know Daddy Ramseyer would want us as students, to look to the Holy Spirit for guidance.

My sincere sympathy to you.

* * *

Oliver Steiner,
Cleveland, Tennessee

Margarete and I surely were very sorry to hear of the home-going of Brother Ramseyer. We know he is enjoying the beauties of the heavenly world, but on the other hand we would have liked to have him stay with us longer. How we will miss him. His godly life was an inspiration to me constantly. God bless and keep you near His blessed side.

* * *

Paul Zeller,
San Diego, California

Jeremiah twenty-nine, verse eleven came to me when I read the telegram. "For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." My prayer for you, may the Lord bless and sustain you in our bereavement and give you that peace which is found only in Him. I always found great comfort in talking with Joseph and enjoyed so much our personal contact the past year. His letters, although brief, conveyed so much love and consideration for me. I have often said that Joseph was my ideal of a Christian, so kind and thoughtful of others. Some day we shall all meet on the other shore, Hallelujah!

* * *

Anna M. Suderman,
Reedley, California

We were deeply touched when the sad news of our dear brother Ramseyer's departure reached us. Indeed, a Master has fallen in Israel—a Watchman on the walls of Zion has been called to his reward. How we shall miss

him and the influence of his life and testimony! But if God in His wise plan chose to take His faithful servant home—we rejoice with him that he was permitted to enter into his reward. I have especially esteemed him, because I consider him my spiritual father. How much both of you have meant to us, especially in our earlier Christian life, and ever since then it has always been a blessed time to be with you. May the dear Lord abundantly bless and comfort you, dear sister Ramseyer, and I know He does, for He has said, "I am the resurrection and the life," John eleven and verse twenty-five and if our dear ones slip away from our vision, we know they are present with the Lord, but oh, how we miss them. We too are under His wings. "Under His wings, what a refuge in sorrow, how the heart yearningly turns to His rest. Often when earth has no balm for my healing, there I find comfort and there I am blest."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Robertson,
Springfield, Mass.

While dear brother Ramseyer will be missed greatly, it is a joy to think of him as being with the Lord in glory, his course finished, awaiting the great reward that will be his at the appearing of our Lord.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Lauby,
Van Nuys, Calif., "Blue Bird"

To put off writing to you any longer must not be! We were surprised and made sad to hear of the passing of your beloved husband and our spiritual father. The tribute in the Worker is beautifully written and so true to him. Of course we know no words can express our sympathy to you in your deep sorrow and loss, but we know from whence is your consolation and comfort. We trust God may give you supernatural joy in carrying on 'til He come.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schindler
Van Nuys, California

Our thoughts and prayers have been with you so much this last week. I know words cannot heal the loneliness and the wound, but the Lord alone can and will be near to all who put their trust in Him. I am thinking of how happy he and brother H. H. Amstutz must be. Our loss is their gain. We pray the Lord of all comfort to uphold and sustain you. Psalm eighty-four was the last Psalm that Reverend Ramseyer read in our home at the noon meal and said the word blessed occurs three times in that Psalm and I marked verse eleven in my Bible at that time and often read it over since.

* * *

Mrs. John Greenfield and Elsie,
Daytona Beach, Florida

I just saw in the Bible Vision an account of your dear husband's home-going. What a happy meeting of his earthly friends, best of all Jesus and the Bible writers whom he was so familiar with. I hope you are well but oh, how you will miss him.

* * *

Raymond Weaver,
Australia

A sheet of V-mail is not going to be adequate to bring to you the things I could say. Not at all. I could write a book, but I must condense it now.

The news arrived over land and sea. My reaction was the same as Vivian reported yours. "Mrs. Ramseyer was very calm and brave."

I spent some time thumbing through "The Book." Brother Ramseyer's illustrations, simplicity — even his chuckle were recalled as I read many of "his" passages.

Many a time I was there to wish Daddy Ramseyer "Godspeed" as he started on his travels. This time I missed out. To me, then, he is gone on another wonderful

trip. "He is not gone, he is just away." God bless you Mother Ramseyer. As ever.

* * *

Mrs. A. H. Williams,
Humboldt, Tennessee

The telegram about Brother Ramseyer made me feel so bad. I do wish it were possible for us to be there with you. I want you to know our hearts and prayers are right there. We have loved you and Brother Ramseyer always and I just can't think of you without him. I have been thinking of how happy he is tonight with the Lord. In thinking of you this verse came to me. "Underneath are the everlasting arms" and I know His arms are holding you up at this time of sorrow. Brother Ramseyer was a wonderful man and has been a great blessing to many. Please know that we are thinking of you and loving you.

* * *

Mrs. E. J. Fossey,
Lambert College, Jackson, Tennessee

I have thought of you many, many times since dear Brother Ramseyer's home-going. It grieved me to hear of Brother Ramseyer's passing. He has meant so much to us. I shall always thank God for his life and testimony. I know your life seems empty and lonely. Am glad you have the comfort of the Holy Spirit in your heart and the hope of the blessed return of our Lord. I do not see how people live without this Hope.

* * *

Mrs. Annie Turner,
Humboldt, Tennessee

You and brother Ramseyer have been much in my thoughts for weeks past. I remarked to Miss Mat about it, and intended writing because we had not heard for so long and was afraid that one of you might be sick as it was time you were coming our way. God bless you and may His presence be real to you now. He has never failed

His trusting children and I know He will comfort and bless you. My first thought was of you but I cannot tell you how deeply we feel our loss. To know that one who lived as close to God as he did, was continually bearing you up to the Throne of Grace was indeed a help and stay. How we will miss him! How precious our fellowship in days past. You can never know what you and brother Ramseyer have meant to us. I wish we could be with you now. Elizabeth joins me in deepest sympathy and I will write Joe about brother Ramseyer for he knows how much we love you. With tenderest love.

* * *

Mrs. Dorothea Pannabecker,
Brightmoor Station, Detroit, Mich.

I want to write a few lines to tell you that we have often thought of you and prayed for you, especially recently as you have been passing through this valley of sorrows. We are sure the Lord has sustained you and will be to you all that you need. Brother Ramseyer lived a beautiful and fruitful life with his influence extending throughout the world and that influence will never die!

* * *

Dale Moser,
Rain, Nebraska
Dear Mother Ramseyer:

Words fail me to express to you my sympathy and my heart is somewhat lonely knowing that my spiritual father has gone to be with Jesus.

I would not wish him back for he is more alive than ever . Though I miss him in this life, I am encouraged by his blessed and humble faith in Christ, to press on for Jesus. I wish you the Lord's richest and most precious presence in the coming days.

Your Son.

(Dale, a former student, will miss his visits to the study where he knew he would always find a sympathetic ear in his time of need . Mother Ramseyer.)

James G. Garth,
Long Beach, Calif., our Cousin

I have felt ever since our dear Joseph left us, that there was a great big loss in our lives. He stood for great things, and it was a blessing just to be near him. He never came into the home without bringing God's blessing with him. You could almost feel it as a separate physical presence. In no other man have I ever felt this. Mother particularly feels that something has gone out of her life and she misses him very much. She speaks of him frequently, and only the other night was telling me how much Joseph meant in her life. She felt that he never forgot her in prayer.

* * *

Jesse and Edna Ringenberg,
Ahmedabad, India

I shall always be indebted to Brother Ramseyer for his loving touch upon my life during the tender and moulding years of my spiritual life. As a student at the Institute during the years of 1917 to 1920, his messages and especially his Spirit-filled life made a profound impression upon me. It was his emphasis on prayer that has stayed with me. I have not always been faithful to the light received in this respect, but whenever I was led to contemplate this subject and my privilege in this respect I could scarcely do so without being reminded of Brother Ramseyer. He made it imperative for a Christian worker, and rightfully so. His godly life and wise counsel shall always remain with me. He left his stamp by the power of the Holy Spirit upon multitudes. Now he rests in the presence of his loving Lord whom he delighted to exalt.

May we be enabled to carry on the precious ministry which he laid down, until that glorious day when we shall meet him in the presence of our victorious Saviour. Edna joins me in sending this brief word.

Rev. and Mrs. Tilman Amstutz,
Sydenham, Octacamund, South India

Greetings to you from India!

It is perhaps unkind to open the wound of your sorrow but I cannot refrain from writing a note of comfort to you at the time of your bereavement. We received the news first by an air mail letter from our pastor, Brother C. H. Wiederkehr of Berne.

There are so many passages that remind us of dear "Daddy" Ramseyer's ministry, the one coming first to my mind is, Isaiah 58:11b. "Thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." Here in India if you want a real rest you seek a garden with its well. As the "mote" comes up with its splash of cool fresh water and we watch the water run through its channels to the small plots in the uttermost corner of the sheltered garden. Surely Brother Ramseyer has sent more than a ripple to the very farthest part of the world. What a channel of blessing he has been to my life. Indeed he was a spiritual father and faithful counselor to me. No one has ministered so long and cared for my soul's welfare so faithfully and fully as a public speaker as has this leader of our Missionary Church Association. We will miss him greatly from our circle.

Since you have likewise taken interest in me as a young boy among your Sunshine Makers, I have the greater respect and regard for you both as spiritual helpers.

When at home on furlough one time I came for counsel and it was so kindly given. It helped me so much. I went forward with new hope and courage.